



WARLOCK OF THE MAGUS WORLD

BOOK 10

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Warlock of the Magus World

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by

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Synopsis

-What happens when a scientist from a futuristic world reincarnates in a World of Magic and Knights?

An awesome MC is what happens!

A scientist's goal is to explore the secrets of the universe, and this is exactly what Leylin sets out to do when he is reincarnated.

Dark, cold and calculating, he makes use of all his resources as he sets off on his adventures to meet his goal.

Face? Who needs that... Hmmm... that guy seems too powerful for me to take on now... I better keep a low profile for now.

You want me to help you? Sure... but what benefit can I get out of it? Nothing? Bye.

Hmmm... that guy looks like he might cause me problems in the future.

Should I let him off for now and let him grow into someone that can threaten me..... Nahhh. kill-

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Chapter 901 - Pretense

The half-elf in front of Leylin was called Helen Carter. She claimed to be a survivor of the ancient arcanist empire who dabbled in the arcane arts.

The inheritance of her family had been badly damaged by the oppression of the churches. She was actually a rank 11 wizard, and other than Arcane Fire which she used to prove her identity, she knew no other arcane spell models. If things were put in perspective, she was weaker than Leylin.

As for her motive in going north, she'd found something akin to the inheritance of an ancient arcanist in her old family tome. She was hoping she could find something there to revive her bloodline.

“Even with this world’s strict prohibition of them, arcanists still exist?” Leylin touched his chin. As a matter of fact, this was a very good thing. It meant that even if he managed to become an arcanist in the future, he wouldn’t have to work too hard to conceal his identity.

“Yes. Even with the disapproval of the churches, any wizard that has reached the rank of Legend will have to set foot into the essential step of Weaveless Casting. The Netheril empire didn’t leave their inheritance in a single place. Even though most were destroyed in war, some people have managed to luck across remnants of it.”

Helen tucked a few strands of hair neatly behind her jade-like

ear. Her beauty was really on another level.

“That being said, Legends still have to do their research on arcane spells in secret, and once non-legendary wizards are found to be affiliated with any form of arcane spells, they’re absolutely done for.” Helen laughed bitterly as she spoke about it, as if she was reminded of something she didn’t want to be.

It seems like she and her family had endured their fair share of suffering at the hands of the gods and their churches.

“In any case, thank you for saving me from the werereatures. I can tell you everything my family knows about the arcanist inheritance in return.” Helen told Leylin sincerely.

That was a wise choice. Even if she rebelled, Leylin would have his own methods of achieving what he wanted, such as spells like Memory Retrieval. Helen wasn’t a match for him. Additionally, she recognised that Leylin was someone related to the arcane arts anyway. That alone had led to her lowering her guard against him.

“Thank you. When I find the documents and information I’ll make a copy for you.” Leylin didn’t reject her offer. He certainly thought that he deserved it all, “Before I discover any remnants of the arcanists, I’ll need you to move within range of my detection, is that okay?”

“Yes, that will be alright!” A consequence like this was already a whole lot better than being imprisoned by the werereatures, where she might eventually become a sacrifice. Helen readily

agreed to Leylin's request without any negotiation, she was aware that her life was in his hands now.

"My Lord!" Tiff showed no signs of surprise when he saw Leylin bringing Helen out of the room.

"Right, this is Miss Helen. You can consider her our client." Leylin said ambiguously. Helen wasn't pleased about how she was being introduced but she chose to not voice it out.

"We've cleared the entire campsite. The high-ranked werecreature and tens of normal ones that we've knocked out have been put aside." Tiff resembled a hard working housekeeper, reporting everything to his owner.

"There's enough food for 200 people here, and enough weapons to equip an elite combat squad. I also found some half-done high-grade magic potions and other magic items in the leader's room. They're all very strong, probably intended to kill the dragon."

"Got it, take away all the weapons and armour and leave half of the food." Leylin kept the high-grade ingredients that Tiff handed him. These materials were valuable even outside their use for killing dragons.

"Bring me all the captives, I have some use for them!"

Things got simpler after he saw the people who participated in the battle and helped transform their bloodlines. He then asked

Tiff to bring Helen along and lead the rest to bring the supplies away before changing his appearance back to how he looked before.

“Why took you so long?” Rafiniya’s grumble could be heard the moment Leylin returned to the campsite, “If you were a little more late, I will already be on my way to find you!”

“Something cropped up, gather everyone now and prepare for attack!” Leylin was flushed with excitement.

“Why?” Rafiniya mumbled to herself but the rest of the men had very quickly assembled themselves.

“I recced the area just now, and I found that the werecreatures’ campsite was completely transformed.” Leylin sounded ecstatic.

“There were attacked and a few of their leaders died. If we go there now, we will be able to wipe them out completely and uproot them! We can finish this damned mission!”

All the eyes of the soldiers’ lit up upon hearing Leylin’s words.

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Alec opened his eyes, and that wizard’s face surfaced in his mind once more.

“Damn it! My head-Ugh-” Alec stood up with much difficulty and saw his almost-destroyed campsite and collapsed captives. Looking at the few survivors between the corpses, even if he wasn’t that intelligent, he knew that the mission had failed.

He kicked the fainted captives violently in an attempt to wake them up and ordered them to do the same to the others as he sat down. His head still hurt, and messed up his already chaotic thoughts.

“Human, wizards, attack...captives! Where’s the captive?” Alec ran to where Helen was imprisoned before, only to arrive at an empty cell.

“Those bloody humans–” Alec growled in anger causing everyone around him to cower in fear.

“I’m the biggest here, I’m the head of you all!” He struck a few of the stronger werecreatures to show his authority. The rest could only whimper in submission, he was a high-grade werecreature after all. He exceeded the rest in both strength and speed.

“We, go back— Blackblood...” Alec made a decision, he could only abandon the campsite in its current state. But before anyone could object, a voice sounded in his head.

‘Don’t go back! Those darned humans, I haven’t made my revenge on them. The others will mock me if I go back!’ The voice circled his head and overtook his previous decision. Alec got dizzy for a bit and decided to abandon his decision and gathered all his

subordinates.

“Those despicable humans, me, Alec, your new head will avenge!” After announcing his decision, he received stares of fear instead of excited growling— Leylin’s previous attack had frightened them.

Before Alec could think of anything else, chaos erupted at the entrance of their campsite. A group of human adventurers barged in. No, it was the city guards, but they seemed to be few in number.

Alec scratched his head. He’d attacked both guards and adventurers before, the only distinction in his mind was that guards were greater in number and had more tender flesh.

“They want to attack us just based on that amount of people?” Alec was triggered despite his low intellect.

“Kill them!” He bellowed before charging forward in front of the rest. The first person he saw was an armoured young female knight emitting a dazzling aura.

“A strong one from the humans!” Alec was taken aback, but that didn’t last for too long before he charged at her.

“Kill them!” The remaining city guards were filled with bloodlust, charging forward for their future and life, as well as for vengeance. They burst forth with bloodshot eyes and the last

remnants of their strength.

The werecreatures who had endured the previous battle were only at half their strengths, and the rest carried injuries that made them weaker than before.

“Perhaps we really can win this time!” The soldiers watched Leylin, who ran before all of them, with a glimpse of hope.

Mass Bull’s Strength! Cloudkill! Enchant Weapon!

“Charge! Victory is ours!” Leylin roared, spells shooting out from his hands as the knights slashed at the werecreatures with their swords, sending a werecreature’s skull rolling to the floor.

‘The paralysis effect is still not over, especially on the high-ranked werecreature. The spiritual suggestion is still working though!’ Deep inside, Leylin was actually observing the battle quietly.

He’d left these captives behind on purpose, to give the city guard some achievements, How else would he return? Light from a large-scale spell shone, and Rafiniya noticed in shock that her strength had increased greatly.

“A mass buff? Rank 6 spell?” She looked at Leylin in confusion.

Chapter 902 - Reward

“He’s actually broken through!” Rafiniya’s eyes widened slightly. She obviously knew what the casting of Mass Bull’s Strength implied. It was a rank 6 spell that only rank 13 wizards could cast. This sort of spell that could boost a group was very popular in the army.

As a noble, Rafiniya knew more than regular people and definitely understood how terrifying this was.

“He’s only twenty!” Rafiniya glanced at Leylin, who was so young that it was ridiculous, and suddenly felt down. While she was considered a genius, she was nothing in comparison to him...

Aoo aoo! However, getting distracted during battle was very dangerous. The female knight had made this exact mistake. Alec thundered from opposite her, his muscles bulging bit by bit. His claws swept forth, seemingly severing even the air itself.

Wild Burst! He had clearly obtained this power from Malar.

Boom! Rafiniya felt a burst of strength from his hands, causing her double-handed blade to whistle sharply as it flew off.

“Crap!” She wanted to retreat, but it was already too late. The high-ranked werecreature charged forward, his coarse pores and nauseating skin distinctly visible to her.

Alec snarled, only having one thought in mind. Tear! He would tear this knight in front of him apart!

‘Am I going to die?’ Rafiniya slowly shut her eyes, ‘How could I let myself get distracted in battle?’

However, the pain that she anticipated did not appear. Rafiniya opened her eyes and found Leylin’s tall figure in front of her, blocking the attack.

A sabre fell, and the high-ranked werecreature’s head rolled to the ground, blood spurting out of his neck like it was a fountain.

Woo woo... The other werecreatures saw that their new leader had fallen at the hands of a human, and the emotions of terror that had been accumulating ultimately exploded. They whimpered and turned to escape pathetically, yet were easily pursued and killed by the human warriors. Most deaths in battle came when one fled in chaos, as such opponents were the easiest to take care of.

‘Is he a hero like in the legends?’ Rafiniya got up, gazing at Leylin with his sabre. Something glinted in her eyes, causing a slight flush to rise upon her cheeks.

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A meeting was being held in Silverymoon, regarding Leylin and his men.

“I’m against this!” Cassley slammed the table, causing a small earthquake. “There’s something wrong with squadron 5’s mission completion!” His face was flushed.

“A huge camp with numerous high-ranked werecreatures, as well as an altar of the God of the Hunt. How could they have defeated them all?” He’d seen Leylin before, “I firmly stand against them being given credit and promotion!”

Cassley was almost on the verge of shouting at this point. Such ungentlemanly behaviour caused all of the other members to frown slightly.

‘He’s a sorcerer after all, he’s far too emotional. Not like a wizard at all, what a fortunate guy...’ More than one high-ranked wizard was silently thinking of this.

“We’ve already gotten our men to take a look and verify the bodies of high-ranked werecreatures and the others. What else do you want?” The elven wizard whom Leylin had seen once before asked coldly. “Besides, did you only just find out how dangerous this mission was? Who was it that had guaranteed at the beginning that it was only a ‘tiny’ camp?”

Unusually, the elf wizard was obviously out to get someone.

‘Looks like Cassley’s side is at a disadvantage...’ After seeing this, the other big shots all nodded, now having a better understanding of the struggles and strife between the elf wizard and Cassley.

But this was the truth! When both sides' strength were about the same, it was impossible to deny or fake anything.

“You’ve seen the report! The camp had already been raided by some unknown organisation before, which was why squadron 5 got it easy...” Cassley still did not let up, “Therefore, we can’t consider this as squadron 5 completing the mission. We need to investigate this carefully!”

“Gods! How could you not distinguish what’s right and wrong here!” The elf wizard was so furious that he was trembling, “Our Silverymoon has never banned anything like that. Even if Leylin got external help, that’s because he’s capable!”

“Enough!” A deep voice sounded from the person sitting at the head of the table. He had an immense presence that seemed to have gone past some sort of boundary, entering the domain of Legends.

“Commander!” Cassley and the elven wizard were immediately discouraged as they saluted and apologised.

“The reason we have gathered is not to discuss the achievements of a subordinate’s squadron. There are more pressing matters at hand!” The old wizard spoke slowly, looking like a regular human. He had muddy eyes and wore a simple grey robe. There was nothing special about him whatsoever. However, it was this old man that had control over all the high-ranked military officials in the hall.

“Silvermoon is an open city state confederation. Obeying rules is the basis of our existence. Even if squadron 5 overstepped any boundaries, they still completed the mission and should therefore get what they deserve!” The old wizard made the final decision. Cassley’s lips twitched, but he did not say anything in the end.

After all, if Leylin had truly succeeded and completed the mission, he could at most only fault him for the process. Legitimacy belonged to the victor, and that had always held true. Seeing the elven wizard opposite him look all smug, his heart blazed even more.

He had brought up this issue and taken care of everything in the shadows himself. He’d thought that he could ruthlessly give Leylin a setback, but the result had surprised him. The defeat this time would mean the people in the faction would view him less favourably, and the effect on him was practically destructive.

‘Leylin, is it?’ Cassley thought over this name ruthlessly, ‘In a situation where the captain had to return with grievous injuries, he still finished the mission resolutely. On top of that, he was even lucky enough to get the werecreatures at their weakest... If he’s trying to be a hero, hehe...’

Leylin had gotten just a bit of attention before, but henceforth Cassley would ferociously attack this little wizard.

As a person in a leading position, he was now seeing a pawn have the guts to move in a way he had not planned it to, and one that was even baring his fangs at himself.

Even if that was the current situation, Cassley would never imagine that the fellow he'd treated as a pawn would be hiding something terrifying.

“Our next topic is the allocation of funds for the perpetual fortification on Sunrise Mountain Range...” Cassley perked up again.

One loss meant nothing. What was more important was the orcs' upcoming attack.

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“This is all thanks to you, Leylin!”

The sunlight shone through the windows of an infirmary room that was obviously of a high-grade. The motes of dust floating through the air were rendered visible..

Aulen looked slightly pale as she lay in bed, surrounded by the group of officers who had survived.

“With saving my life and completing the mission, you've helped me twice. I will remember it!” Aulen guaranteed.

“It's nothing. I did it for myself too!” Leylin smiled. Aulen now looked nothing like she had been as a soldier, instead seeming

rather delicate. It seemed like the matter with Lanshire had given her a huge shock.

“After this, I’m no longer fit to stay in the city guard. I’ve already submitted my resignation. I hope you can take care of our brothers for now. It won’t be long before you get your rewards...” Aulen smiled bitterly.

“Squadron 5 is my foundation. I’ll never give up on them!” Leylin guaranteed, looking enthusiastic.

“That’s good... cough cough...” Aulen began to cough violently for a while, and then eyed Leylin, “As for your rewards this time... You’ll definitely become a battalion commander. That’s a high-ranked officer in the city guards, and you might even be granted a hereditary title. Even in other countries, you will be recognised...”

At the mention of this hereditary title, the other officers began to look envious. Once one became a noble whose title could be succeeded by his descendants and held his own land, he would truly enter the upper classes of society. His children and grandchildren would become noble youths above the rest.

That was the dream of all the officers at the bottom tier, but in less than two years of entering the city guards Leylin had won it all. While some jealousy arose, these feelings melted like ice in the sun after seeing the wizard emblem on his chest,.

This was a rank 13 wizard at such a tender age. That achievement was more than enough for him to get everything, and the huge gap

caused the feelings within them to dissipate.

By the time Aulen returned, Leylin had gotten his newest appointment and rewards.

“As expected, I’m now a battalion commander and a baron.” Leylin sent the soldier who had come to send the order away, and then glanced at the parchment paper with an enchanted imprint on it. He smiled as if thinking about something.

Individual strength was rather powerful in the World of Gods, especially the city guards of Silverymoon. It had a powerful army made of practically all sorts of Professionals. Having the authority to command over 200 people was already rather powerful.

If this was times of peace, Leylin would never get this role. However, they were expanding the army in preparation for war, and Leylin was considered an ‘old soldier’ from before, which gave him an advantage.

From this appointment, Leylin could smell the war that would soon arrive.

Chapter 903 - Alustriel

To be given the title of baron, as well as receive a hereditary title, it was usually necessary to meet with the city's ruler. To tell the truth, Mystra's Chosen was also the Lady of Hope from legends—Alustriel. Leylin was rather excited to meet her.

In his two years within Silverymoon, he had never met with her. He had only caught sight of her a few times from the sidelines. Rumour had it that this lady had a very good temperament and even enjoyed blessing the celebrations of ordinary citizens randomly. She was even willing to help beastmen.

Leylin's judgement of her was like this: A political idiot, an empty-headed and hot-blooded fellow like Rafiniya who, if not for her formidable power and the elders and the city hall wiping her ass would bring down the entirety of Silverymoon.

Leylin felt that Alustriel was more suited to be a humanitarian than a politician. Her naive and natural personality was ill-suited for politics and court, just like Rafiniya. That hot-blooded and righteous lady knight was a very good companion and friend, but she was not a good superior. If she was allowed to run a city, it would all end in disaster!

Now however, Alustriel governed Silverymoon City properly, and the most impressive thing was that she possessed even more formidable personal power. In times of peace, everything had been good. However, Silverymoon now faced the orc invasion which amplified every flaw in her governance. Leylin gradually grew aware that a great calamity would soon be upon them.

Court etiquette was a very big problem for newly-promoted nobles. They could not be lacking in manners during the ceremony to confer titles as well as their audience with the city's ruler, else the other nobles would mock them. Nobles who had risen from nothing had always found this process very difficult.

It was also the main reason why those old nobles despised the new ones. In their eyes, those country bumpkins did not deserve such a position, and neglected the vitality that came with interactions between different social classes. In the end, they had only slowly declined.

Fortunately, Leylin had received instruction from an etiquette teacher. He had learnt it quickly and after a single afternoon, the etiquette teacher, who had been specially sent by the court, had left satisfied.

Alustriel also wanted to meet him before the ceremony. This sort of private meeting did not matter much to him, as he did not feel she would be able to see through his false identity unless he was face-to-face with her god's true body.

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Leylin had seen Silverymoon's imperial palace in the distance several times. However, he did not care much about any outstanding wealth in the palace. He was only interested in the rumoured legendary spell resources that it could contain.

However, once he truly entered the palace, he drew his spiritual force firmly back into his body and did not dare to carelessly investigate.

‘There were at least five high-ranked magic probes at the gate. There will be many more high-ranked wizards guarding the palace itself...’ Leylin lowered his head but something flickered in his eyes.

Silverymoon’s palace and the Wizards’ Guild were the most well-defended and strict places. It was rumoured that the strongest in these places could not be bribed, and even Legends did not dare to provoke Silverymoon City, who had the backing of the Goddess of the Weave.

However, Leylin never had the intention of robbing the place, and was thus very calm. He was currently clad in the splendid attire of a noble, the clothes which were embroidered in gold thread stifling him. He looked like a peacock who had spread its feathers.

There was nothing that could be done. The clothes of a noble were rich and garish, as if they wished to put everything he had on display. Leylin normally wore robes or leisure clothes at home, but it would certainly be inappropriate to wear those now.

“Her majesty the queen wishes to receive her guest in the side palace hall.” At this moment, a female official trotted over and announced in a steady voice. Leylin then followed her to a separate part of the palace.

“Here it is!” Leylin was not left waiting for long. In a moment, he felt the security around him had increased to its utmost, and there were even two powerful soul forces near him. He immediately contemplated them inwardly.

“Good day, Sir Leylin Faulen!” A peal of laughter rang out like a silver bell, and Leylin finally saw Alustriel.

Her eyes were like moonlight, and she seemed like the very embodiment of beauty. She only wore a simple gown, but she was naturally breathtaking.

“I do apologise for my lateness. I went to Uncle Cooper’s roast meat banquet, and I brought a blueberry pie that he personally baked for you. It can’t be a more appropriate congratulatory gift for you...” Alustriel fixed her gaze on Leylin with a smile on her face, passing a basket of roast meat to Leylin.

“Your majesty!” Leylin rather speechlessly accepted the gift, and respectfully bowed exactly as he had been taught by the etiquette teacher.

“Your majesty, how could you see your vassal in such a manner! There are still a few more items on today’s schedule to address as well...” A white-bearded old man chased after Alustriel into the palace, with thick sheets of parchment and quills in hand. After seeing Leylin, he even smiled helplessly.

‘Scholar Buren, full name Buren Eustace. Alustriel’s clerk and the

leader of the elders, as well as her most trusted subordinate. He's actually the prime minister of Silverymoon...' A string of information flashed across Leylin's mind.

Naturally, what drew his notice were the powerful magical undulations coming from both Alustriel and Buren. It meant that they had both broken through mortal limits and had entered to realms of Legends.

Alustriel's body possessed a trace of divinity from the Goddess of the Weave, and it in particular attracted a deep interest from him.

'I really want... I really want to devour her! Such a pity. If I did that, the Weave Goddess will be the first to hunt me down...' Leylin sighed in his heart.

"Haha, Baron Leylin! You don't need to be so formal and stiff, you don't seem like a 20 year old youth at all!" Alustriel undeniably had an aura that was as refreshing as a spring breeze. Conversing with her made Leylin loosen up considerably. Her charisma was great.

"Your title ceremony will be held in three days' time. Tell me Leylin, tell me like a friend; do you have any requests?" Alustriel gently said as she looked at the wizard before her.

"If it's like this," Leylin took a deep breath as his eyes filled with determination, "I hope I can freely read through the court's collection of wizard resources..."

“You may!” Alustriel agreed very readily, surpassing Leylin’s expectations and filling him with astonishment. Hey, hey! Wasn’t she meant to ask him to climb to her inner circle before finally being allowed to peek at those documents? Was it really alright to give it to him so happily?

“Cough cough... Your Majesty!” At this moment, the saviour of the show appeared. Scholar Buren coughed with all his strength, attracting Alustriel’s attention over.

“Although Baron Leylin is a genius, legendary spells will only pose difficulties for his current state. For his own good, we can give him those resources that are below the rank of Legends.”

“Oh, I apologise! I’ve forgotten that point,” Alustriel looked at Leylin, “Because of the rigid nature of Legends, the Legend-ranked resources would not be beneficial to your growth now. I can first give you those resources below that rank, and once you advance to become a high-ranked wizard...”

“Cough cough...” Scholar Buren looked at this failure of a queen and began to cough like he was choking to death.

“This is more than enough already. Thank you, Your Majesty,” Leylin smiled as he bowed, and his elegant demeanour astonished even Buren. Disappointment had indeed flitted across his heart, but he did not show it at all.

For those wizards below rank 15, research materials at or above the legendary realm really was too complicated, and Alustriel had

meant well when she restricted them. However, Leylin was different. He was not some low-ranked wizard, and he could even understand information on godhood if it was given to him. However, he could not admit this.

Buren's actions could also be understood. If this sort of thing was handed out now, then how would he be rewarded for outstanding service in the future?

Just because he could understand the reasoning behind the forceful interruption did not mean Leylin's heart was not ill at ease. After chatting with Alustriel for a while and receiving the visitor's pass for the palace library, Leylin left the palace.

It had to be said that Leylin had developed a new understanding of Alustriel after meeting with her. It could be said that he had a favourable impression of her, but maybe not of Buren.

"What did you think of him, Buren?" Alustriel asked with interest as she cupped her face with her hands. Even if she was naive, she had changed with the polish of many years of experience, although the changes were not particularly big.

"He did not have any traces of evil intent or the aura of a devil on him," Buren's eyes turned crimson, looking extremely terrifying, "And his thirst for knowledge is sincere, not faked!"

"If it's like this, then how come you didn't allow me to give him the authority to view those resources?" Alustriel said, feeling hard done by.

“Resources ranked legendary or above must be exchanged for contributions, this rule is the cornerstone that protects our Silverymoon City!” Buren looked at Alustriel, who was acting like a little girl, with a helpless and bitter smile.

“Also, giving an insignificant wizard like him those high-ranked and above resources is more than enough. After he reaches rank 15 and swears the oath of eternal loyalty to the Styx, then we can pass on the legendary-ranked resources...”

“Alright, alright,” Alustriel waved her hand, “You can make the decisions. Oh, tonight I have to attend Mister Nudu’s dinner party.”

“Please forgive me, but I must remind Your Majesty that as the ruler of our Silverymoon City and the alliance, it is highly inappropriate for you to suddenly turn up at the party of our ordinary citizens...”

Chapter 904 - Beginning

Buren's warning was serious, but Alustriel seemed to have had enough of him. She waved her arms, and a teleportation gate flickered into existence as she disappeared.

"She's so..." Watching this irresponsible queen, Buren could only roll his eyes speechlessly.

Under the terrifying magic formation in the castle, only the Chosen of their goddess could make use of teleportation gates at will. Even though Buren had already reached the realm of Legends, there was nothing he could do.

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Leylin used this period well, staying in the library to copy all of the information on under legendary magic. After a series of long and complicated arrangements, he was conferred his title.

He obtained some uncultivated land next to the Moonwood. He changed its name to the Violet Territory, and he became the Violet Baron.

There was no way around it. All lands that were fertile, rich and safe had long since been taken up by the nobles. Getting them to spit it back out was far from an easy task. The area surrounding the Moonwood was filled with danger and the frontlines for the battles with the orcs. That was why it was being given out.

However, it was only a wasteland now. The only good thing about it was that because the intention was to compensate Leylin, the area was two times larger than the land given to normal barons.

‘I have no plans to live here permanently anyway, so it doesn’t really matter...’ Leylin thought as he fiddled with the noble coat of arms he had designed himself. The main body was a violet with intricate plant decorations around it.

If Baron Jonas were to know of this, he would definitely be delighted. A title and land was something the upper class people in the World of Gods desired the most.

Leylin could not only gain the title as Baron Faulen, but also be the master of the Violet Territory. Once he had a son, he would let the boy take over and help the Faulen Family branch out. That would count as expanding the power of the family.

With joint marriages and swallowing up of families, there would be changes and exchanges in titles. Once the scattered territories linked together, a huge noble family would be formed, maybe even a kingdom. Such a rise usually took a few centuries.

Of course, the possibility of such a thing was very low. At most, the later generations themselves would begin to bicker amongst themselves.

This had nothing to do with Leylin. The only thing that left him

more satisfied was that he was now a true noble, and no longer had to work in the name of the next in line. The power and treatment a true noble and an heir had were completely different.

He was quickly appointed as a captain of the city guard, and he was assigned a complete troop. The army expanded from the 5th legion, and had 200 Professionals and about the same number of troops and commoners. Altogether, there were about 500 of them.

‘This power is sufficient for me to do a lot of things. Of course, compared to the orc army that’s coming, it’s not much...’ Leylin observed the dark clouds in the horizon, his brows gradually furrowing together. With the orc tribes maneuvering, the gloom of war was already enveloping the northern lands.

Shops had closed permanently even in Silvermoon, and pedestrians were moving hastily. The Sunrise Mountains and the orc tribes were practically synonyms of savagery and war. Not only were these orcs born with powerful bodies, but they also had the protection of their own god. Their god was powerful.

In the World of Gods, orcs and humans were huge races that each did not lose out to the other. Their gods had powerful divine force, comparable to peak rank 8 Magi. This was practically the limit of what the universe could accommodate.

Without the protection of a powerful god, the treatment one was given in the World of Gods was entirely different. Under the huge incoming threat, even the fall of the entire northern lands was likely. Leylin had intel that the members of the mobilised tribes were very powerful, and it wouldn’t be trivial like the simple fights

and robberies before.

With so many tribes banding together, there was a sense of a fledgling empire taking shape. If left unchecked, an orc empire would rise up!

If they wiped out the Silverymoon Alliance and took over the northern lands, then this empire would form atop the corpses of their enemies. Perhaps this too was a hope of their god.

As for the human faction, Leylin had also heard about something that did not mean well for them. The Silverymoon alliance was too powerful, referring to Alustriel in particular. She was a Legend who was also the Chosen of the Goddess of the Weave. The influence of Silverymoon had risen in recent times, and there were more and more cries proclaiming her to be the Empress.

The Silverymoon Alliance was an alliance amongst the northern lands' organisations. This included all the human cities in the northern lands, as well as a few other large territories. At the beginning, the intention was to fend off the orcs more effectively, and they had built up offensive and defensive strategies.

Alustriel had used her personal charm and the great strength of Silverymoon to keep her position as the head of the Silverymoon Alliance. With her lifespan and reputation, she could very well integrate the scattered federations in the next few centuries and form one terrifying empire!

This was obviously something the orcs did not want to see. Of

course, there were many amongst the nobles in the northern lands that approved of this and even helped to achieve it. Meanwhile, there were those strongly against it, doing what they could to hinder it in secret.

‘How interesting... The accumulation of these conflicts is now allowing the orcs to invade them?’ Leylin chuckled as he glanced at the castle behind him. Powerful spell rays lingered eternally on the walls and magnetic bricks, giving it a unique beauty.

‘The conflicts between humans and orcs, the contradictions of whether to be unified or to split, and even the conflicts between gods... With this spiral of events, I wonder how long the beautiful and fertile Silvermoon can last...’ Leylin’s eyes flickered with wit.

[Beep! High-ranked wizard information has been recorded. Spell model database is now complete. Constructing host’s wizard spells.]

The A.I. Chip suddenly showed this prompt. After he spent a lot of time scanning through all information below the rank of Legend in the palace, the Chip’s database was now complete. At the very least, Leylin would not be hindered before he became a Legend.

‘Good! A high-ranked wizard, at rank 15, is publicly known to be someone powerful. A.I. Chip, how long will I take to reach that point if I meditate as I do now?’ Leylin asked.

[Beep! Mission established. Checking compatibility with host. Proceeding with theoretical tests...]

The A.I. Chip quickly calculated, numerous 0 and 1s flashing by in front of Leylin's eyes. In a few seconds, it gave an answer.

[Based on host's current stats, estimated time to reaching rank 15 is in 731 days 13 hours.]

'Around two years? That's probably the time that the orcs will attack...' All of a sudden, Leylin's expression changed as he looked towards the north.

"This undulation... It's from a legendary spell! And it's at the fort of the Sunrise Mountains! Could it be..."

.....

North of Silverymoon, Sunrise Mountains!

This was a huge mountain range that extended through the humans' northern lands and the boundless wilderness of the orcs. It allowed for a clear divide between the worlds of the two.

The humans in Silverymoon had used spells and a lot of manual labour to construct a large defensive fort, and they deployed their

military to guard it. Atop the black steely wall was the newest results of Silverymoon's research: the Automatic Magic Cannon.

The troops stationed at the garrison were the most powerful of Silverymoon. There were over 20 high-grade wizards there, and there were even rumours that there was a Legend in charge.

Over these many years, this fort alone had forced the orcs to return with their tails between their legs. No matter how crazed the attacks were, the fort had stood tall like a reef in a tsunami.

For this reason, the original name that had been complex and awkward had been discarded. In its place, it was given the beautiful name of 'Unfallen Moon Fort'. It represented the silver moon flag of Silverymoon that, at the front of the city in the fort, would never fall!

Pak! However, at that moment, the beautiful and intricate silver moon flag had slowly descended into the burning flames, turning entirely into ashes.

Roar! Roar! Numerous snarling werecreatures shouted crazily as they crawled up the walls that were said to never fall. Werejackals, werelions, wereleopards... There were even gigantic behemoths, snakemen, and foxwoman priests.

Numerous orcs with varying appearances arranged themselves in a square-shaped formation, crowding around a golden werelion as they cheered enthusiastically, "Saladin! Saladin! Emperor of the orcs! Emperor of the orcs!"

This orc called Saladin had fur that pointed up like steel spikes, and his eyes were electric. Numerous Legends, heads of their respective races, could only prostrate themselves before him.

He was Saladin, emperor of all orcs, and the Chosen of the orc god Gruumsh. He who possesses the divine weapon of the orcs, the Thunder God's Hammer!

With the power of the divine weapon, he had destroyed the fort's defences in an instant, and even killed the human Legend.

"I, Saladin, emperor of the orcs, king of all kings, shall conquer the northern lands as a jewel on the crown of my god!" Saladin snarled, and the many orcs cheered together.

Calendar of the gods, year 37665. Unfallen Moon Fort fell to their enemies, after being completely invaded by orcs on all sides.

Chapter 905 - War

With their huge numbers, the orcs had many peak experts. The fort quickly changed hands. There weren't even many magic warnings issued, allowing them to have the time to lay low in wait for the reinforcements once the original guard was taken care of.

After a few rounds, the teleportation rays no longer flickered, and the orcs controlled the fort with ease, setting up their own teleportation spell formations. The Unfallen Moon Fort had its own arrangements for escape routes. The wizards had left themselves teleportation gates that would allow for convenient access for assistance. The orcs in turn had messed up the spatial undulations here and sealed off all teleportation.

Just as the camp was in a frenzy, a pair of golden eyes looked down from above. In that moment, the Weave within tens of kilometres seemed to rebel, and powerful thunderclouds formed silently.

“Mystra, what’s happening? Are you trying to go against our contract?” A gruff voice sounded, and the thunderclouds in the sky dissipated to reveal shining moonlight. The orcs below did not even realise that they’d been at death’s door, and they all silently gathered their loot.

The dim golden eyes did not make any more movements, and instead seemed to streak through the sky and focus on an orc.

“Gruumsh!” The owner of the golden eyes called out the name of

the werebeast, the flames of her fury growing.

“You saw that. I didn’t make the first move! It’s a result of the guys’ fight!” The orc god chuckled, sounding gleeful.

“Furthermore... We’ve gotten the support of many gods, for instance the guy who’s been following you...” Gruumsh reported another piece of news and then was satisfied to see the anger in Mystra’s eyes.

The powerful conscient left, looking exasperated at seeing such a conflict happen so close.

“I can’t suppress someone as powerful as the Goddess of the Weave even at my peak. However, the competition on this path is ruthless. Whether in the dusk of the Magi and Gods, or now...” Gruumsh mumbled, and then he disappeared after sending down a powerful oracle. With their priests, the maddened orcs seemed to spread throughout the north.

Survival and reproduction were the two main goals of living beings. The orcs were like locusts as they looted all that they saw, and much blood was spilt. The states that were lucky to survive in the northern lands sunk into an arduous battle after being summoned by Silverymoon. The situation was in a deadlock.

On one hand, the land that the orcs obtained needed to be governed, and the soldiers needed to be reorganised. On the other, with the sudden attacks, the Silverymoon Alliance had suffered continuous losses and desperately needed some respite.

Another great wave of attacks could burst forth, and small skirmishes were a constant thing these days. The mercenaries, adventurers and even dreamers of the human world risked their lives to come to the northern lands, hoping to get some part of the glory. More merchants and commoners fled, which was a huge headache for the country.

In this chaotic world, a name that had been in the shadows before began to grow in intensity and shone in the battle with the orcs, thus earning the name of a hero...

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Unwittingly, a year passed. Year 37666 of the calendar of the gods, Silverymoon City.

A handsome black horse galloped along the road, its bloody hooves evidence of it having passed through a battlefield. The troops following behind it held orc ears, proof of merit and rewards. The knight at the head was astonishingly a female!

“It’s the Knight of Light, Rafiniya!” An adventurer along the road saw the female knight, their eyes filled with obvious admiration and worship.

“Mm! I heard that the lady became a high-ranked knight at a young age. She’s been shining in battles with the orcs as of late.” A young girl’s eyes twinkled, “Even more worthy of admiration is the fact that Lady Rafiniya is like the personification of justice. She

treats commoners and nobles all the same and does her best to protect the interests of the weak... Just like the city master...”

“That’s why so many adventurers are coming from all over the world!” Someone who was obviously the leader beside the girl supplemented, though he was critical on the inside, ‘Few agree with the city master’s ideals and want to participate in battle. Most people prioritise benefits.’

Although he knew this, he wouldn’t say such a thing allowed. Merit was the best way for adventurers to become nobles. The city master of Silverymoon was known for her generosity, so what harm was there in keeping mum?

‘Her commander, Baron Violet, seems to be a great example of this...’ The adventurer leader thought inside and urged his people on, “What are you looking at? Go to the Mercenary Guild and get the rewards from the mission!”

Due to the war and the surge of many mercenaries and adventurers, Silverymoon strangely seemed to be prosperous. The citizens who had lived calm and comfortable lives had disappeared, and in their place were mercenaries and adventurers who reeked of blood.

Besides hotels and the shops at the sides of the streets, there were many shops that sold all sorts of steel weapons and low-grade potions and the like. In general, they were items that would raise one’s battle might. The Mercenary Guild’s business was going so well that they were filled with adventurers every day.

‘Mercenary missions can only give money... Who knows, after a period of time when the war eases up, I’ll want to take a walk amongst the city guards...’ The leader was still considering his plans for the future. These were the true thoughts of unimportant characters in a chaotic world. They did not care who was in charge and only bothered about their own benefits.

.....

The female knight naturally did not care about this group of adventurers by the road, this was a common thing in Silvermoon.

The procession entered one of the camps, and Rafiniya took off her armour to change into a casual outfit. She entered Leylin’s tent. He was blanked out while looking at a huge map of the northern lands, as if he hadn’t noticed Rafiniya entering.

Upon noticing this, Rafiniya suddenly had a mischievous look on her face and sneakily ran to Leylin’s back.

“Stop playing around, Rafiniya!” Leylin spoke unenthusiastically, causing Rafiniya to deflate like a ball.

“Come on, can’t you just let a girl have her way? What happened to your gentlemanly attitude?” Rafiniya expressed her discontent to Leylin, who seemed to have grown a pair of eyes on his back.

‘Haha... With the spiritual force of a wizard, she wouldn’t be able

to escape the detections of the A.I. Chip no matter how cautious she was, unless she was a high-ranked assassin or thief.'

"Have you completed your mission?" Leylin was now the main commander here, and Rafiniya was his underling.

"Yes! I've completely wiped out that group of scouting orcs. What bastards! They massacred three whole villages!" Rafiniya exclaimed, feeling indignant. This had always been a life or death struggle between two races, and Leylin merely raised his eyebrows a little but did not say more.

In addition, he had another thought in mind.

'They're killing so much in the areas of their enemies!' Leylin sighed. His intel said that old, ill, weak, and disabled orcs were already entering the areas that had been taken over, and clearing the land for cultivation. They had scattered seeds and were clearly trying to restore life to the land.

What surprised Leylin more was that these orc villages already had signs of human slaves.

'There's someone capable among the orc invasion...' This was not a short term policy, and that caused fear among the higher-ups of Silvermoon. Leylin, however, was unperturbed. As their desires and goals were different, their worries varied. Watching those nobles down on their luck, Leylin even felt refreshed.

‘A.I. Chip, show me my current stats!’ Leylin commanded. The A.I. Chip loyally carried out Leylin’s orders, and showed a group of stats.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 21. Race: Human, Rank 14 Wizard. Strength: 12. Agility: 11. Vitality: 10. Spirit: 14. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body. Spell Slots: Rank 6(3), Rank 5(5), Rank 4(7), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] [Progress of analysis of Weave: Level 0: 100%, Level 1: 100%, Level 2: 100%, Level 3: 100%, Level 4: 68.88%, Level 5: 37.91%, Level 6: 12.36%!]

Leylin had risen by a rank in the past year, which the other wizards found unimaginable. If not for the war, he might even have advanced faster. Given his continuous outstanding military service, he’d even obtained Legend-ranked information.

It had to be said that the World of God’s structure of the high-grade magic strength system was still a great inspiration to Leylin.

‘I’ve already checked the Nether Mountains a few times, and can confirm that the red dragon’s cave and the ruins of the arcanists are there...’ Leylin’s eyes glowed brightly.

Chapter 906 - Contract

Leylin had never forgotten his original objective. His long-term goal in the World of Gods was to ascend to godhood and allow his main body to enter this world. On the other hand, his short-term goals included advancing to the rank of Legend as quickly as possible, and obtaining enough power to protect himself.

His main purpose in coming to the north was to find the inheritance of the arcanists, as well as information on legendary spells from Silvermoon City.

Compared to these goals reputation, territory, nobility, and riches were nothing but dog shit.

Although he now looked as if he was pursuing those things, it was only to give others the wrong impression. When it was time to abandon it all, he would do so without the slightest trace of hesitation. What were those things compared to eternal life and freedom anyway?

“I always thought you were a fellow with a lot of secrets,” Rafiniya mumbled to herself as she glanced at Leylin, sitting down with a melancholic air.

‘Such keen perception... She really is a first-rate tool,’ Leylin inwardly smiled to himself, but it was a pity that this lady knight had such an exceedingly pure soul. She had not seen past the facade into his true nature, else she would have been scared to death, forget daring to stay by his side.

“Alright, what are you looking at the map for? Is it time for us to act?” Rafiniya nibbled at an apple, propping up her toned and slender legs directly on the table. After serving in the army for a year, this lady knight had thrown her aristocratic grace and reserved nature away to the outer seas.

“Mm, it looks like we’re in trouble,” Leylin replied, adding emphasis on ‘trouble’.

“Is it that Cassley? I want to chop him up!” The lady knight exclaimed.

“The day will soon come,” Leylin stuck a small flag onto the map, marking down several lines of letters.

“Tell me, how is he going to trap us this time?” Rafiniya rolled her eyes.

“It can’t really be called a trap... He needs troops to go and defend the territories of several noble families near the Moonwood, those orcs are acting up again. There have even been rumours of the Blackblood tribe colluding with the Orc Empire...”

“Then why is he demanding that we go? He’s asking us to die!” Rafiniya shouted. Just the Blackblood tribe was enough to challenge Silvermoon City, and if orcs were added into the mix then it would be a complete deathtrap.

“We don’t have a choice, those nobles whose territories are being threatened are getting anxious. Additionally, my Violet Territory is also near there...” Leylin’s lips curved into a mocking smile.

If he was truly a minor noble, then it would have been imperative for him to go. Otherwise, neither Silvermoon City nor Cassley would let him off. The secular world’s shackles as well as strict martial law could not be joked around with.

In Leylin’s view however, what did they matter? Naturally, he’d put some effort in on the surface. He also had no choice in actually going to the moonwood, but it was entirely up to Leylin whether he wanted to fight sincerely.

“Send the command, all personnel have had their holidays cancelled. They must go into standby mode, prepared to set off at any time.” With Leylin’s order, the entire barracks was immediately thrown into chaos. Against such powerful enemies, even the officers trembled in fear.

However, Leylin didn’t bother with his subordinates. After he had given the command, he mounted his horse and travelled alone to his residence in Silvermoon City.

“Mister Leylin!” Only Bessany remained in the vast residence’s laboratory. She appeared to be very cold and cheerless. After the news of the great war had erupted, Ena and her sister had been strictly ordered by their families to return. Only Bessany had stayed.

“I’ll run the bath for you, sir. Also, the funds from the previous business deal have already been transferred to your bank account. Here is the receipt,” Bessany immediately left the alchemy table and bowed to Leylin. She had kept everything in good order while he was gone.

It had to be said that this young lady took her work quite seriously and worked hard. ‘After all, she’s a seedling that I raised myself,’ Leylin thought.

“No need for that,” Leylin waved his hand, “Bessany, I have something that I would like to ask you.” Leylin looked at Bessany attentively. She had grown up very well, and had even reached the realm of a rank 5 wizard.

It was a shame that her power was nothing but a speck of dust in front of the great army of orcs.

“Please tell me, Sir.” Bessany clasped her hands and seemed rather ill at ease.

After spending such a long time with Leylin, she naturally understood that he was enigmatic and impossible to predict. Questions that even the high-ranked wizards of the colleges could not answer were easily solved by him.

She had only been able to break through to a rank 5 wizard under his guidance. Compared to her, Ena and her sister were still lingering in the realm of rank 3 wizards!

For all this, Bessany knew that she had to pay the price. It was only that when the moment came for her to do so, she seemed rather uneasy.

“With the orcs pushing the battle closer to this place, Silvermoon City will become very dangerous. Don’t you wish to go home to your family?” Leylin looked at his apprentice and asked with great interest.

“My family?” Bessany smiled rather bitterly, “I don’t want to go home! I want to continue walking the path of a wizard and advance. If I go home with my current strength, I’ll have to serve my family until I die...”

As a low-ranked wizard and alchemy apprentice, Bessany’s family would absolutely not allow the goose who laid golden eggs to marry out of the family. Bessany’s only future was to be a sacrifice for her family, and silently devote her life to them until she died of old age.

Or perhaps her family would want to carry on the bloodline of a wizard, and adopt several men she disliked into the family.

Just envisioning this sort of life made Bessany feel like she was going insane.

“Then... Do you wish to continue receiving my instruction?” Leylin asked, looking deeply into Bessany’s eyes.

“If... If that’s possible, then my gratitude will know no bounds!” After hearing the thing she wished for the most, Bessany felt that she was the most fortunate person in the world, and almost fainted in happiness.

“Alright! I would now like to hire you as an alchemist for the Faulen family. Have a look at this contract,” Leylin passed a scroll of parchment to Bessany.

“A contract?” Bessany opened the parchment, looking at the contract which had been written in black ink. It stipulated that she needed to serve the Faulen family for 50 years, and through that obtain Leylin’s financial assistance and advice as a wizard.

It was a spirit-binding contract, and there was a beautifully intricate pattern around the parchment.

“I have no problem with this. I agree!” Bessany scanned through the contract and confirmed that she had no issues before gritting her teeth and agreeing.

“Alright, then sign your name in your own blood.” This demand was a little strange, but Bessany still bit her thumb and signed her name at the end of the parchment.

Crash! In the blink of an eye, the entire scroll floated into midair and spontaneously combusted. Bessany’s eyes grew dazed as she felt herself losing something she could not name. However, she also felt like nothing had really happened.

“Good, the contract has been established. On behalf of the Faulen family, I welcome you into our ranks,” Leylin smiled as he placed several items down on the table.

“Here’s a hundred gold coins, as well as several scrolls and magic items. Take them with you just in case. Tomorrow, you will go to the south, to the Faulen Islands. There you will find wizard Ernest, who will set up arrangements for you...”

“Scrolls? Alchemic materials?” Bessany gently stroked the magic scrolls with her fingers, and the powerful energy in them made her quake in fear. Leylin had personally smelted these magic items, and they were absolutely priceless. Compared to that, the gold coins were worthless.

“Why must I leave? Could it be that Mister Leylin is not optimistic about the future of Silvermoon City?”

“Mm,” Leylin answered without the slightest hesitation. His answer made Bessany’s body sway on the verge of collapse.

“How is that possible? The city is under the protection of the Goddess of the Weave...”

“Our enemies have their own gods. Additionally, only the ruler of our city can survive. It doesn’t mean that you ordinary people will,” Leylin’s cold voice shattered her delusions, “Of course, after Silvermoon City, it won’t be possible for the battle to spread further south. Your family won’t be in danger, so there is no need to worry.”

Sending this rather distracted young lady away, Leylin smiled as he looked at his right hand. A trace of the purest soul origin force had arrived in his palm.

Even if Bessany died now, her soul would belong to him. This was the power of a devil!

“My young lady; if you don’t pay attention when you sign a contract, it’s difficult for you to not lose out...” Putting tricks into a contract was the favourite method of many devils from all dimensions. The decorative border around the parchment was the simplest trick.

Naturally, even if Bessany had heard of such a thing, she didn’t regard Leylin as a devil. As a result, she most likely had not even considered that he would do such a thing.

‘It’s just child’s play, whatever happens will happen...’ Leylin could easily educate many alchemy students to her level, but since it seemed that Bessany was innately gifted, and her luck was rather good, he didn’t mind helping her a little.

“Silverymoon City...” Leylin sighed softly. What he had said earlier wasn’t just fear-mongering. The possibility was real.

‘The Silverymoon Alliance has already threatened the central human kingdom, and those kings do not wish for a powerful human kingdom to rise in the north. There are many nobles who share this thought in the north, and as a result the support that the

Silverymoon Alliance will receive is limited...’

This was still the material plane after all, the gods of human factions could not unite in solidarity. Mystra could only rely on herself to take on all the orc gods. Even with the assistance of several gods she was on good terms with, the city did not have hopeful prospects.

Chapter 907 - Rescue

Leylin could be at ease while the gods held petty, conflicting views. Were they to be united, there was no way he would be able to survive and grow in the prime material plane. His alternatives would be the deep abyss or hell itself.

‘The slumber of the World of Gods’ World Will, the Overgod, has encouraged many gods to harbour their own agendas.’ Leylin recalled the World’s Will of the World of Gods. The gods were the children of the world, and the World’s Will was their leader, the one and only Overgod!

In Leylin’s opinion, the World Wills of the Magus World and the World of Gods had reached the realm of rank 9. Omniscient and omnipotent, they were but one step away from eternity. It wasn’t just the gods and Magi who’d traded blows in the final war, the Wills had participated as well. Both sides suffered, and entered a heavy slumber.

Before its slumber, the Will of the World of Gods had completely sealed the world in a crystal sphere that isolated it from any communication. This move had effectively protected the World of Gods and allowed new gods to grow. However, once they were done dividing up the faith, the limit in number of worshippers had caused great internal conflict. Having lost their foreign enemies, the gods were now infighting.

At the very bottom of his heart, Leylin held a strong conviction that there were gods who coveted the seat of sovereignty. After all, they would fall if their worshippers dwindled in number. The only

way was to extract world origin force and surpass the existence of a god.

The only thing standing in their way was the World's Will!

‘Isn’t this ironic? To nurture a child that would eventually oppose you...’ Leylin’s eyes narrowed with a gleam of determination.

.....

Outside the city walls, Leylin bumped into an entirely unexpected person.

“Wizard Cassley, good morning!”

“Good morning, wizard Leylin,” Cassley nodded at him, “Perhaps I will ride out with you and your troops, so when the time comes I hope you will cooperate.”

‘Cooperate?’ Leylin’s eyes narrowed, but the smiling expression on his face did not change as he slowly left.

Although he was a little weaker, the two were almost equal in status. He no longer had to give way to the other wizard as he had been forced to in the past. Since the troops were mobilising, coordination was purely between the mid-ranks and not an order given by the higher ups.

It was important not to underestimate this point, as it could be used to devastating effect in the midst of true battle. At the very least, it would put an end to Cassley's informal and unnecessary orders, and eliminate the possibility of him sending the troops off to die.

“Damn!” After Leylin's back disappeared from view, Cassley's gently smiling expression completely collapsed. It was substituted with the most chilling intent.

Leylin Faulen! This name had grown offensively conspicuous ever since the orc invasion. Most notably, Cassley's several retaliatory attempts against the wizard had all been played off, and even served to enhance the other man's reputation.

In the end, many people had gradually come to lump him and Leylin together, likening the two of them to the brightest new stars in the sky. From Cassley's point of view, the fact that they had gone as far as to place someone from the younger generation on the same level as him was a bald-faced insult!

Additionally, after he had suffered the defeats, the faction backing him had gradually withdrawn their support. This was something that he absolutely could not stand. There was only one way to resolve this mess, and that was to make the source of trouble, Leylin, disappear entirely from this world.

‘I look forward to the face you'll show me before you die...’ A trace of darkness flashed across Cassley's eyes, and he returned to

Silverymoon City without looking back.

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Two days later, nearly a thousand troops slowly left Silverymoon City.

“I’ve always found that Cassley an eyesore, and now he’s even deliberately riding out with us. He’s trying to make trouble for us, I’m sure!” The lady knight seethed next to Leylin.

“I’m afraid that he won’t simply cause trouble for us,” Leylin was well aware of the murderous intent that his companion was so clearly radiating. “Only... I’m not sure what will happen in the end,” A strange smile formed at the edges of his lips.

“We’re entering dangerous lands, stay alert!” As they drew closer to the Moonwood, even Cassley became even more vigilant. Werecreature attacks were a possibility now.

After the orc invasion, the forces near Silverymoon Alliance began to get restless, especially the Blackblood tribe who immediately occupied the entire Moonwood. Patrolling rangers had been able to routinely enter the place and gather information before, but now that was a death sentence.

An alliance between the werebeasts and the orcs now seemed entirely possible. After all, humans all thought that they had similar looks and characteristics.

Working together was natural when the conditions were right. Once the Blackblood Tribe joined the orc faction however, Silverymoon City would suffer an inconceivable setback.

‘The queen of the city, her majesty Alustriel, must be in distress...’ Leylin indifferently thought to himself.

A loud chirp sounded abruptly, coming from a grey and white eagle. This was an animal companion of one of the druid scouts.

“Baron Andrew’s castle is under siege!” The druid immediately reported to Leylin.

“A siege?” Leylin furrowed his brows. He could faintly see smoke and ash rising at the edge of the horizon, “By werecreatures or goblins?”

“It’s the werecreatures! I’m very certain, I saw the Blackblood tribe’s flag there!” The druid nodded vigorously.

“What are we waiting for, let’s go!” Rafiniya drew her longsword. Ever since she had seen the orcs and goblins massacre entire villages, she had become a resolute believer of human superiority.

“Wait, we should at the very least inform Cassley,” Leylin helplessly grabbed Nick’s reins and let an orderly inform their allies. There was a rather begrudging expression on his face as he said, “I’ve known you for so many years already, but you haven’t

even matured a little...”

Before long, the orderly had already brought back Cassley’s reply.

“Commanding Officer Cassley says that he is in charge of the defence corps, and he will leave these matters for you to resolve!” The orderly announced loudly, and bowed as he left.

Before they had set off, he had not known what tricks Cassley had employed, and in the end he had unexpectedly obtained the mission of defending a few nobles. The mission Leylin had received was to attack and push the orcs’ frontlines back into the Moonwood.

Far behind the front line, Cassley was in charge of defence. He had even incidentally blocked his grain supply channels.

The impression would be that Cassley would defend the area when Leylin completely failed. His mission was similar to defending the city walls, but Leylin had been the pioneer who had taken the initiative to attack.

‘This fellow is already thinking of an unthinkable outcome behind my back...’ Leylin shook his head. If an ordinary person was in his position, perhaps they would die playing Cassley’s game. It was clear how deeply Cassley hated him from how readily he had issued the command.

‘Those who are meant to back me haven’t supported me at all. Is it a question of loyalty?’ Leylin sighed a little. He had risen to power too abruptly and had not truly won their trust. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have behaved so passively.

‘Once a wizard of Silvermoon City reaches rank 15, they sign a very powerful contract to pledge their loyalty. The effects can even extend until they reach the realm of Legends...’ Leylin suddenly thought of a rumour. Now, it seemed to be true. ‘Once I reach rank 15 and become a high-ranked wizard, something similar may fall to me. Cassley’s already signed the contract, which is why he’s so easily trusted...’

The troops under Leylin saw a look of unswerving determination on their leader’s face.

“Onwards!” Leylin finally issued the command.

A besieged castle rapidly appeared before them, the village next to it already burnt to the ground. There were corpses strewn everywhere, and many of them were badly mangled.

“Charge! Leave none of them alive!” At the sight of this scene, the soldiers immediately saw red. Leylin duly issued the command to attack.

“Kill!” Rafiniya led the way on horseback as the captain of a small squadron of knights. She and her subordinates fiercely advanced like black jackhammers into the werecreature army. The people in the castle let out a cheer at the sight of the reinforcements.

“There aren’t many werecreatures here, and they’re spent after the attack on the castle. If we coordinate with those inside the castle, they’ll have no luck in defeating us,” Leylin’s gaze swept across the entire battlefield as he demonstrated his natural leadership. The army made up of 200 Professionals became the most precise and accurate of tools in his hand, calmly and efficiently reaping the lives of the werecreatures before them.

When Cassley finally arrived from the rear, he only saw the scene of the auxiliary troops sweeping the battlefield clean. His eyes narrowed at Leylin’s abilities, and afterwards a dense killing intent leaked from him.

“I am Baron Andrew, I thank you all for coming to our aid!” At this moment, the securely shut castle door was flung open. A middle-aged noble walked out with his retainers, a trace of fear still lingering on his face.

“I am Cassley from Silverymoon City. You and your people have been saved,” At this moment, Cassley stood at the forefront and willingly took the credit. He looked as if he had no qualms about doing this, and Leylin’s subordinates were extremely angry at the injustice.

‘Haha... This is reality. Even geniuses must be restrained by the rules,’ Cassley had absolutely loathed this rule in the past, but now he felt very carefree.

Chapter 908 - Unscrupulous

At the sight of Cassley stealing his credit right in front of him, Leylin subtly lowered his eyes and concealed the strange expression within them.

“Then I have to express my thanks towards you, sir! I have already prepared a banquet to welcome everyone as well as rooms. Please come back to the castle with me and rest.” Baron Andrew naturally would not be able to tell what had happened in a single glance, and attentively received the guests.

After following the Baron into his castle, Leylin saw many refugees within with panicked expressions on their faces.

“These damned werereatures, our harvest this year is ruined...” Baron Andrew grumbled as he walked in front of them. Afterwards, he instructed his housekeeper and his wife to make preparations for the feast.

A magnificent feast was held within the castle’s enormous great hall. Roast chicken which looked a little scorched, wine as red as liquid ruby, and mountains of white bread were brought out. It could be said that to host Leylin and the men, this Baron Andrew had taken out what remained of his store of quality items.

Naturally, no matter how the world changed, the lifestyle of those in the upper classes would always be much better than those below them. Leylin swayed his wine glass and watched the dark red wine swirling within it, a strange smile on his face.

“Please be assured, Baron Andrew. Silverymoon City will not sit idly by and watch these werecreatures attack. The tax exemption is an entirely different matter, and you will need to contact the city hall...” In the position of the guest of honour, Cassley was cheerfully chatting with the baron. His manner of speaking made Baron Andrew nod slightly, looking completely convinced.

Even those young ladies near him who were clearly his daughters had peculiar looks in his eyes.

“Wizard Leylin!” Just at this moment, Cassley called out Leylin’s name.

“Lord Cassley, how can I help you?” Leylin did not move from his seat and nodded slightly to indicate he had heard. His action filled Cassley’s eyes with dissatisfaction.

‘This fellow, he should have died long ago!’ Cassley raged within his heart. On the surface however, he still wore the smile he had on earlier, “According to military command, I will organise the nobles’ defences in the rear. I’ll leave the fighting on the frontlines to you!”

Baron Andrew looked at Cassley then at Leylin, his eyes filled with astonishment. He wasn’t a slow-witted person, and now he seemed to see something different..

‘This wizard Leylin, he seems to have rather good standing. However, he seems to have some conflict with high-ranked wizard

Cassley,' Baron Andrew would normally exploit this relationship for his own gain, however he was now worried.

'In these times, infighting will just exacerbate the wear and tear on one's own troops. What are those fellows in Silvermoon City thinking?' Baron Andrew grumbled, and at the same time thought of his previous actions. Only until he had confirmed that he had not neglected Leylin and his faction did he secretly let out of a sigh of relief.

At the same time he also decided to disregard the situation between Leylin and Cassley.

"Of course, that is my original mission after all," Leylin very readily agreed to Cassley's demand, which went completely against his expectations and left him feeling rather astonished.

"Then, I'll ask you to go towards Vaughan Village and station the men there," Cassley replied, as if this was all as a matter of course.

"Please forgive me for this, but you have no right to interfere. The front line is under my command," Leylin smiled as he rejected him, which made Cassley flush bright red.

"Very well..." After rudely huffing a few times, Cassley began to forcefully pressure him, "However, to maintain our line of communication, I need to send a contact member out with you. Your troops also need support in terms of rations from my group."

This was a restriction and also an unspoken threat.

“I can agree to this,” Leylin expressed his approval after thinking for a bit.

Cassley watched Leylin’s troops slowly depart from the top of the castle, his expression immediately becoming malevolent.

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Two days later, amongst Leylin’s troops.

“Lord Leylin, I feel that we should not continue towards Cade village,” A gorgeously dressed fellow broke formation and came to Leylin, a highly arrogant look on his face. Rafiniya watched him walk over with a look of loathing, and urged her horse ahead to leave them behind.

This fellow was named Malfoy, and he was the communication liaison that Cassley had forced on him. He reportedly was the heir of a Marquis and was well-placed in Silverymoon City. Unfortunately, he had Cassley backing him so he was rather unscrupulous. He did not even address Leylin with the minimum amount of respect.

“Oh? What do you propose?” Leylin calmly looked at this impertinent fellow.

“I believe we should follow Lord Cassley’s previous proposal,

going to Vaughan village is the correct decision,” Malfoy replied fearlessly. He had the backing of a formidable faction and was a knight of Silverymoon. How would a bumpkin like Leylin dare to do anything to him?

“I refuse,” Leylin looked at this fellow with a trace of ridicule. Perhaps the strength of a faction would be useful in times of peace. Since they were in an era of war, however, the man who held greater military might would be the stronger power. This fellow who couldn’t even understand that would just die.

“What?” Sir Malfoy’s anger was out of this world, “You actually dare...”

His fingers trembled as he looked at Leylin, as if he was seeing his greatest enemy. Malfoy never thought that he would meet such a rude person, and thoughts of Cassley flew out of his head. Perhaps he did not realise that his life lay in Leylin’s hands. In this situation, how could Leylin dare to rebel against him?

Thump thump! Right at this moment, an enormous dust cloud swept over them. The dust had been kicked up by a great number of troops and their horses.

“Stay alert!” The alarm rang. Malfoy almost fell to the ground in fright, his face paling rapidly. His behaviour made those knights around him smile disdainfully.

The deafening sound of hooves clapping against the ground was followed by a huge squadron of troops appearing in their field of

view. The purple flag of the Violet family was dazzling as it hung on the carriages.

“It’s the Violet flag! The insignia of the commander’s family!” The soldiers all cheered.

“This... This is...” Malfoy trembled as he saw the massive squadron ahead slowly integrating together with their own troops. An old man who looked like a housekeeper even personally came to pay his respects to Leylin.

‘Almost 500 personal troops, as well as so many carriages full of grain...’

Leylin’s carriages were full of elite soldiers, and there was even an enormous cart in the fleet with sacks filled to the brim with grain.

‘At this point, his power is really...’ Malfoy’s face grew pale. With this assistance as well as Leylin’s original 200 Professionals and 300 auxiliary troops, he commanded over 1000 soldiers. He could even provide rations for his troops by himself, and he did not need to Cassley’s support at all.

‘The most frightening part is that if these men only answer to Leylin, and if they decide to rebel with him, then perhaps it’s enough for them to...’ Malfoy grew even more frightened, and his voice grew shrill, “No, that’s impossible! How do you have so many men?”

“Perhaps you’ve forgotten that my Violet territory is here?” Leylin taunted him with a smile.

“Violet territory?” Malfoy stared at him blankly, and immediately thought of Leylin’s fiefdom which was only a huge wasteland. Even savages did not live there.

Looking at Malfoy’s stunned expression, Leylin laughed inwardly to himself. Although his Violet territory indeed possessed nothing, it served well to boost his position and aid his pretense.

After receiving this title, Tiff and the others in the organisation all became Leylin’s vassals. They could even transport their previously hoarded resources and rations, as well as weapons and other military materiel to this place.

Everything had happened in one go, resulting in this.

“Young master, we’ve received the news,” Tiff’s expression grew sombre as he murmured into Leylin’s ear.

“Oh, that? I understand...” Leylin looked at Tiff, who had broken through his limits to become a Legend.

“Spread word of my command, we will go west. Our target is the Nether Mountains!”

“What? What?” Malfoy was the first to blurt out, “Lord Leylin, please take note of the orders you are under! Don’t tell me that

you're thinking of disobeying Silverymoon's army?"

"Even if I disobey, what can you do?" Leylin smiled as he ridiculed the man, watching as blood drained from Malfoy's face.

"Did you really think that martial law and Silverymoon's noble title would tie me down?" Originally, Leylin's subordinates were all Silverymoon's men. Whatever plans he had could not be realised unless he left by himself, and he would become a wanted criminal.

Now, everything was different. The private vassals of a noble would be absolutely loyal to him alone. With this power in hand, Leylin could now completely coerce all his subordinates.

In the beginning, he secretly controlled over half of this unit. After a year of leading them, he now no longer had any problems.

"What? You dare to disobey orders?"

"Mm, I've always found you an eyesore. Drag him down and behead him!" Leylin waved his hand as if he was swatting a fly.

Two bulky and muscular vassals immediately hoisted Malfoy up from under his arms, wringing him like a chick.

"Since you're about to meet the god of death, I'll tell you some news," Leylin drew closer to Malfoy, a malicious smile on his face, "The orc hordes have already launched a surprise attack on

Silverymoon City, and have completely surrounded it. In other words, that privileged noble status which you have been so intensely proud of is about to disappear...”

Chapter 909 - Nether Mountains

The orc armies had launched a surprise attack! Silverymoon had been besieged! This was the earth-shattering news that Tiff had given Leylin. Tiff was a Legend of the dark world, and the network under his control passed this information to him even faster than Cassley did.

Leylin counted on this news when he made the decision to abandon everything. After all, the so called martial law, the rules and nobility of Silverymoon, was built on the basis that it still remained. What about when it was no more?

Looking at the larger picture, even if the defence of the city was ultimately successful, the chaos of war would continue to spread. In times of such disorder, what were the deaths of one or two knights?

Given his power in the region, those in Silverymoon could still be forced by the circumstances, giving out numerous rewards for Leylin to send his troops out to 'save the country in times of danger.'

"However, the situation doesn't seem good with the Goddess of the Weave. I'm afraid there might already be traitors in the alliance..." Leylin muttered to himself, "She's still a powerful greater god, and she will definitely be unscathed. With her status as a Chosen, Alustriel will probably be safe as well. The ones who suffer the most in war are the commoners, who are at the bottom of the hierarchy..."

Of course, none of these had anything to do with Malfoy. The pitiful knight had been rendered completely lifeless after hearing Leylin's words.

Only when the soldiers began to drag him out did he begin to yell, "Ah... forgive me! Please forgive me, Sire Leylin! Lord Leylin!

"Silverymoon needs you! I guarantee that as long you bring me back, I'll tell my father to give you everything you want... Everything! Ah..." After a short period of pained cries, Malfoy's voices came to a stop with a grunt.

Leylin's underlings had gotten used to these scenes and were expressionless. Only Rafiniya looked slightly disturbed.

In her eyes, no matter how hateful the other party had been, Leylin had gone too far, and her heart was a little shadowed by the traumatic experience.

"What was he saying about Silverymoon at the end?" Since Leylin had whispered those words directly into Malfoy's ears, the girl did not know the full story.

"Just some nonsense!" Leylin carelessly chuckled, "My butler has already given me the newest information. Thanks to the Goddess, those simple-minded werecreatures only have thoughts of occupying the Moonwood and then come out and rob people. They have no interest in allying with the orcs to eliminate the Silverymoon alliance..."

“Thank the gods!” Upon hearing this, Rafiniya heaved a sigh of relief. She hated the idea of this beautiful city being destroyed just like this.

“In that case, what was it you said about the Nether Mountains?”

“That’s nothing. Since it isn’t that dangerous here, I’m planning to do something private and explore some ruins that I found a while ago!”

Leylin now looked relaxed and satisfied as he flung the horsewhip, “Didn’t you hear my orders? We’re changing directions towards the Nether Mountains!”

Leylin’s authority had solidified over the year. Even in front of these ordinary troops, it was necessary to emphasise the need to obey superiors, much less one like Leylin.

The troops of Silverymoon had planned to risk their lives against the werecreatures, but with Leylin’s personal troops inciting them, they soon went with the flow and obeyed the orders. The army of men and horses changed direction, heading west towards the Nether Mountains.

‘Cassley... I hope you like the present I left behind for you...’ Leylin snickered inside. In this sort of situation, it was difficult to understand what exactly the werecreatures were thinking. In addition, once his main forces retreated, Cassley would face with the brunt of the pressure from the werecreature armies.

When the time came, 2]would he retreat to Silverymoon and ask for support or stay behind to take care of the werecreatures? Leylin anticipated his choice.

“He... He’s changed...” Rafiniya watched absent-mindedly as the groups of men and horses brushed past her, looking to be in disbelief. The Leylin just now was very different from the one she was used to.

While he was as handsome, straightforward and refined as always, he had a domineering aggression to him. Or rather, the aura of impetuosity and a devilish charm.

“He’s like a completely different person. Why...” Rafiniya’s mind was now turning black as a huge sense of fear appeared.

“Captain, are you alright?” A knight nearby asked in concern after seeing how she was acting.

“I-I’m fine!” Rafiniya managed to spit out. She urged Nick to catch up to the troops ahead, but her brows furrowed further.

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The Nether Mountains were a straight vertical stretch in the north. While there was nothing horizontal across it that created a divide between the northern lands and the wilderness of the vast Sunrise Mountains that belonged to the orcs, it was an important dividing line in the northern lands. It clearly divided the

Moonwood and the orc organisations.

The mountains had a terrifying spell pollution and energy isolation. Even the Weave was a little weak here, and in some areas it was even impossible to detect. These places were known as magic-dead zones, and whether they were wizards or priests everyone turned useless in these regions.

Due to the terrifying contamination, the plants and animals in the Nether Mountains went through a bizarre transformation. Not only were they more powerful, they were also more savage and bloodthirsty.

Legends said that this was a result of the battle between two divine soul saints which completely changed the geography, turning the place into a forbidden zone for life.

A group of human soldiers had abruptly entered these mountains on this day, cutting the trees and thorns as they moved on, relying on the strength of powerful spellcasters and warriors to enter the depths of the mountains.

“The Weave seems to be much better here compared to those dead-magic zones.” Leylin had gathered all the senior officers in the heart of their camp at night. There were two factions among them, Leylin’s personal troops and the officers of Silverymoon.

“I have gathered you to discuss our current target: a fully grown red dragon!” Leylin announced in a low voice as he looked at the huge Nether Mountains’ map on the wall.

Tiff did not voice any objections upon hearing this, evidently knowing of it. However, the officers of Silverymoon caused a storm of protest with Rafiniya at the head.

“An adult dragon? That’s a Legend, a powerful being!” Never in Rafiniya’s wildest dreams did she think that Leylin harboured such insane thoughts of slaying a dragon. A dragon was in the legendary realm, and they were normally more powerful than human Legends!

“Mm, it’s not like we don’t have any Legends on our side.” Leylin pointed towards Tiff, and he exploded forth with terrifying energy. It was like the might of a dragon itself, the roars of an ancient beast.

“Legend?” Rafiniya gaped, looking towards Tiff and then at Leylin, suddenly feeling bitter, “Is that what you’ve been preparing for? The wealth and glory of slaying dragons?”

“All I need is for you to do is deal with some dangers in the surroundings to restrict it from a distance. You don’t need to deal with it head on. How about it?” Leylin sighed ruefully. If not for having an army of a thousand Professionals, it would be difficult to enter the Nether mountains. The endless monsters they had met on the way were already enough for small adventuring groups to be wiped out.

“Understood, commander!” The officers who had come from Silverymoon looked towards each other. While it wasn’t surprising

that senior officers of the army would use their troops to do personal work, it was rather rare for people to be so brazen and unbridled.

However, after watching Tiff who seemed to be a regular fighter let loose his aura, as well as Leylin's personal troops staring at them intently, they decided to submit.

This actually was possible thanks to Leylin gathering all communicative tools from them. Because of the geography of the Nether Mountains, this group temporarily had no contact with the outside world. If not, and they learn that Silverymoon was in a siege, they could possibly have descended into complete chaos.

Leylin could suppress the dragon with his own troops when the time came, but this obviously would weaken his battle power.

"Alright, I'll assign your roles now," he ordered without inhibition, especially satisfied with this situation.

Once the meeting was over and the officers had left, Rafiniya stayed back alone. The female knight stared at him, "You haven't answered my question."

"Oh, that," Leylin nodded, coming to a sudden realisation, "I came to Silverymoon to obtain more information on spells. After finding out about the existence of the red dragon, I started to make plans regarding it. Is there a problem?"

Leylin's utter honesty caused Rafiniya to be at a loss. It felt like her heart broke at this moment, and it hurt.

The female knight bit her lips, "Alright then. I'll help you this time, but I'll leave after that."

'Is this girl finally aware of the cruelty of reality?' Leylin's quirked up in a slight smile, "Of course. I'll also give you a portion of the wealth from slaying the dragon."

"I don't need it! Take that filthy wealth of yours and die." Rafiniya flipped the entrance of the tent and jogged away, leaving Leylin scratching his head, "While she knows this is cruel, she's still not practical enough..."

Whatever it was, Leylin's plan was still carried out well. With a Legend in charge as well as the temptation of glory and wealth from slaying a dragon, these officers and their underlings were very enthusiastic.

The good news came soon enough. The exact location of the dragon had been found.

Chapter 910 - Slaying A Dragon

Roar! A huge silhouette streaked across the sky, and a huge monster that was tens of metres long immediately pulled its terrifying meaty wings before disappearing into a dark cave.

“Mm, that truly is the red dragon.” Leylin nodded. Dragons in the World of Gods were like huge lizards with wings, though they looked far more sinister. Their eyes that looked like spheres of lava left an especially deep impression on him.

“Ye– yes, my lord!” Helen answered from next to him, her body trembling.

“Is this because of the dragon’s aura?” Leylin looked at Helen, suddenly understanding and shaking his head with regret.

‘Looks like the Professionals under rank 10 shouldn’t come. They can’t handle the intimidation from the aura...’ he concluded. In his view, this fearful draconic aura was a weakened version of a spiritual force domain. Just facing the dragon would be a problem if one lacked a strong mind or spiritual force training, let alone attacking it.

‘As expected, the regular troops can only fight in the surroundings.’ Without alarming this huge creature, Leylin brought Helen secretly back to the camp. Following that, the team did as Leylin ordered. Like a huge, intricate robot, they began to work automatically.

“My lord, it’s done!” Tiff brought a group of elite Professionals to Leylin. In each of their hands were weapons with high-grade enchantments, and they seemed to be coated with something else as well.

“Mm. This magic potion we got from the werecreature tribe is meant to deal specifically with dragons, it should hopefully be useful!” Leylin could not help but think back to the werecreature camp. They had obviously been making preparations to slaughter the dragon, but all their materials were now Leylin’s.

Now, what they had gathered would serve the same purpose.

“Mm. Give the dragon intoxication potion and other items to the high-ranked scouts to sprinkle at the dragon’s cave. Hopefully, it’ll fall for the trap...” While there was a large distance between the camp and the dragon cave, it was still unsafe considering the range that the red dragon could see. On top of that, it wasn’t hibernating like many of its kind, which left Leylin on guard.

This camp was too eye-catching. It would be found the moment the dragon flew out on patrol, and its fate then would be obvious. Hence, Leylin did not count on the high-grade assassins’ poison trap working. The next day, he brought fifty people to the entrance of the dragon cave.

The bare ground had not even a blade of grass growing on it, and seemed very solid. There was also a strange smell lingering in the air.

“This is the smell left behind by the dragon. Most animals wouldn’t dare approach this place...” Leylin glanced at the group behind him. They were all high-grade Professionals, including Tiff and Rafiniya.

“Based on the observations of our thieves, this is the time that it usually rests. Furthermore, the red dragon has also eaten the goat with special ingredients that we especially prepared for it...” Leylin muttered to himself. At this moment, a dark shadow emerged from the sides, calling out in a low voice, “Boss!”

“How’s the situation?”

A high-ranked scout began his report, “I can confirm that the red dragon is inside, and our route is very simple. There is only one pathway, and there’s a possibility of other creatures in the way!”

“Good. Guide the way in front.” Leylin let the thief walk ahead, and a procession of excited people clutched the weapons in their hands as they entered the cave.

The passage was long and seemed to go all the way to the belly of the mountain. It was very vast, and the walls were dry.

“It’s up ahead!” The thief ran to Leylin’s side as he spoke. Leylin nodded and ordered the group to stop. They were now extremely quiet, making no sound at all.

“Bring me there.” Leylin and the thief went forward. After they

passed through a curved path, they came upon an even larger karst cavern. Boiling hot light flickered at its entrance, with some quartz and shiny items present within.

Two other strange creatures were standing guard at the cave's entrance, as if on sentry duty.

‘Hm? Earth Dragons? A subspecies of the dragons? But it's not exactly similar.’ Leylin looked at the two which were obviously subspecies with auras that greatly resembled those of purebloods. His eyes glinted with wit.

‘Rumour has it that once an adult dragon gains intelligence, it normally enslaves some members of other races into working for it. Ancient dragons can intimidate entire races, I never thought the red dragon would do this as well.

Past the two earth dragons, Leylin sensed an even more powerful life undulation in the cave. It was heaving with rhythmic breaths, evidently in a deep sleep. In this situation, any sounds could wake it up.

“Tiff!” Leylin immediately called the Legend in his team.

“Young Master!” Tiff arrived by his side and bowed slightly.

“Can you kill them without alarming the red dragon?” Leylin asked.

“It will be slightly troublesome. This type of subspecies have very tenacious life force. I can make one disappear without a sound, but I can’t take care of two in an instant.” Tiff frowned slightly.

“That’s alright. I’ll help you in that area!” Leylin answered lightly.

“Then that’s fine...” Tiff’s eyes flashed with strands of black, and he quickly disappeared.

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By the cave, a red earth dragon was loyally protecting its place, occasionally looking towards its comrade. All of a sudden, it saw something that appalled it. A dark figure seemed to appear from the air, raising its arms as if opening up a black hole to devour its comrade.

Shadow Jump! Singularity! Just as this Earth Dragon was about to howl out in warning, it was surrounded in light that rendered it immobile. This was Hold Monster. The dark figure darted out, and the giant black hole swallowed its body as well.

The whole process was a hair-raising experience, yet only happened within a few seconds. Not even a peep was made.

‘Noiseless casting!’ Helen’s pupils shrunk from behind Leylin. She’d witnessed the whole process.

“Let’s go!” Leylin made a sign, and entered the cave with Tiff.

Inside, they found the target of their expedition snoring. The red dragon had dark red scales with smooth murky patterns on them that shone like metal. Its two meaty wings were ashen brown and hidden on its back. Its neck twisted sinuously like a snake’s as it buried its vicious head into its chest. Its nose occasionally puffed out two streams of white smoke.

A dense spiritual might was being emanated from its body, enough to cause the cowardly to break down.

‘It really is a dragon, and it’s an adult that’s reached the realm of Legends!’ Rafiniya’s palms trembled slightly, and she could not help but hold tightly onto her longsword.

Only she, Tiff, and Leylin were in the cave right now. The rest were standing guard outside; even asleep the dragon had powerful senses.

‘Based on its detection abilities, only Tiff has the ability to attack it once. After that, it’ll definitely awaken...’ Leylin gave Tiff a look with his eyes, and he immediately understood. Tiff drew closer to the giant, holding onto a golden dagger.

Rafiniya and Leylin also prepared their own attacks.

“Begin!” Tiff’s golden dagger pierced into the triangular scale under its neck. That was its reverse scale, and the largest

weakness.

Roar! In that moment, blood splattered everywhere. The red dragon roared abruptly— it was now awake!

Pak! Tiff was sent flying by a red tail, his figure wrapped up by many shadows while in mid-air.

“You... You despicable mortals. How dare you harm the mighty Sylvester...” While the injury Tiff had given it with its dagger was much smaller than the area of its body, the red dragon still snarled in its fury, preparing to give these little ants a lesson such that they’d repent in hell.

“You’re even thinking of using something like a toy...” It roared, eyes like fireballs trained on Leylin. All of a sudden, its voice disappeared.

“My strength... What’s going on? You wretched worms, what have you done to the mighty Sylvester?” The red dragon’s voice was filled with astonishment and anger, while Leylin was very pleased with the results of Tiff’s attack.

The golden dagger that he had held was a Dragonslaying Dagger Leylin had specifically prepared for this. The powerful toxins and curses were something even a dragon could do little against.

‘A.I. Chip!’ Leylin ordered calmly. At this moment, the A.I. Chip immediately showed its stats.

[Name: Sylvester. Race: Red Dragon (Adult) Strength: 21 (25), Agility: 10, Vitality: 19 (21), Spirit: 16 Status: Weakened from curse. Strength, vitality weakened. Feats: 1. Intimidating Aura 2. Dragonscale Defence 3. Dragon's Breath 4. Suggestion spell. Description: This is a creature that has reached the realm of Legends. It possesses extraordinary strength and can even destroy a small city or army. It has acquired the magic and memories of the pureblooded dragon race, and there is a chance that its bloodline can improve further.]

“Do it!” Leylin yelled, his attack and Rafiniya’s reaching the red dragon’s body at practically the same time.

The longsword was edged with sharp qi. The enchanted weapon glinted as it ruthlessly tore through the dragon’s huge meaty wings. Leylin’s attack struck just then.

Chapter 911 - Secret Pathway

Chain Lightning! Freezing Sphere! A burst of powerful light appeared from Leylin's hands and struck the two wings on the back of the red dragon in an instant, causing a chilling cold in the air.

Leylin proficiently controlled the power of the spells, launching attacks on the wings with powerful spells.

Dimension Hop! At this moment, Tiff's figure flickered behind the dragon's back, and two curved knives ruthlessly slashed into the base of the red dragon's wings. With added support from powerful spells, even the defensive dragon scales began to show signs of damage, scalding dragon blood spurting out.

"Damn it, damn it! You bunch of wretched worms!" The red dragon exclaimed, blasting crimson flames from its throat that were hot enough to smelt metal.

"Let's go!" Leylin summoned numerous walls of ice in succession, but with the dragon's breath, they could only hold on for a few seconds. That allowed him to escape from the cave with Rafiniya.

Their strategic goal had been reached. Staying behind any longer for a fight to the death would be foolish.

Dragons possessed wings, and once they soared into the sky, the others could only blink and watch with a dumbstruck expression except for Leylin and Tiff. That was why Leylin had chosen the

battlefield to be in the cave and focused entirely on the wings. This would cripple the red dragon and render it unable to fly.

Once it no longer had the advantage of flight, he would use his men to tire it out and then kill it.

“Quick, attack!” Seeing that Leylin and the other two had run out of the cave, Helen immediately launched huge fireballs from her hands, targetting the red dragon behind them.

“Attack! Are you all deaf?” With Leylin’s yell, those high-ranked Professionals jolted to awareness, brandishing the large weapons in their hands and charging forth.

“You darned worms! I will tear you to shreds!” The red dragon Sylvester continued to shout. These human mercenaries seemed to have come prepared. Not only had their weapons been smelted with special methods, there were also toxins smeared on them. Even its thick hide and muscles could do nothing against them.

Roar! A huge figure flashed past, and the red dragon flung its tail. A few Professionals who could not dodge in time were sent flying, spilling blood in mid-air and fated for death.

Rumble! The red dragon opened its mouth once more, and a powerful cone of flames spewed forth violently. Tens of Professionals who could not evade were incinerated into ashes in that moment.

“You will pay for your foolishness, mortals!” The red dragon roared, its mouth full of sharp teeth holding a Professional within. Horrifying sounds of chewing could be heard, and great chunks of the corpse’s flesh and bones tumbled to the ground.

The poor fellow still had half of his body hanging outside the dragon’s jaws and was shrieking bloodcurdling screeches.

It was only at this point that the Professionals came to their senses. The being in front of them was a legendary dragon, and while slaying it would give them abundant wealth, it was not something they could even begin to set their sights on.

With the dragon’s fear aura, terror weighed down on their rationality and sanity. A Professional howled and quickly ran in the opposite direction.

Pu! The light from a blade flashed, and that Professional’s head fell. Following which, Tiff’s figure was seen in the air.

“Based on military laws, all deserters will be executed!” Tiff had a cold look on his face, and strange flaming scales appeared on his body.

“A sorcerer! I never expected Lord Tiff to be a Legend in sorcery!” Tiff soared into the air, eyes trained on the giant red dragon in front of him. With a raise of his hand, numerous spells flickered into existence.

Dimensional Imprisonment! Absorption!

“As expected, these Professionals are only passable with someone guiding them.” Leylin was not surprised by this sight. As he watched Tiff guide the other close-combat Professionals to stall the red dragon, his expression was calm.

“Pay attention. Shoot!” Under his guidance, many archers released the Spellslayer Arrows in their hands. With powerful magic held within, the arrows landed on the dragon’s body like raindrops.

There were terrifying devices mixed into this rain of arrows.

[Beep! Surrounding physical environment data has been successfully scanned. Trajectory calculations complete.]

Leylin was now controlling a ballista, aiming the crossbow that was four metres long and as thick as a person’s arm at the red dragon.

Thump! The entire ballista thundered when the mechanism was pressed down. An explosion rang out as black lightning streaked through the air and penetrated into the red dragon’s chest. The huge groove on the arrow tore at its injuries, causing boiling dragon blood to flow unceasingly, forming a dark pool on the ground.

“Dragonslaying Arrow! How could you have the blueprints to it?” The red dragon spat out in disbelief.

“Someone gifted it to me!” Leylin glanced at the ballista that had fallen apart, not looking to find this a pity at all. These items were prepared by the high-grade werebeasts, and this was their final attack. It was a pity that it only had a one-time use.

The red dragon Sylvester had a bad feeling that it was really going to die, and suddenly began to fight harder, all its might put into the constant use of powerful magic.

It was a pity that with Tiff in charge and Leylin the wizard around, it had no chances at all. Even the dimension was completely sealed off, giving it no chances of escape.

“Let me go! In the name of the Dragon God, I, Sylvester, vow to give you all my wealth and never seek revenge!” The red dragon thundered.

“Hehe... a dragon’s promise?” Leylin snickered, grabbing a large vorpal sword and charging forward.

“Tiff!” Leylin yelled.

The Legend had also launched his last attack now. Terrifying corrosive energy struck the dragon, causing a large portion of its chest to wither up.

“Hah!” Leylin’s sword pierced into the wound from the Dragon Slaying Arrow, ferociously splitting it open.

Chain Lightning! Freezing Sphere! Disintegrate!

The terrifying wounds tore apart once more, and the flesh and blood even glinted as they charred up. Huge amounts of scalding blood splashed onto Leylin’s body, practically turning drenching him.

“The dragon race will not let you off!” The light in the red dragon Sylvester’s eyes gradually weakened till it disappeared. Its enormous corpse that was like a hill crumpled to the ground, causing a small earthquake.

“You won’t let me off?” Leylin snickered, and then sensed an aura similar to a vengeant spirit spilling out of its body and pouncing onto him.

“Is this something like a revenge mark? Hehe...” Leylin’s eyes glinted, and in that instant he wiped this mark out thoroughly, leaving nothing behind. The hot dragonblood bath still continued, and the A.I. Chip’s voice sounded out.

[Beep! Host has been baptised by dragon blood. Strength +1. Vitality +2. Skin has increased resistance. (Matches with part of Perfect Body and has been combined!)]

“The power within dragon blood?” Leylin experienced the burning with his senses, “It holds so much strength! Even the Devilblood Dagger wouldn’t be able to devour everything...”

This sort of dragon blood was basically poison for all with a vitality below 5. They could not handle the corrosive energy within and would only be fated for death. However, for high-grade Professionals, this was a pretty good boost, though only if they could withstand it.

“Gather the dragon blood! Do it fast!” Dragon blood was a very precious magic ingredient, and wasting all of this had even Leylin feeling a tinge of regret.

Afterwards, the red dragon that was like a hill was dismembered by Leylin’s underlings. Its blood was gathered first, followed by a complete layer of its hide. This would be a great material to make armour out of. There were also the dragon bones, dragon crystals and the like, which were pretty good.

When Leylin’s underlings saw the treasures in the red dragon’s cave, the excitement in their eyes could not be concealed as they began to cheer. Dragons liked to collect shiny objects, and while most would be quartz and glass, there were also many precious metals and even magic items which must have belonged to some poor fool.

“I want the materials from the red dragon’s body. As for the gold and silver, divide it amongst yourselves!” Leylin kept the materials

from the red dragon in his bag of holding, not even giving the various metals piled like a mountain there a second look. After hearing this order, all the troops' cheers increased in intensity.

In the night, the soldiers set up a feast to celebrate their success in slaying the dragon. Being able to witness the birth of a dragonslayer was something they would be able to brag about for their entire lives. The participants would receive even more glory. The celebration went deep into the night. Besides the guards on duty, everyone was completely drunk.

A few dark figures arrived at the dragon's lair at that time.

"Are you sure it's here?" Leylin gently touched a black wall, the traces left behind from a great battle still vivid in his mind.

"Yes! I can confirm that the gate to the ruins is here." Helen crouched down and found a twisted rune at the corner of the wall.

'The inheritance of the arcanists was under this red dragon's lair. Is this a coincidence or an intentional arrangement?' Leylin's eyes had a searching look in them. Some arcanist flames then blossomed from his hands, disappearing into the twisted rune in the corner.

Rumble! A secret passageway appeared. The fact that it had been undiscovered by the red dragon for such a long time exhibited its terrifying concealing abilities.

“This should be some sort of space-time technique.” Leylin nodded and entered the passageway with Helen, while Tiff stood guard outside.

‘What is the difference between arcane spells and those of Magi?’ Leylin’s eyes glinted, holding within them a trace of hope.

Chapter 912 - Ruins

“Where is this place?” Helen asked as she touched the solid metallic walls in the surroundings. They had a silver-white lustre, making them look like a product of science fiction.

“It seems like it is a pocket dimension made by an arcanist, though it’s quite small...” Leylin closed his eyes, and his astounding senses spread out. They allowed him to feel the undulations connecting the dimension.

“This place is already on the verge of disappearing. It was always sealed, but now that we’ve activated the dimension we’ve started the countdown to its demise.” Leylin had an interest in this spatial overlay technique that sprung from the depths of his heart.

These preparations showed that once the Magi who comprehended laws showed them the path, they’d combined those experiences with advanced technology to do amazing things.

“What a pity...” There was a trace of regret in Leylin’s eyes. The pocket dimension was incredibly tiny and only as large as two football fields. It was on the verge of being destroyed now, so it held no value.

If not for that, were this pocket dimension to be revealed all wizarding Legends would try their utmost to obtain it. A wizard tower constructed atop this place would make for a covert and stable den,

Once they became a god, this pocket dimension could even be transformed into a divine realm! Of course, with the current state of the plane, it was impossible to remodel it.

“A pocket dimension? Destroyed by this sort of spatial storm?” Helen shivered. A dimensional storm caused by destruction of space was something even Legends weren’t guaranteed to survive.

“Mm! But we should still have three hourglasses’ worth of time...” Leylin snapped his fingers, and light flashed as an Endurance spell enveloped him. The environment in the pocked dimension would not be the same as in the prime material plane, possibly more extreme.

Of course, this place shouldn’t have been that way given that it was prepared by an arcanist, but Leylin liked to be ready just in case. After seeing what Leylin had done, Helen suddenly came to a realisation and did the same, adding another layer of protection.

Rumble! The silvery metallic door was pushed open to reveal rooms that were arranged like in a honeycomb. The floor was spotless, and even one’s image could be reflected in it.

“That’s all the information I have. How about you?” Leylin looked at Helen behind him.

“I only managed to see some fragments left behind in my ancestor’s notebook...” Helen’s smiled wryly.

“Looks like we can only check them one by one...” Leylin glanced at the flickering chandelier, “The core energy is still working, so there might be some traps left behind by the arcanists. Be careful!”

While it was possible for arcanist inheritances to be here, Leylin wasn't sure if arcanists shared the eccentricities of wizards.

“Don't worry, my lord!” Helen nodded, her slender figure disappearing into the passageway.

‘Looks like she's going to rely on luck to get her through...’ Leylin nodded before shaking his head, and then he placed his hands behind his back and entered a random room. The two of them went their separate ways...

Inside one of the secret labs in the arcanist's pocket dimension, a light blue screen brightened to show images of Leylin and Helen. Lines of red text streaked across it.

“Beep! Invaders discovered. Activating rank 1 defensive measures.”

“Arcane spell elemental reserves 1.09%! Unable to activate... Legendary Golem, Dimensional Banishing Spell Formation scarce. Implementing plan B...”

“Scanning of alchemic golem complete, is 34.17% intact. Beginning charging.”

“Charging complete. Starting preparatory defensive mechanism number 0331.”

After the lines of text appeared, a door that had been closed for a very long time opened up from one of the rooms, and an alchemic golem that was almost three metres tall walked out.

“Number 2133 awaits commands. Received mission, beginning task.” Blood red light brightened in its eyes, and a screen appeared with a projection of Helen. Sounds like the cracking of knuckles rang out, and the golem charged in her direction.

Rumble! Rumble! Leylin was reading a book, and the slight vibrations caught his attention.

“Hm?” He put down the incomplete draft in his hand, and thought hard, ‘Looks like the defensive mechanism of the laboratories aren’t completely damaged. That makes things much easier...’

Besides deducing the existence of arcanists, Leylin knew nothing about the ruins. With the time limit till this place would break down, he would be unable to take too many things. However, as long as there was an intellectual core or tower genie, the laboratory would be the most valuable region.

Setting aside the items in his hands, Leylin headed in the direction of the vibrations.

.....

“Leylin, save me!” Running for her life, Helen saw Leylin walking over and brightened up. She cut a sorry figure.

There was a beast skin scroll in her hands, with the energy undulations of high-grade magic on it. This wasn't an enchanted item, the energy was similar to those of magic artifacts from the Magus World!

With the way Helen refused to let go of it, this had to be something good. Still, Leylin as he was now thought nothing of it.

Thud! Thud! At this moment, the alchemic golem that had been pursuing her appeared before Leylin's eyes. It was like an armoured knight from the medieval ages, though there were two small barrels on its shoulders that looked to be a fusion of magic and science.

“Beep! Discovered primary target, annihilating...” After seeing Leylin, its eyes emanated a terrifying crimson luster.

“Beginning charging of miniature magic honing cannon!” A layer of terrifying energy undulations condensed within the barrel on its shoulders, causing Leylin to feel a slight sense of danger.

“This is completely different from the techniques used before.” Leylin looked interested, and he moved abruptly.

A rumble sounded out as the miniature cannon fired, hot light causing even the metallic ground to show signs of melting.

Pu! Leylin was struck by those bright rays of light, but then turned into dark shadows and exploded.

‘It’s a high-grade illusion!’ Helen hid aside. A battle of this level was something she had no say in, ‘But as long as we hold on for some time, Lord Tiff who’s guarding us on top should be able to come down. With his legendary strength...’

Helen was still making calculations as she grasped the scroll tightly. However, she then gaped in shock.

“After tens of thousands of years, it’s still preserved to this extent. Not bad!” Lights flashed, and Leylin appeared behind the alchemic golem, noting the damaged armour, adamantine runes and other lines.

“A pity though... The energy here is about to be completely consumed. Even legendary teams can’t come in...” The passage of time was the most terrifying of attacks. With its tempering and developments, even the stup of arcanists would leave holes behind.

“A completely different tower genie from the World of Gods and the structure of this intellectual core... They’re all like decorative items in front of me...” Leylin sighed. With some light at his finger, he pressed the puppet.



[Beep! Attack beginning. Target interface scanned, searching database... Cutting off information]

The A.I. Chip's robotic voice soudned.

Arcanists were mostly born of Magi, so of course they would've used or improved upon the ideas of many Magi. They were like kids playing house to Leylin, especially with the help of the A.I. Chip. Connected with the puppet, Leylin's soul immediately reached the core control room through the network in the pocket dimension.

At this moment, a piercing giant red font filled the screen in the hidden room. "Warning! Warning!"

"External information attempting to rewrite core authorisations. Rejecting, activating defensive wall..."

"Activation of defensive wall failed. Beginning self-destruction. Countdown: 3, 2, ... Beep! Core authorisations modified. Leylin Faulen is now the absolute master. Self-destruction halted."

"Wha-What's going on?" From Helen's perspective, what just happened was like a magical show. Once Leylin made contact with the alchemic golem, the entire pocket dimension had begun to tremble, and the lights had flickered unsteadily. Huge blue arcs of lightning had sparked out, making it seem like the end of the world had come.

A moment later, however, everything returned to normal.

“Come.” With authority over the laboratory’s core, Leylin now had a different aura on him that compelled Helen further. She was astonished as he brought her all the way to the core of the laboratory, as if this was a familiar route.

Be it the password-locked door or any other hindrance, all obstacles were easily taken care of in his hands. It was like he was the owner here.

“Identity verified. Welcome, master!” A door with a statue of an angel on the left and one of a devil on the right opened with a rumble. Helen followed Leylin inside, watching the door with fear.

‘He passed through a legendary curse so easily?’ This ease was unbelievable, and it made Helen realise that Leylin had an increasing number of secrets to him.

Chapter 913 - Arcanist

‘Who on earth is he? He’s just a minor noble of Silverymoon City on the surface, but secretly he possesses the power of a Legend. Besides, he seems to be very familiar with this place... So why did he lie to me earlier?’ Helen was completely puzzled, but she carefully hid all her thoughts. After all, Leylin now held the right of life and death over her.

The core of the control room was unexpectedly small, and it only had an area of 5 or 6 square metres. At the centre was a strange hexagonal prism with all sorts of strange screens next to it. Some of them had already lost their glow or were filled with a grayscale static, while others were working.

“Open!” The outer shell of the hexagonal prism opened with Leylin’s command, revealing a blue crystal structure within.

“This is...” Helen looked at the splendid and magnificent blue crystal which sparkled beautifully, it was like she had been bewitched.

“This core port controls half of the laboratory and is also a communication terminal. Many resources can be downloaded here,” Leylin said lightly, unconcerned as to whether Helen understood him. He pressed his palm to the surface of the blue crystal.

[Beep! Spiritual force interface established.]

In a split second, Leylin seemed to have become a demigod, and nothing in the pocket dimension could be hidden from him anymore.

‘Weapons, live specimen libraries, database!’ Various images and words appeared before him, and it was only at that moment that Leylin realised how fortunate he was to grasp it all.

‘Its energy reserves haven’t even reached 2%, and its powerful weapons cannot be activated at all. The magic and spell formations are also damaged, and half of the golems have been destroyed. It looks like I can only send out one or two defective items...’ Leylin sighed. He believed that this pocket dimension would have been able to hinder even high-ranked Legends at its peak. Now however...

Of course, it would have been very difficult to seize control of the entire core back then. Whether it was a legendary wizard, thief, or even an elf, they would not be able to attack the lab’s intelligence core through the communication terminal. After all, they were on completely different planes.

However, Leylin was different. He was very familiar with this type of structure in the ilk of those made by Magi, and the A.I. Chip supporting him had even more knowledge reserves. It was purely because of this reason that he managed to seize the entire core unharmed.

[Beep! Laboratory's power source reserve has reached its critical point, and is unable to absorb more energy from the abyss. Time before collapse: 1h 13min.]

The A.I. Chip displayed yet another message in front of Leylin.

‘As expected, the demiplane has deteriorated with age and is about to collapse. Is it too late to stop it? If it's like this, then the most valuable thing here is...’ Leylin's eyes were filled with regret at first, but then his expression brightened considerably.

‘A.I. Chip, record all the information from the terminal.’

[Beep! Mission established, initiating download program.]

The A.I. Chip executed Leylin's task immediately. The magnificent light shining from the hexagonal prism was projected onto the walls all around him, as well as onto all the screens.

Leylin was bathed in its light, and a multitude of data and characters flashed across his eyes. The most important bits about the arcane arts and spell models, various alchemic experiments, research, improved meditation techniques, and anatomical records were presented to him. There were also diaries and other useless

news from the terminal, and that too was fully copied by the A.I. Chip.

The extensive library of data was transferred in a split second. Compared to this, the tiny little bit of information Helen had almost given her life for to obtain was worth nothing.

[Beep! Information about the arcanist profession has been collated, and overlaps with the host's wizardry. Combine?]

“Yes,” Leylin replied without the slightest hesitation. Afterwards, his aura began to change. An arcane flame began to burn, and powerful force poured into his sea of consciousness and began to remodel and process his profession. Leylin soon saw his status change from that of a wizard into that of an arcanist.

Snap! Leylin almost blacked out at the acute pain that came from his very soul. He felt his connection with the Weave instantly break off.

Fortunately, this severed state lasted only a moment before it reconnected once again. However, the connection was now somewhat different. In this split second, there seemed to be a pair of golden eyes focused on him. However, it was immediately deceived by Leylin's grasp of the first 4 layers of the Weave.

The A.I. Chip's reminders continued to ring out.

[Beep! Host has become an arcanist. Profession changed.]

[Beep! The host has gained arcane specialties: Energy Detection, Amplification.]

There was a detailed description beneath each of the specialties.

[Arcane Energy Detection: Arcanists are able to supercede the Weave's restrictions and directly perceive the arcane energy in the environment, drawing it in to form arcane spells.] [Arcane Amplification: Arcane energy is amplified by 10-20% when an arcanist casts a spell.] [Beep! Host's spiritual force has broken through, Spirit +1. Host has advanced to become a rank 15 arcanist.]

Leylin's mind suddenly jolted, and afterwards his spiritual force directly made contact with the 7th rank of the Weave.

Looking at the Weave from an arcanist's perspective gave him a completely different feeling. The feeling of jumping out and watching the Weave from afar increased the speed at which the A.I. Chip analysed the Weave.

Leylin's stats had also changed.

[Leylin Faulen, Age: 21, Race: Human, Rank 15 Arcanist. Strength: 13, Agility: 11, Vitality: 12, Spirit: 15, Arcane Energy: 150, Status: Healthy, Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body, Specialities: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification.]

‘As expected, the greatest benefit of becoming an arcanist is to break away from the Weave’s method of performing magic. Additionally, arcane energy has replaced my spell slots,’ Leylin nodded. Moreover, his separation from the weave affected only that aspect. This meant that Leylin could now also prepare rank 7 spell slots, and wait to use them the next day.

Naturally, due to the restrictions of rank, he only had 1 rank 7 spell slot.

‘Using arcane energy to cast arcane spells would perhaps consume more energy than using the Weave to instantly cast low-ranked spells. However, it will use up fewer spell slots,’ Leylin stroked his chin in thought. After fully analysing rank 0 to rank 3 of the Weave, he could instantly cast low-ranked spells. Overwhelming his opponent with a torrential number of spells had always been his killing move, but it was of course established within the authority of the Weave. It was equivalent to stealing Mystra’s power for himself.

If he only used arcane spells, then he wouldn't have this benefit anymore. However, the greatest benefit of being an arcanist was that he could retain wizard spell models instead of forgetting them, and at the same time he could use the Weave!

‘As a result, I’m now outside the system but I can still enjoy the system’s benefits. Just using its power without any of the obligations, it’s so straightforward...’ Leylin sighed, ‘It’s a pity that if more people like me are born, then the Weave would fall apart.’

“You’ve broken through?” Although Leylin had only taken an instant to advance, Helen distinctly felt that something was different.

“Mm, I have,” Leylin smiled. What he had gained today couldn’t just be described as a breakthrough though.

‘I’m now an arcanist, and I have a great number of arcane arts with me. My improvement from now will be rapid. As a rank 15 Professional wizard, I’m of the highest class...’ Leylin was turning the idea over in his mind. He was a genius who had advanced to become a high-ranked wizard at the tender age of 21. Apart from the gods’ chosen or demigods, he was near the peak of the prime material plane.

“This place is very dangerous, it’s best that we leave as quickly as possible,” Leylin furrowed his brows and took Helen away from the core database.

The trip had gone fairly smoothly, and he had obtained resources

from the arcanists as well as many arcane arts. It all saved him a lot of effort, but he hadn't accomplished his most important goal yet; he didn't get the inheritance of those Magi who had comprehended laws!

The A.I. Chip hadn't found anything related to such Magi amongst all the resources it had scanned, and it filled Leylin's heart with disappointment. The direction and experiences of the ancients would have been of great help to him.

'It's a matter of course. Not every arcanist can receive the instruction of a being like the Distorted Shadow, and even if he left an inheritance it wouldn't be here...' Leylin comforted himself, 'The profits this time are sufficient. Just what the A.I. Chip has stored in its database would be enough to fetch an extremely high price.'

"Let's hurry up, there isn't much time before the pocket dimension collapses..." Leylin suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned his head in astonishment. He discovered that Helen had disappeared into thin air without his notice.

'Impossible! I've always paid attention to my back, and I even have an arcane mark on her. How can the A.I. Chip's sweeps not discover her?'

'A.I. Chip! Sweep the entire laboratory and find Helen!' Leylin immediately ordered. He had seized the core authority in this place, and even if most of the equipment was depleted or damaged a basic search was still possible.

Very quickly, the results were sent back to him. However, Leylin's expression turned even more unsightly at the information.

‘Nothing! There isn’t a single trace left of her, and she didn’t even leave a corpse. It looks like she just disappeared suddenly...’ He had not felt such a powerful sense of déjà vu for a very long time.

Chapter 914 - Distortion

“Is this the effect of a high-ranked Magus’ radiation?” Leylin murmured, “To achieve this even after thousands of years, only someone at rank 7 or above could do such a thing...”

Leylin stood by himself in the empty and desolate passage, slowly shutting his eyes. He slowly found traces of energy from a completely different world.

“The power of distortion! As expected, it’s Distorted Shadow... Over there!” Leylin’s eyes were filled with excitement as he suddenly advanced in another direction. He had sensed a clue to the inheritance of an ancient Magus who had comprehended laws!

Such an incredibly precious treasure was enough for him to brave the risks that surely lay ahead.

‘The ancient Distorted Shadow’s path of laws should deal with space or distortion, or something related to that. No wonder he could make so many dimensions overlap...’ As he ran, Leylin instantly thought of the the fold in space he had encountered just before, ‘Legend states that Distorted Shadow was at least a rank 8 Magus, and he was a peak rank 8 who had perfected his own path!’

Bang! He followed his instincts to a laboratory, and a strong gust hit his face when he opened the door.

Arcane Missile! Leylin’s fingers shot out a more powerful version of Magic Missile. The thing was full of arcane energy, and it

smashed the metal gears that were wrapped within the strong wind to the ground, leaving behind dents in it.

“This place...” he looked around him. The room was modelled like a giant workshop, with many metal lathes and machine arms tidying and moving things back and forth. Some of the machines had a layer of green rust on them.

‘Is this some golem processing workshop?’ Leylin followed his instincts and found a trace of distortion left behind.

“Mister Leylin, save me!” Just at this moment, Leylin suddenly turned his head and he heard Helen’s voice came from his side.

“Helen?” He suddenly shouted, and several layers of protective light glowed on his body.

“Save me...” The only reply he received was her weeping.

Leylin gritted his teeth and walked towards the direction of her wails. He passed through a tall fireplace, and saw the back of a silhouette that seemed like Helen sitting in the darkness and crying. “I... I can’t get up...”

“Mm?” It was only then that Leylin discovered that the originally smooth floor had become spongy. There were several black hands spouting out of it, holding firmly onto Helen’s ankles.

A faint black shimmered in Leylin’s pupils as they widened, and

he called out in the ancient Byron language. “Malicious intent? Get lost!”

“Sss...” His soul essence had already transformed into a phantom Targaryen, and it suddenly began to roar.

Puff! Puff! The sound reverberated in the room, and those enormous black hands suddenly swelled as sarcomas boiled out from under their skin. These tumours grew larger and larger until one could see veins within before finally exploding.

“Ah!” Helen let out a blood-curdling shriek. The giant black hands had disappeared, but a layer of skin on her ankle had been torn off as well, leaving behind a horribly infected wound. The black pus seemed to have great corrosive ability, and it ate away half of Helen’s clothes in an instant.

Sss! Great quantities of the black rain landed on the metal surfaces nearby, corroding everything it touched.

Cure Moderate Wounds! Leylin immediately cast a healing spell and raced to Helen’s side, “Are you alright?”

“I’m... I’m alright...” Helen sluggishly turned her head, and Leylin’s eyes narrowed. What appeared before Leylin was a strangely distorted face. Her facial features were screwed into incorrect positions, and it was full of distorted veins and scars. It was more disgusting than the most disgusting monstrosity!

“What on earth are you?” Leylin immediately moved away from it, watching this freakish monster who was undulating Helen’s soul force.

“Sir Leylin, it’s... It’s me, Helen...” The monster let out a panicked voice, but its distorted face wore a malevolent expression. The huge mouth on its forehead opened, revealing sharp yellow teeth and a barbed green tongue.

‘It looks like Distorted Shadow never had the intention of leaving an inheritance behind. Perhaps he had only come here and left an evil spiritual parasite. Now that the pocket dimension is about to collapse, the evil intent has awakened...’ Leylin was startled as he thought of this possibility.

An evil intent left behind by an ancient rank 8 Magus would put him in grave danger, and could even kill him.

Fireball! Fireball! Fireball!

Scorching Ray! Scorching Ray! Scorching Ray!

Leylin launched his killing move in this life or death situation. Many rank 2 and 3 fire spells combined to form a meteor shower from the sky.

“Spell Torrent!” The violent surging blaze submerged the monster in its flames. The effect of many low-ranked spells piled up on top of each other to reach near-legendary power.

Bang! The blazing fire melted the surrounding lathes and mechanical arms considerably, forming white-hot molten iron that slowly pooled to form a stream on the ground.

After the torrent of spells, Leylin saw a bare passage appear before him. The monster had already disappeared without a trace, and seemed to have been burnt to ashes.

The molten iron was red through and through now, making the black material look even more unsightly. It hadn't been corroded, instead bobbing up and down unsteadily.

"That's the beast skin scroll Helen had before" Leylin was suddenly alarmed, and a stony grey hand emerged from the scroll. The black hide was stained with blood, but it did not dissolve in the molten iron. This made a strange expression appear on Leylin's face.

"Leylin! Save me..." As the voice sounded, the hand suddenly broke through Leylin's spell defences. A power of distortion struck Leylin's shoulder.

Crash! Whether it was his robe or armour, or even his body's own defences, everything was torn apart like paper by this hand.

"Damn it!" Leylin's expression grew fierce, "Fuck off!" The Targaryen phantom felt the danger as well, and its vertical eyes narrowed. A formidable devouring power spread into the surroundings.

Blink! Leylin's silhouette flickered and he arrived outside the workshop. He didn't even bother looking back at the monster within as he broke out into a run. Several Haste spells flashed on his body as he dashed out of the exit.

Although Leylin would take risks to obtain a rank 8 Magus' inheritance, he definitely wouldn't court death for it. The moment he discovered that the danger here far exceeded the benefits he could gain, he made the prompt decision to leave.

Chirps and honks sounded as a twisted laughter rang out from behind him. He felt a terrifying force pursuing him as the entire passage began to distort, like a rag being twisted to pieces.

Freeze! The torrent of spells appeared once more, and many Freeze and Create Water spells formed a mountain of ice behind him. The enormous ice mountain immediately blocked off the entire passage, and stopped the terrifying creature's pursuit. Still, crack after crack formed on it without end.

Leylin seized the chance to suddenly rush to the exit, throwing himself outside. Furry green claws distorted as they swiped at Leylin's back. Thankfully, he'd managed to make it out in that instant and they only managed to cut the corner of his clothes.

A loud rumble suddenly sounded. Leylin immediately jumped out of the secret entrance, and soon after it was submerged in a silver storm. The pocket dimension had already begun to collapse, and many disasters had arisen within.

“Young master!” Tiff walked over to him with a worried expression.

“I’m alright, I only ran into a storm in the plane. I was rather lucky.” Leylin smiled, a healing glow already spreading across his shoulder.

“Lord Leylin?!” He heard a woman’s voice and trembled at the sound of it.

He turned his head rather stiffly and was greeted by the sight of Helen! Helen stood there, hale and hearty, with a concerned expression on her face.

“What? Weren’t you still in there?” Leylin’s eyes narrowed.

“What?” Helen’s astonished expression deepened, “You had me leave first after we exited the core control room, my Lord. You said you wanted to continue exploring alone...”

“I indeed saw Miss Helen arrive first!” Tiff testified for her.

‘Then the Helen I saw earlier, who was it... It even distorted my senses...’

“Then this thing? Do you recognise it?” A black blood-stained scroll made of beast skin appeared in Leylin’s palm.

He had used various methods to verify that Helen was really made of flesh and blood. The soul undulations were the same, and she was not disguised by some evil intent.

“My scroll...” Helen exclaimed, touching the bag of holding at her hip. Her face slowly paled, “Gone! It’s gone! I had it in my bag of holding...”

‘Ha... As expected of the Distorted Shadow!’ Leylin sighed deeply, ‘Having already grasped the concepts of distortion, space, and time, he even managed to distort my senses?’

“Young master, is there an enemy?” Tiff now realised that something was wrong. He stood on alert next to Leylin, his eyes fixed on Helen. If she made the slightest wrong move, he would kill her where she stood.

“It’s nothing... Just a mishap,” Leylin waved his hand. He had experienced far stranger things than this in the Magus World, and developed some immunity to this sort of thing.

Chapter 915 - Dying In The Line Of Duty

This was a peak rank 8 Magus with the power to twist time and change the future! The thought of himself reaching that realm left Leylin with a sense of longing.

“Whatever it is... This operation ended well. Let’s talk after leaving this place...” Leylin swept his eyes across the information in the A.I. Chip. The plethora of data about arcanists in there was real.

Leylin’s complexion only improved after they left the dragon’s cave, once he breathed in the chilly air that smelt of nature.

‘While the pocket dimension crumbled completely, there’s a possibility of something being left behind. I shouldn’t get too involved with this sort of thing before this body rivals my main one in power...’

There was fear in Leylin’s heart, ‘If the Distorted Shadow truly had malicious intent towards me, that one streak of intent would be enough for me to die there. So why did he let me off at the end, and even give me this scroll?’

Leylin glanced at the black scroll in his hands and then at Helen, who clearly kept peeking in his direction with a terrified expression.

“Do you know more about this thing?”

“No, I don’t! I found out from an ancestor that the Distorted Shadow had some manuscript in one of the rooms in the ruins that recorded some information about arcanists...” Under Leylin’s gaze, she trembled as she spoke the truth.

“I’m afraid this isn’t what you were looking for, and it’s very dangerous. Just leave it with me for now...” Leylin did not seem to have any plans of returning the scroll. The Distorted Shadow had too many ways to mess with a little rank 11 wizard. He could have distorted her memories and implanted a fake, which were all easy tasks.

“Alright, my Lord!” Helen felt a little discontent with his decision, but still agreed. After all, what had happened had truly scared her.

Leylin looked towards this half-elf wizard and suddenly exclaimed, “Mm! I’ll compensate you based on an agreement. Let’s say the way for arcanists to rank up and a portion of an arcane spell model.”

“Tell me what you want.” Helen had developed a very good understanding of Leylin over this period of time. He would never do anything that would not benefit him. Of course, once an agreement was reached, he would treat all equally.

“Vow me your loyalty for a hundred years. Swear it upon your soul and with the Styx as the witness.” Leylin spoke nonchalantly, watching the conflict in Helen’s eyes.

She was undoubtedly clever, though. “Alright.” After struggling over the decision for some time, she agreed and immediately swore to it.

‘Mm, her soul is real, so she should be the real Helen...’ Leylin nodded inwardly. The vow of a wizard’s soul when resonating with the river Styx was something binding, and it could not be faked.

As he was now, a rank 11 wizard was dispensable to Leylin. The key point was the verification and authentication he obtained from the vow. This Helen truly seemed to be original, though her emotions were all over the place.

‘Then... what did Distorted Shadow want to tell me? Did he manage to survive the dusk of the gods, or did he fall completely? No, with his strength he’d leave some soul fragments behind if he died. They would await resurrection for a long time...’ At this thought, Leylin’s expression grew sombre once again.

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After killing the red dragon and exploring the ruins, there was no point in lingering on the Nether Mountains. Leylin hence ordered that they return. The group, which had dropped to around seven hundred in number, brought with them the immense glory and wealth of killing a dragon.

Rafiniya, however, looked sullen. It seemed that after like she would part ways after they left the Nether Mountains.

“Slaying the dragon and exploring the ruins took less than ten days. The outside world must be in chaos now, no?” Leylin’s thoughts were filled with delight at this disaster. He didn’t care about the female knight’s mood. Such was reality.

‘What’s going on? Why have they imposed this level of martial law?’ After leaving the mountains, Rafiniya could obviously tell that something was off. Many of the surrounding villages had been completely abandoned, and there were sometimes some who were very guarded, extremely alert against strangers.

‘Could the werecreatures have invaded again? Or have the orcs launched a huge attack?’ Rafiniya quickly came up with two possibilities, beginning to get anxious, ‘Leylin’s explorations will definitely have him accused of being a deserter...’

The female knight suddenly began to get worried, but then she shook her head, ‘A sly person like him must have long since prepared an escape route. Even without that, why do I have to worry about him?’

At this moment, a scout ran over. “Report! A friendly force has launched a signal up ahead!”

“Mm, launch the signal. We’ll go over!” Leylin nodded calmly, knowing who was coming.

In the dark forest, there were no other people besides him. As expected, after the scout sent the message, dust could be seen

flying in the distance, and a human figure was like a black falcon swooping in from the sky.

“Leylin Faulen!” Cassley’s neck bulged from his immense fury as he arrived in front of Leylin.

“Why did you leave your battle zone? Also... where’s Malfoy?” After seeing the group of over 700 people behind Leylin, Cassley froze a little, but that was then drowned out by his anger.

“Did you know that because you neglected your job, I had to deal with the werecreature attacks and give up on helping Silverymoon?”

“Stop! Wait! I still don’t know what’s going on. Saving Silverymoon? Why?” Rafiniya felt a little dizzy.

“You don’t know yet? What a terrible excuse. Have you all been hiding in the woods in the past few days?”

Cassley had a mocking look on his expression, “The orc armies have already surrounded Silverymoon! While I, high-ranked wizard Cassley, was engaged in a bloody battle, your wretched new recruits dared to give up on the area they were supposed to be defend! You should all be hung!”

“Orcs surrounding the city?” Rafiniya staggered backwards, eyes full of disbelief. She was now completely disheartened, “You must have known that this would happen... Right?”

“Then... Why, mighty high-ranked wizard Cassley, did you not bring your own troops, and the volunteer army belonging to nobility and help them?” Leylin did not bother himself with Rafiniya and instead looked towards Cassley, ridiculing him.

“That’s because I need to guard against surprise attacks by the werereatures!”

Cassley glanced at Leylin haughtily, “While you neglected your duties and thus committed a crime, I won’t pursue this. Baron Leylin, in my capacity as the chief officer of the northern lands, I command you provide support to Silverymoon now. Immediately!”

Till this point, Cassley still had no plans to stop setting him up.

“Hehe...” Leylin looked straight at Cassley till he was almost exasperated, and then answered slowly, “Why...”

“Why? You mean you even have the gall to go against my orders? Are you forcing me to execute you right this instant?”

Cassley narrowed his eyes slightly. His strength as a high-ranked wizard was what he prided the most. His opponent was at most a rank 14, and even with his own troops and other men, he was nothing.

Furthermore, the documents that appointed him as the chief

officer of the northern lands had been sent over through urgent channels. With his status now, it should be fine to kill a Baron, much less one that had committed the crime of neglecting his duties.

‘Yes, killing a genius wizard myself seems to be a good idea! However, I have to wait first. When Andrew sends the troops, and I take over Leylin’s army... Heh heh... They even have a great deal of rations, which is pretty good! In the northern lands right now, it’s best to have both rations and men...’

A myriad of thoughts swirled in Cassley’s mind, but before he could come up with another plan or decide if he should temporarily be nice to the other wizard, Leylin suddenly chuckled. “If you want to kill someone, do it. Why overthink it?”

“What... ugh...” Cassley suddenly felt an intense pain in his chest, and his body stiffened. He looked down and found that a black dagger had pierced through his chest.

“That’s impossible... I have a high-ranked wizard armour and instantaneously casted Mishap! Enemies definitely won’t be able to break through my defences in an instant, unless... Legend!” Cassley crumbled down, and what he saw last was Tiff’s expressionless face.

“Trying to control me once the organisation collapses and using its might for that... Should I say you’re stupid, or stupid?”

“You... killed him?” Rafiniya’s voice was hoarse.

“No. Cassley died at the hands of werecreatures, on the line of duty!” Leylin laughed without the slightest of scruples.

“Pay attention! All on guard!” Leylin looked towards the friendly army that had finally arrived, and then shook his right hand with a sardonic smile.

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The light of sunset looked like blood.

Andrew and a few nobles were respectfully speaking next to Leylin, “High-ranked wizard Cassley died at the hands of werecreatures. Our northern lands are really in a pinch....” After saying this, they could not help but wipe off the tears. What happened that afternoon had scared them stupid.

“Oh! Also, the clash this afternoon...” Leylin spoke a bit louder.

“That’s a misunderstanding, a misunderstanding!” Andrew immediately took the initiative to say this, astounded and fearful of Leylin’s ruthlessness.

Chapter 916 - Scheme

“Since that’s the case, could all of you please sign this report of battle merits? Don’t forget to stamp it with your seal!” Leylin produced a document and waved it around, laughing sinisterly like a big bad wolf.

‘We’re already at this stage. Who would dare go against him?’ Baron Andrew laughed wryly inside and signed it.

“Good!” After all the barons and officers present signed their names, Leylin was all smiles as he kept the document, changing his attitude entirely, “As the subordinate of officer Cassley, I do feel regretful and sad about what happened. Divide his team amongst yourselves as you see fit!”

After hearing this news, everyone’s eyes brightened. The army that Cassley had brought with him was composed of a few nobles’ personal troops along with those of Silverymoon. Just the regular soldiers, horses and rations were enough for them to go green with envy.

‘After getting us to surrender, he’s having us divide the ill-gotten gains amongst ourselves? How evil...’ Baron Andrew sighed inside, but did not have the guts to voice his objection.

In reality, they were now prisoners of the sort. Leylin’s personal troops had completely defeated their allies this afternoon. After all, his underlings were battle-forged high-grade Professionals. It would’ve been strange if they had’t won.

Leylin didn't force them too much at that time, instead 'inviting' them to talk peace.

'After returning to the northern lands, we still will have to see how he decides to proceed...' Andrew tried to console himself.

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"Have you finally gotten what you wanted?" Rafiniya glanced at Leylin, her gaze icy.

"You're talking about this?" Leylin lifted the joint declaration of the nobles and waved the document around, "No, this is just all in name. Essentially, with the chaos of war and there being even a question of whether the Silverymoon Alliance will still exist, who would care about the death of a wizard?"

Leylin wanted this in writing because it was better than nothing. Its presence would make a huge difference in any cases.

"Silverymoon Alliance not existing? Are you that pessimistic?" Rafiniya was rather astonished by Leylin's conclusion.

"That's how it is..." Leylin sighed, "The might of the Silverymoon Alliance already threatened the status of the human countries in the south. Mystra is facing all the orc gods practically alone.

Rafiniya paled at his simple analysis. There had been many who realised this in the past, but none had the courage to reveal it so clearly. Leylin was now breaking all pretense, revealing the naked truth to Rafiniya.

“You saw it in Silverymoon, didn’t you? The queen only has control over the land of Silverymoon. The Silverymoon Alliance states might support her when things are going well, but now...” Rafiniya’s heart dropped at Leylin’s words. She’d long since known that this was how nobles acted.

“Since things have gotten this bad, let’s go back to uphold the justice and peace I desire!” Rafiniya took a deep breath, eyes showing her emotional state.

“You... you’ll help me, won’t you?” The female knight had already guessed at the outcome, but still watched Leylin full of anticipation, hoping for a miracle.

“I’m sorry...” This girl was practically shining, the true model of a hero. It was a pity that Leylin would never do anything like seeking his own death.

“Silverymoon has now been surrounded by the orc armies, and they even have several high-ranked Legends in charge. This level of strength...” Leylin presented his reasoning point by point, causing the light in rafiniya’s eyes to dim. The Leylin in her memories and how he was right now were two completely different people.

“But... You are the hero of Silvermoon. At this point...” Rafiniya gave it one last try.

“Oh! Please don’t call me that, ‘Knight of Light’!” Leylin’s obvious rejection caused Rafiniya to finally give up.

“Even knowing that this will take my life, I will not give up on my sense of justice. This is my path as a knight!” Rafiniya’s voice resounded in the tent.

Watching her back as she left, Leylin stroked his chin and muttered to himself. “What conviction she has. It’ll be difficult to make her fall...”

She planned on using her strength alone to turn the tide of the losing battle, to become a shining hero! When he was young before, in his previous life, Leylin had read many novels of that type. He’d thought them to be chock full of emotion and hot blood, but in the end only bitterly smiled at it.

Reality and imagination were two completely different things. Turning the tables under such terrible circumstances was something only possible in stories, and it was just an author trying to please the readers. In reality, such a thing had less than a hundred millionth of a chance of happening.

Such shining heroes who were full of fiery passion were indeed worthy of respect, but Leylin would never join their ranks!

“Besides... such an impulsive person like Rafiniya will probably die halfway to her goal. In the end, will her achievements allow her to be reputed as a hero?”

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The next day, Leylin received word that Rafiniya's departed without informing him. Using her own charm, she had even persuaded some people and taken about twenty with her.

Leylin merely rolled his shoulders back in answer, “Since they're fools, let them go!”

After gathering Andrew and other nobles, Leylin discussed their next move.

“Silverymoon is now under siege. As part of the Silverymoon Alliance, I grieve and lament the situation. I've already dispatched my knights to bring people to provide support. If there's anyone here who wants to go, please announce yourselves!” Leylin exclaimed with a smile.

What came next was a difficult silence. The nobles who were seated all knew that the orcs were extremely determined. Their elite army of a hundred thousand had surrounded Silverymoon thoroughly, and going forth with the small numbers of people and horses they had was just suicide.

On top of that, Leylin's army had low morale, and it had recently

dropped even further. Hence, all these nobles wanted to do was bury their heads in their chests like ostriches.

‘The personal troops of the nobles will only be able to do as they please in their own territories...’ Leylin shook his head at this and then clapped, “Good. Next, let’s discuss the direction of my army...”

The nobles looked at each other when Leylin acted like the master here, but nobody dared oppose it. The term ‘my army’ obviously included them as well. Officially, Silverymoon had pulled back all of their forces. Leylin’s army basically had the highest power.

Alustriel had personally invested him with the title of a Baron whose power extended over generations. He was a noble who had been granted territory near the Moonwood. Who else had more power than him?

Most importantly, when it came to strength, Leylin alone would be able to eliminate the rest! The reason he had gathered them was only to nominally receive their agreement, and the nobles had all sensibly chosen to consent to this silently.

This was what Leylin had prepared. The moment any of the nobles dared go against him, he’d just slaughter them. In the turmoil of war, what would the deaths of a few people amount to?

A large military map was hung up on the wall. At the center of it was the wizards’ city, Silverymoon. The jewel of the north already

had multiple red arrows around it, showing how it was surrounded.

The map also showed the surrounding terrain. Most of the lands in the north had fallen to enemy hands, coloured black. In the west were the Moonwood and Nether Mountains. As the orcs had expended most of their strength in surrounding Silverymoon, or perhaps because of the werecreatures' Blackblood tribe, the humans were still somewhat in charge there. However, the terrifying werecreatures were already a huge threat, and these nobles were fleeing with all their might.

There were now three routes for Leylin and the rest. One was to provide support to Silverymoon selflessly, clashing head on with the orc army. The second was to stay here and pray that Silverymoon could hold on. After the war had ended, they could then settle their accounts. The last was to move to the south and abandon the territory and people here.

Leylin was more inclined towards the third. "Silverymoon is the wizards' city after all. The queen is a Chosen, and even if the orcs can breach Silverymoon, they would have to pay a huge price, and that would make it difficult for them to go south..."

Such an explicit declaration put the nobles on the spot.

"Lord Leylin, Silverymoon won't be able to hang on with its strength..." While many of the nobles were greedy, despicable and shameless, there were also many who were clear-headed and unwilling to part with their territories.

This was the only source of their power! In order to protect their interests, nobles could even make a deal with the orcs or devils, and disregard the threat to their lives.

“It’s best to let the orcs and Silverymoon harm each other. This way, nobody would be able to bother with us.” There were also many who thought the same.

Leylin made a quick scan of the surroundings and understood their thoughts.

‘How childish... Do they think they’re out of the woods if they bury their head in the sand?’ Leylin snickered inside, though he knew that getting the nobles to abandon everything was not reasonable.

Thankfully, with the report just before and the joint declaration as well as the document, there was no change in whether they stayed or left. Besides, the negative effects of bringing these people along far outweighed the benefits.

“Alright! All of you can leave alone if you wish to. Any who are willing to head south with me can stay here...”

Chapter 917 - Yorkshire

With Leylin's current reputation and the nobles now seeing his true colours, they politely spouted a whole pile of meaningless words. They then sped off as if their rear ends had been set on fire.

Soon enough, the tent began to seem a little desolate. Only a few figures chose to remain, one of which was someone Leylin was on familiar terms with.

"Baron Andrew! I never thought you would make such a choice," Leylin said calmly as he looked at the middle-aged noble, who was constantly taking his silk handkerchief out and wiping his face.

"The orcs are attacking extremely ferociously. Even the werecreatures were not so easily dealt with. The ration stores in my territory aren't enough to get us past this winter famine..." Baron Andrew laughed wryly, "I only have a humble request... When we pass by my territory, may I bring a part of my family along?"

Leylin nodded, "As long as the numbers are within a hundred, and if you bring your own supplies."

"Thank you very much!" Andrew lowered his head.

While it was tough losing his position as the leader, Andrew could clearly see the situation in the north. Those fools and swines wanted to compromise with the orcs, or had the hope that the other side would let them off lightly. That was as impossible and

laughable as the sun rising from the west!

“Great then. I’ll give you a day to prepare. Once time is up, we will depart immediately!” Leylin decided.

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A large army slowly marched across the scorched wilderness. A few knights dashed ahead on horseback, their bodies stained with blood and filled with a valiant aura.

The knights darted to a giant carriage, speaking respectfully, “My lord, we’ve taken care of the troubles in front. It was a wave of goblins and dwarf bandits, there are no casualties.”

“Alright. Order the troops to quicken their footsteps!” Leylin said slowly from within the tent, his eyes closed. He stopped his deep contemplation, and the group’s speed increased with his orders.

“This is really quite massive...” Leylin opened the windows of the carriage and watched the lively crowd, especially the disorderly refugees following next to his people, and sighed.

The orcs’ main forces were focused in the direction of Silverymoon, while the werebeasts were occupied with the territories that Leylin and the rest had abandoned. They were more than glad to see all these people leaving.

Including the people of Andrew and the other nobles, Leylin had

over a thousand in his entourage. That was enough to intimidate others.

Large military armies would not think much of them, and they were able to deal with the harassment of smaller groups. Hence, the trip to the south was very safe even though these refugees were rather unexpected.

The fierce attacks of the orcs and other large organisations completely broke Silverymoon and the regions to the north. It resulted in a tremendous wave of refugees. Many humans were fleeing south, and quite a few were bringing their families along. Things were very chaotic.

There was wave after wave of bandits, thieves on horseback, and goblins committing all sorts of crimes in the autumn wilderness, be it fighting, raiding, or plundering. It could be said that reaching the south safely without any military protection was just a pipe dream.

Along the way, it wasn't as if commoners or nobles did not come over and beg for his protection. However, Leylin himself had very few rations left. It didn't make sense to give them to people he did not know. Besides taking in a few nobles as external support, he did not accept anyone.

However, there were refugees who tagged behind Leylin's group and made use of their might. There was no way around that, and as long as they posed no threat Leylin could not be bothered to deal with them.

‘The glory of the north is now consigned to history...’ Leylin walked out of the horse carriage and got onto a handsome black horse, surveying the entire group. Everywhere he went, whether it was the family of the nobles or the original troops, everyone lowered their heads in respect.

They knew that Leylin was their leader, their shield as well as the one in control of their lives. If he grew hostile and chased them away, they would be like those pitiful refugees!

On top of that, this high-ranked military official was also a high-ranked wizard! In this chaotic world, those with strength gave one a sense of security.

Tiff was more aware of this. After leaving the Nether Mountains, Leylin intentionally had him hide himself. Even though there were rumours, most people expressed their disbelief in it. How powerful was a Legend? Why would he suddenly serve under Leylin?

On top of that, most of the Legends in the north had risen to fame a long time ago. Tiff was an unfamiliar face, and on top of that he was using an alias.

“Lord Leylin!” Andrew brought a handsome white horse to Leylin’s side, seemingly wanting to curry favour with him. After seeing his mount, Leylin had the urge to laugh.

Commanders who rode white horses were normally very unlucky in his previous life, white was the easiest to spot after all. It was

the same now. If there were assassins or archers here, their first target would definitely be Andrew. His mount and the ornaments indicating his status as a noble were far too obvious.

“Mm. There’s about three more days left. We’re about to reach Yorkshire already. What are your plans?” Leylin asked.

Yorkshire was the human territory to the south of Silverymoon. It was also the place where Leylin predicted the orc waves would stop. The expansive regions in the north were already more than enough for them to take, and there were other organisations unwilling to see the orcs and their gods expanding further.

“I have a few relatives there, so I’ll seek shelter.” Andrew now had a forced smile on his face, “Perhaps I’ll be able to buy a villa in the city and a few manors outside. It would be impossible to live as luxuriously as I had in the north though...”

The extravagant lifestyle of nobles all came from their territories, with the taxes squeezing the people dry. Once they lost their territories and troops, they had basically lost all their power.

This was why many nobles had stubbornly stayed behind in the north. It wasn’t that they could not see the obvious outcome, but they could not bear to leave! In comparison, Andrew’s choice was more sensible and firm.

“Yorkshire...” Leylin had a ruminating look.

“Yes. That is Marquis Lancet’s territory,” Andrew said, but he did not continue.

That marquis was an important power in the Silverymoon Alliance. However, his stance was rather dubious in this calamity, and he had been stuck in a rut. He also had good relations with other human kingdoms in the centre.

Of course, Leylin’s method of escape was not particularly impressive, so there was no use criticising Andrew for his decision.

‘No matter what world we are in, as long as nobody is foolish is enough to threaten the central nobles, the chances of placating the regional nobles is still very high. Even in the World of Gods, this holds true.’ Leylin deeply understood the thoughts of those who held power.

After those in the south struck the Silverymoon Alliance, they definitely would not want the orcs to grow stronger. Hence, after Silverymoon collapsed, they would regain control of the orcs again.

This was what Marquis Lancet wished for. He definitely did not want his territory to turn into a battlefield, instead making use of this time to gather more strength!

While it was impossible to pacify everyone by dividing up the territories in Yorkshire, it was very likely that he’d give away the area surrounding Yorkshire as a buffer for the escaping organisations.

‘They’ll give us the territories at the north of Yorkshire and let us become the frontlines and cannon fodder to fend off the orcs...’ Leylin stroked his chin, a peculiar smile lingering on his lips, ‘Who knows, after entering Yorkshire, someone might draw me into a marriage proposal...’

Stripping a noble of territory was just too ugly. Doing this through a joint marriage was a far more gentle and acceptable way. The large nobles would definitely not want to be accused of doing something so terrible, so this was basically inevitable.

Three days later, the large group entered Yorkshire. Order had been reestablished here, with well-equipped elites patrolling the entire area. There were even batches of cavalry on occasion.

Evidently, Marquis Lancet did not dare believe the orcs at the north. After all, they were simple-minded, and it was natural that they might suddenly have a change of heart. Compared to orcs, these refugees would pose a threat to security!

At the very least, after seeing Leylin’s organised troops, the soldiers looked wary. Leylin nonchalantly showed his noble and military rank pass, and then let them do what they needed.

‘I finally see it... the power of the churches...’ Leylin could see many huge tents set up in an orderly manner outside the city. Numerous priests with differently coloured church emblems and symbols were hastily walking around and helping refugees.

With a calamity on the horizon, this was the time for a huge harvest for faith. Leylin saw many crying ugly tears and repenting after obtaining oatmeal for emergency relief, and then entering churches.

‘It was rare to see them in the north when there was a calamity, but they’re all gathered here. The thoughts of humans and gods are obvious...’ Leylin thought inside.

Of course, it wasn’t as if there weren’t other types of priests in their midst. For instance, Leylin saw a small group of holy warriors and mercenaries rushing towards the north.

‘These are the paladins and priests of the God of Justice, Tyr. They’re rushing to the battlefield in their own name...’ Leylin thought to himself, ‘The gods with human factions are usually the most neutral. How could the God of Justice allow his own followers to participate in the battle in their own name? What a ridiculous internal power struggle...’

Leylin snickered. However, this was a chance for him.

Chapter 918 - Falling To The Enemy

‘Table manners’ were very important. Even Leylin needed something to cover up Cassley’s murder, those large noble families often investigated these things thoroughly.

Due to the racial conflicts, the rulers of various human nations had sent their armies to help in the north. However, even the most ferocious armies could only push the frontlines of battle closer to Yorkshire. There was basically no difference even with them around.

There was a solemnness and tragedy to the paladins who were heading north alone. Leylin didn’t dwell on it long, though. Soon enough, the troops of Yorkshire brought the conditions of the city.

Leylin and the nobles could enter, but the army would have to stay outside. That was their bottom line. Leylin merely rolled his shoulders back and accepted this condition calmly.

The surge of nobles from the north had inflated Yorkshire’s prices greatly, to the point that even nobles found it hard to stomach it. Of course, there were still benefits to holding power. A luxury villa was arranged for Leylin, with everything free of charge.

Leylin then met the Marquis Lancet he had heard about so often in rumours.

“Baron Leylin, I’ve long since wanted to see the rare wizarding

genius of the north!” Lancet had a head of silver, curled hair, and a poised appearance. After seeing Leylin, even the wrinkles on his face smoothed out. He had evidently conducted a thorough investigation before meeting him.

“I am extremely grateful for the Marquis’ generosity when the north has fallen into enemy hands!” Leylin’s behaviour astounded the marquis. Most geniuses were arrogant, but Lancet saw none of that in Leylin’s expression.

On top of that, he lacked the inflexible thinking and apathy so common to wizards, and instead seemed more like a scholar. His bearing even surpassed a few of the grandmasters he had paid a great deal of money to hire.

Lancet poured Leylin a glass of dark red wine, looking sorrowful. “Before we get to the formal discussions, I wish to tell the Baron something with regards to the north...”

“Has Silverymoon fallen?” Leylin’s eyes glinted as he asked indifferently.

Lancet’s hand halted pouring the wine for an instant, causing the stream of liquor to break off for a while. He then sat in front of Leylin as if nothing had happened, a profound look in his eyes. “It seems like you have your own intelligence channels, Baron... Indeed, Silverymoon fell just yesterday...”

.....

One day ago, the north. Silverymoon City.

As the chief advisor to Silverymoon, Scholar Buren who was like the prime minister was watching Alustriel with worry in his eyes. She looked tired, her brows furrowed. The sight was heartbreaking.

Forgetting her real age for a moment, if one were to judge her based on her mental age and outer appearance, the life and death of the city had been put into the hands of a little girl. Scholar Buren thought this was just too cruel.

While Alustriel had great reputation and charm, she was not a qualified leader. The stress of war practically overwhelmed her.

“No, the Goddess has yet to give me an answer!” Alustriel now seemed to have ended her meditation, the wrinkles on her forehead deepening.

The Goddess of the Weave, being a greater god, was the cornerstone that maintained Silverymoon’s existence. Now, however, she was rejecting Alustriel’s prayers and requests for help, which made things clear.

“It’s not just any god. Has even the mighty Mystra abandoned us?” Seeing this, even a powerful legendary wizard like Buren felt his heart sink.

Roar! The cries of distant beasts travelled into the palace, causing

Alustriel's expression to change.

"It's starting again," Scholar Buren sighed. A teleportation gate opened up, and Alustriel stood on the city walls next to Buren.

"Long Live Her Majesty! Long Live Her Majesty!" Seeing her appearance, the morale of the city guards soared. They were now full of hope.

Alustriel had displayed her might as the Goddess' Chosen these past few days. Only the orc emperor Saladin could contend with her.

'But the queen is the leader, her responsibilities do not lie here. Battling the opposing high-ranked Professionals should be the job of the military wizards!' Scholar Buren sighed inside. While Alustriel had immense charm and strength, this queen was still too inexperienced.

Buren watched the orcs' formation under the city. There were huge siege vehicles and terrifying behemoths with them, and the worry in his heart increased. Even with the aid of all sorts of smelted items, as well as high-ranked and legendary wizards in charge, they were now at a disadvantage.

'We have too few men... Few in the Silverymoon Alliance contributed much, and the troops that were sent out with orders didn't bring any others back. Less than half of the original city guards that could take on the most rigorous missions returned...'

Scholar Buren thought it over, and then proposed to Alustriel, “Your Majesty, things have gotten this bad already. Please consider my suggestion!”

“No need for that. I can’t abandon my people, especially at a time like this!” Alustriel resolutely interrupted Scholar Buren’s words.

“Look!” She pointed downwards, “There are still so many of my people, so many of those who believe in me here. How could I abandon them and leave?”

Alustriel’s face flushed red, an even greater might exploding forth from her body. Rafiniya quietly looked in the queen’s direction from a corner of the crowd. Powerful energy undulations were radiated outwards, and the golden light shining on her made her feel comfortably warm.

‘Is this grace? No! This... It’s a large-scale buff!’ Rafiniya’s face flushed, and she felt as if she could slay a dragon right at that moment.

Alustriel’s little face was now pale. Even with support from the large-scale magic formations under the city walls, such a large boost was still difficult to cast. She had even used up some divine force for this. However, she wouldn’t appear frail. The young, girlish voice resounded, “We will achieve victory!”

“Victory!” “Victory!” “Victory!” Countless troops roared.

Rafiniya was moved, her eyes glimmering with sparkling tears. As she watched the paladins around her whose faces were just as flushed as hers was, eyes showing their firm resolve, she felt as if she had truly chosen the perfect path for herself.

‘This is the work of justice! Fighting for well-being and happiness!’ Rafiniya clenched her fists tightly, ‘Leylin... Someday, he’ll definitely come to realise his mistakes and regret this!’

Roar! At this moment, the orc emperor Saladin had arrived at the frontlines.

“A large-scaled buff?” There was no emotion in Saladin’s eyes right now. The maids and other orc leaders beside him all lowered their heads respectfully, not daring to move at all.

“All preparations are done. Our master’s strength can descend at any time!” A few high-ranked priests headed over as they reported.

“Very good!” Saladin suddenly took a step forward. The earth’s surface seemed to tremble as a terrifying might burst forth from his body.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! Saladin’s body abruptly increased in size, and in an instant he turned into a miniature giant, five metres tall and still growing. His clothes, armour and all items shattered with the violent movements.

This was the legendary spell— War God’s Possession!

Finally, Saladin turned into a terrifying giant over fifty metres tall. Only one item scaled up with him, the Thunder God's Hammer!

“Lightning Strike!” Rafiniya heard Saladin's voice loud and clear. The loud, horrifying sound caused her eardrums to tremble, with a stinging pain.

Afterwards, berserk lightning filled the skies and tore the clouds apart as everything gathered at the battle hammer.

Lightning from the highest of heavens rumbled as it seemingly turned into a terrifying dragon, releasing the most powerful flames of its fury!

Violet! As if a new world was being born, violet light quickly spread around the area. Under this light, the city gates and everything else completely melted away...

.....

“Just like that, the orc emperor Saladin brazenly went against the agreement in the continent and used a terrifying legendary spell. With the boost of a divine weapon, he defeated Silvermoon thoroughly in one shot.”

Marquis Lancet narrated calmly. However, from how he suddenly gulped down a mouthful of wine, it seemed that this

strength of legends still caused terror to well up within him. Leylin listened to everything he said. While he knew this would happen, he was still unclear on the exact process, “Then... Where is Her Majesty Alustriel now?”

Seeing Leylin getting the main point, the Marquis’ eyes were full of praise, “It is said that her whereabouts are unknown, but there is a large possibility she survived. After all, the vitality of those with divine force is frightening...”

With Alustriel’s strength, few would be able to find her if she truly wanted to conceal herself. However, based on her personality, she was unlikely get back on her feet quickly after this. She would probably require a long time to recoup.

At the end, Lancet intentionally brought up something, “Leylin, I have a wine reception here the day after tomorrow. I hope you can come!”.

Chapter 919 - Feast Of Power

‘Has the feast for the division of power and party after the war already begun?’ After walking out of the Marquis’ mansion, Leylin sighed inside. After the fall of Silverymoon, the chaos in the north could be said to have ended.

With powerful defensive spells and numerous strong beings, Silverymoon did cause huge damage to the orc forces. Even the orc emperor Saladin had sustained grievous injuries and was now in a coma. It was said that that he had only been able to retain his life because of the god’s possession.

After swallowing up Silverymoon and the surrounding regions, the orc armies now had no more strength to carry on south. With the trials and unions of war, an orc empire took shape and slowly established itself in the skeleton of Silverymoon. This was much more important than expansion.

Once they succeeded, this would also be a boost for the orc god Gruumsh. After all, he was the god of all orcs.

‘The human gods wouldn’t let the orcs head south anyway...’ Leylin sat in the horse carriage, his eyes dark.

‘Mystra is far too powerful, and that caused the reservations of the gods from her faction. The numerous conflicts that amassed in the north combined to give this result... All the scheduled plans have succeeded. Weakening the Goddess of the Weave is enough, and the human gods would probably not want the orc god to get

stronger...'

Leylin was rather surprised by Mystra's tolerance. That she could even disregard her daughter in name and Silverymoon showed how immense the stress on her was.

'In general, the orcs have gotten a pretty good opportunity. It'll be hard to get them to spit up what they've already gained, but they also don't have more strength to stir up trouble...' Leylin had a keen grasp on this, something far too few in the World of Gods understood.

The gods here were held high and untouchable! With tens of thousands of years of praise from the churches, regular humans now treated gods like true saints, believing them to be emotionless. They forgot that these deities were merely stronger versions of regular people, and had it in them to feel happiness, anger, sorrow and joy.

On one level, the gods were even more emotional than regular humans!

'It's not that they can't recognise it. It's more that they're afraid to do so!' Leylin snickered. 'It's not as if I haven't seen people who blindly make excessive declarations and fool themselves into believing it while they're at it...'

This was an exaggeration caused by the environment, and a limitation from the era they were in. If not for Leylin coming from another world and having had experiences in the Magus World, he

wasn't guaranteed to have seen through this either.

Not everyone dared tear off this pretense, looking down on the gods with contempt. The terror of burning at the stake for disrespect had long since shackled the original occupants of the World of Gods.

The few who were aware of the situation could not make any changes to it, and could only grieve and go insane over this...

“Master!” A dim light enveloped the cabin in an instant, creating a noise-isolating barrier. A small figure jumped out from within the cabin, bowing to Leylin respectfully.

Even with Leylin's strength, it was impossible to create a tremendous intelligence network out of nothing in a short period of time. However, with Beelzebub's generous aid, things were different.

Leylin had taken control of all the worshippers of the Sovereign King of Gluttony in the north. The methods he'd used were the same as always. The name of Kukulcan had long since been blacklisted by many churches, marking him a wanted man.

“Did you investigate properly?” Leylin flicked his nail, producing a crisp sound.

“Yes... the human nations in the south have already passed a secret motion regarding the division of land amongst the feudal

vassals in Yorkshire and other places. Marquis Lancet seems to be backed by the church of wealth, though he is also colluding with devils...”

Working with devils did not mean believing in them. Who knew, it could even be someone under Beelzebub.

In reality, other archdevils were doing quite well in the prime material plane. While gathering his forces here, Leylin had met followers who believed in other devils as well. After all, the worshippers who had lost Beelzebub’s protection were the best prey.

“While everything was done on the sly, our men managed to find out about it...” The tiny figure sounded smug, but Leylin was not really happy. After all, it was easy for devils to discover other devils.

“Do you know which devil it is?” Leylin asked dully.

“Archdevil Mammon, in charge of the third level of the nine hells of Baator. I’ve seen one of the devils under him, and he’s appeared near the Marquis’ manor...” The small figure answered surely.

“Greed? That does seem to suit Lancet.” Leylin chuckled as he spoke.

The World of Gods had a huge dimensional universe. The outermost layer was the terrifying crystal sphere, tenaciously

rejecting all communication with the outside.

Within it, the prime material plane was the foundation of the rest. There were tremendously vast dimensional spaces both above and below it, greatly surpassing it in scale.

If the World of Gods was compared to a meat pie, then the prime material plane was definitely the filling. The top was the land of the world of gods, while the bottom layer was the boundless abyss and hell. Around the pie were many semi-planes, littered around like sesame seeds.

While this description had some errors to it, it was pretty accurate.

The prime material plane wasn't just connected to numerous semi-planes and the dimension's core. It was also the world's main source of faith and souls. Thus, the gods, demons, and devils all coveted it, launching into wars for its control. This had already happened numerous times.

The hells of Baator had originally been one with the abyss, but they'd separated for some reason. The devils and demons had turned into mortal enemies, occasionally breaking out in huge bloody wars.

The hells now had a total of nine levels. However, as the devils were in charge of order, they usually had the upper hand in battles.

The archdevil unlucky enough to fall at Leylin's hands, the Sovereign King of Gluttony Beelzebub, was the master of the second layer of hell.

'The first layer of hell is a public area, where many huge, ambitious devils try to gain control. There are even some humans and other races living there. The second level is Beelzebub's territory, though it now lacks a master. The third belongs to Mammon...' Leylin immediately recalled the intel he had on the hells. That was only possible thanks to Beelzebub's selfless contributions.

"Greed, huh." Leylin sighed. As devils could control human hearts, these archdevils' laws were usually inclined towards emotions.

"Forget it, don't do anything for now." Leylin shook his head, "Anything else?"

"Hehe... Master, I bewitched another follower on my way here. She wanted my help to protect her status as a noble, and I've already agreed..." The tiny figure's voice became tender, like a little girl acting coquettishly.

"Don't even think of doing that in front of me." Leylin warned her, a dark lustre shining in his eyes. That immediately caused the figure to start quivering.

"Your— Your subordinate wouldn't dare!"

“A noble? Who is it?” After disciplining her, Leylin asked with interest.

“Miss Mila of the Shump Family! Her father and brothers all died at the hands of horse-mounted, and their territory is coveted by her other relatives. Without support, she’ll probably await death in a monastery...

“Based on what I know, she will appear at Marquis Lancet’s wine reception!” The figure added.

“An arranged marriage? While this might be a terrible custom, it really is the best method.” Leylin nodded. Thieves still had to observe table manners when sharing the loot. It was far too difficult to allow the poor to directly become nobles, and the resistance was far too powerful.

A marriage would make things easier, making the other nobles accept things more comfortably. In a situation like this where all the direct family members were dead, the daughter they left behind was a target that a whole group of wolves would drool over.

“She’s rather smart. What does she want? What can she give?” Leylin asked calmly.

“The Shump Family has the hereditary title of viscount, and they have land north of Yorkshire. She can take in our people and allow them to hold office in the territory that will belong to her husband. However, only heirs of her bloodline will succeed the noble title...”

“That’s not too harsh. I’ll agree once I see her...” Leylin nodded.

‘However, taking her as my bride at this point would seem like I’m showing off. Getting the title of viscount while my father is still a baron makes things awkward... More importantly, I can’t stay in the north permanently...’ Leylin sunk into deep thought.

‘Seems like Miss Mila should look for a husband from among my underlings. Tiff’s not that bad. It’s not like we can’t change things in terms of his appearance and age, and I can use this opportunity to give him a new identity...’ Leylin promptly decided the fate of this noble lady.

This was how cruel the real world was. If not for Leylin taking over, she would be in a more pitiful state.

“I’ll also need to help my men settle down and reward them...” Leylin knew fully well that the reason they were following him was because they believed he could bring them wealth and status. It was the basis of their loyalty.

Most of the time, what those at the bottom yearned for was to have his leftovers after he took the juiciest benefits. It was only because of their existence that Leylin could participate in this feast of bandits, getting his share of the profits with difficulty.

Chapter 920 - Return Trip

An enormous ship sailed across the ocean, its black bottom making it look like a floating castle of steel. Leylin sat in the most luxurious room of the ship, looking at a scroll made of beast skin.

‘It’s already been over 5 months...’ Leylin sighed.

A lot of time had passed since the feast where they had divided Silverymoon’s power. Tiff had followed Leylin’s instructions and married the viscount mistress, forging an identity and becoming a glorious noble. As for their feelings? That merited a chuckle, many noble couples disregarded all that.

Afterwards, Leylin had cleansed and reorganised his own troops. He had hired trusted aides and the elites, leaving the rest for Tiff to settle in his territory. He would give them wealth and land. In the end, he had circled back to finished what he had started.

The northern territories had gradually grown more stable, and the orc empire had been established without incident. Saladin had become the first emperor, which caused a sensation in the World of Gods.

After seeing that there were no benefits left for him to pick up, Leylin happened to receive a letter from his family and chose to return home.

‘If I hadn’t been backed by a Legend, then I would have been completely unable to participate in the inner circle’s feast...’ Leylin

sighed, his eyes filled with a thirst for power.

The changes in the northern territory had led to the orcs emerging as the fully deserving winner. The other human gods had also won what they wanted, and Leylin had also arrived in time to ruthlessly cash in on the opportunity. The only losers were Mystra and Silverymoon itself.

However, competition between gods were very slow. The Goddess of the Weave was very powerful, and this recent defeat couldn't harm her fundamentally. She would be able to lick her wounds in silence and could make her comeback in the future.

However, all of this no longer affected him. Leylin looked outside the translucent closed glass windows at the boundless azure sea. There were even a few white seagulls circling in the distance.

"I've gained enough from this trip to the northern lands..." Leylin silently counted up his profits. In terms of power, he'd received a great deal of material on the arcanists and even raised his power to rank 15!

He was now a rank 15 arcanist-cum-wizard! At his age, it was universally shocking for him to have attained so much in such little time. Even before the dusk of the gods, in the times of Netheril, no genius could be compared to him as he was now.

Moreover, he'd exchanged military merits for Silverymoon's collection of resources for legendary wizards. It was enough for him to grasp the path of wizards as well.

If his wizard tower on Faulen Island had been completed, Leylin was certain that he would be able to increase his wizard ranking further. It wouldn't be impossible to become a Legend, although it would need both innate talent and luck.

In actual fact, Leylin had also thought of going to Silvermoon City while he was in the northern territories. When the city walls had fallen he had considered wantonly making a killing, but he had given up on this idea in the end.

Although it was quite possible for him to make a profit, the dangers were similarly extremely high. Having obtained so much already, Leylin didn't intend to take more risks.

'As for organisations, the northern territories' Beelzebub worship network has already been subdued. With Tiff a viscount, the territory can be considered a gathering point for the organisations, and more can be done there in the future...' Leylin stroked his chin, 'And as for goods, I have legendary red dragon materials, as well as this!'

A bag of holding flashed, and a black scroll of beast skin appeared in Leylin's hands. It still had traces of dried blood on it. Leylin paid attention to the scroll, growing sombre.

'Why did Distorted Shadow leave this scroll behind?' Leylin felt a lingering fear as he thought of the dangerous experience he'd had. Distorted Shadow was an ancient rank 8 Magus who had found his own path, and if his true body had appeared it would have been

bad.

As for that pocket dimension, even if it had fallen already the thing left behind would certainly be profoundly interesting.

“The remains of Netheril must still hold some secrets...” Leylin muttered to himself. As he had been tempted into opening it, that pocket dimension had already collapsed. However, Leylin believed the ruins weren’t that simple in layout.

‘And Helen...’ After careful consideration, Leylin had decided not to bring the half-elf arcanist and mid-ranked wizard along. He had left her in Tiff’s territory in the north.

‘The power of the law of distortion...’ The intent Distorted Shadow had left behind had been extremely terrifying. More so was the power of distortion that it wielded, which could affect even time and space. It completely exceeded Leylin’s expectations, which fuelled his interest further. If not for that, he would long since have disposed of something like this beast skin scroll.

No matter what these ancient Magi had prepared for him, wouldn’t it all be useless if he did not take the bait?

‘The ancient Distorted Shadow... Even in the Magus World, there exist very few records of him. It is only known that he is not a native of the Magus World, but a formidable power from another world. No one has ever seen his true body,’ Leylin thought of the research that his main body had seen, ‘As for his path, clearly the law of distortion is his main one. It has the power to melt time and

space, and even has illusory abilities.

‘Is it inevitable that the path of a rank 9 Magi must touch upon laws dealing with space-time?’ Leylin’s eyes flashed as he rose to his feet, moving in front of the desk beside him.

The mahogany desk was mottled with black dots and marks, as well as numerous nicks. The debris on top of it had already been cleared and the desk was clean, leaving behind only a distorted pentagram array.

He put the beast skin scroll into the center of the array and his eyes seemed to glow blue.

“A.I. Chip! Pay attention to scanning and record all the information down,” Leylin commanded.

[Beep! Mission established, initiating scan of experimental data.]

The A.I. Chip loyally executed Leylin’s commands.

‘The World of Gods rejected the laws of the Magi. Because of this, Distorted Shadow couldn’t use his full power. The risk of contamination should be low...’

“Seawater, salt, petals, dragonblood stones, feces of a nightmare bat...” Leylin threw everything into the corners of the pentagram, occasionally spitting out incantations.

‘The power of the bat and the dragon’s blood, adding in the blessings of the petals...’ It had to be said that even though it was an improved version, his spell models were filled with the style of a Magus. If other wizards saw this, perhaps they would be scared to death by this strange ritual.

Leylin finally snatched up a pinch of green sand and sprinkled it down lightly.

Bang! The grains of sand spontaneously burst into green flames in mid-air, and rained into the pentagram array. Little by little, the flames wrapped the beast hide scroll into itself.

‘In the name of the devouring serpent, reveal the truth within the illusion...’

Zzz! Zzz! The scroll seemed to melt into the green flames, and the bloodstains on it grew even brighter and more real. Drops of beautiful blood began to drip down, bringing with them the power of distortion.

[Warning! Warning! The power of another world’s laws has been detected, reaching the limit of the World of Gods’ suppression.]

At this moment, the A.I. Chip also issued a new red warning.

‘Wait!’ Leylin’s face was flushed. He suddenly made up his mind and plunged his finger into the array.

A warm feeling spread into him the moment his finger touched the red bloodstain. Afterwards, Leylin saw his hand grow endlessly old and rot. The skin grew wrinkled, yellowed and even rotted black. The ageing process spread unceasingly, extending from his fingertips to his shoulder, his chest, then his entire body.

Zzz! The skin was followed by his flesh and bone, the red and white wasting away under the force of time. Time seemed to speed up in the region, and the world seemed to transform. In the blink of an eye, several thousand years had passed.

‘I am the Distorted Shadow! Your devouring serpent shall feed my heart!’ In the end, all that was left of Leylin was a pair of eyeballs. It was at this moment that he finally saw a formless mass spreading everywhere. This was Distorted Shadow who lacked a true body.

[Beep! Energy has been exhausted from law probe, process automatically terminated!]

‘Mm?’ Leylin looked at his hand. His white fingers were bright and clean and filled with the vitality of youth. There was not the slightest trace of age and decay. Nothing in the room had changed, as if everything that had transpired had only been an illusion.

The pentagram array’s green flames had already burnt themselves up, and the bloodstained scroll rested nicely in the centre of the array. However, the dragonblood stone and other items had already disappeared without a trace.

“The belongings of ancient Magi are very dangerous. As expected, it’s strange enough to be terrifying...” Leylin muttered, “Did I immediately get cursed after I opened it? Did Distorted Shadow use this method to resurrect himself? Or did he make other arrangements...”

After pondering the matter for a long time and meticulously examining the A.I. Chip’s records, Leylin sealed the scroll and put it away. At the very least, it had the traces of a rank 8 Magus’ craftsmanship and his power of laws, so it was a great inspiration to him now.

‘No matter what, I’ll still continue to walk down my own path. Growing stronger is always the right thing to do,’ Leylin’s goal had always been extremely steady, and did not change under any circumstances.

‘There’s still some time left before I reach the outer seas of the Dambrath Kingdom, which is just enough for me to completely read through the arcanist materials. I can record all the arcanist spell models as well...’ Leylin tidied up the desk and sunk deeply

into his thoughts once again.

Chapter 921 - Path

A noble youth with curly golden hair and blue eyes lay on a soft silk bed in a dim room, a contemplative look on his face.

‘Arcanists... Magi who comprehended laws descended into the World of Gods during the final war, and created them to adapt their power into this world’s laws. They attempted experiments to make themselves like natives, and this was the result... They were the founding fathers of wizardry...’

Leylin viewed the materials he had obtained from the ruins of Netheril. With the A.I. Chip’s powerful capabilities, he had copied all of the ruins’ information and begun to arrange them into categories.

Arcanists weren’t simply battle spellcasters. There was a whole lot else to them as well. Alchemy, botany, enchanted architecture, forcefields, arcane runes... It was almost an all-inclusive package. If arcanists were used as the standard to select the best wizards, then the number of wizards would drop by over 90%.

After all, arcanists were Magi who had localised themselves to the World of Gods. They couldn’t be compared to the wizards who used the Weave.

Among all this data, what Leylin cared most about was the Magi who comprehended laws. These ancient Magi were gloriously powerful, and Leylin admired them deeply. He longed to learn from them.

Although it was difficult to perform research on arcanists, Leylin didn't think much of it. The only thing that he needed to focus his mental and physical efforts on was the paths of those ancient Magi and their inheritances. Their thoughts and reasoning spilled forth from the arcanist inheritance.

This was the truly valuable aspect and the greatest guiding light for him!

The inheritances of the Magi had been damaged due to the ancient final war. Only the inheritances of mysterious and powerful ancient Magi circulated in the World of Gods, but there had been very few truly crucial and pertinent ones.

Although Leylin's original body had risen to near rank 7, only after meeting ancient existences like the Mother Core did he truly begin to come into contact with Magi who comprehended laws. Even those existences did not truly comprehend the paths walked by other rank 8 Magi.

Far too many Magi had fallen in the final war, and few had been able to leave behind inheritances.

Leylin had completed integrating everything he'd gleaned from the arcanists' inheritance. With this he could finally form an image of an ancient Magus, and acquire a general idea of the path walked by those who comprehended laws.

'A Magus needs to surpass an enormous threshold every three

ranks. Rank 1 to 3 Magi cultivate their spiritual force, and rank 4 to 6 Magi expand their soul force. For rank 7 and above, one needs to grasp the power of laws!’ Leylin’s eyes gleamed.

‘A rank 7 Magus needs to grasp a complete law, and rank 8 Magi need to grasp several different ones. To break through the threshold of rank 8, one needs to refine all the laws they’ve grasped to form their own path. And in one’s own path, they need to leave enough leeway to grasp the power of space and time, else they will never be able to advance to rank 9.’

Leylin’s eyes glowed even more brightly, ‘The path cannot be walked twice, and perhaps a peak rank 8 existence like the Mother Core walked down the wrong path. Her powers cannot extend to control spacetime, and she can’t advance.’

“As for my path... How should I plan this?” Leylin muttered to himself. His path of advancement had to remain steady, and the choice of what laws he would refine was even more important.

This was just like the ancient Distorted Shadow. Although Leylin could not confirm what laws he grasped, he understood that the power refined from them was one of distortion!

The power of distortion held the law of spacetime within it. As a result, Distorted Shadow had been extremely close to the realm of rank 9. Even having fallen thousands of years ago, he could still cause some trouble today.

‘It is very important to have a stable foundation of laws. The

feeling that I get from Mother Core is one of stability and gravity, so her foundation must have something to do with the power of the earth and fire. Perhaps it's too difficult to extend that to control spacetime,' After his worldview was expanded, Leylin held a deeper understanding of the strength of the other Magi who comprehended laws.

‘The Snake Dowager is different! Although she has not advanced to the peak of rank 8, the power of shadows she has chosen is rather good. At the very least, the power of shadows is more compatible with space, so if she truly obtains the world origin force of the Shadow World and breaks through to the limit of rank 8 she'll be stronger than Mother Core. Still, it'll be difficult to advance to rank 9 since shadows aren't related to time at all...

‘One needs to choose a path compatible with spacetime before advancing to rank 9,’ Leylin stroked his chin, ‘Then... is it possible to directly refine the laws of space and time in rank 8? No, impossible! Someone who has yet to form their own path cannot touch the power of spacetime at all. Normal refining methods cannot touch the laws of spacetime...’

As his understanding of the paths of ancient Magi grew deeper, Leylin's knowledge of his own path also furthered.

‘With the arcanists as a guide, I'll advance rapidly. The ability to break away from the Weave will allow me to overcome its restrictions. Although instant casts of legendary spells will be impossible, it won't be a problem to use rank 9 and below spells if I pay a bit of the price...

‘Even if I am discovered by a god, they would most likely think that I’m an arcanist’s descendent or perhaps a fortunate person who discovered the inheritance of an arcanist. This will always be better than being thought of as a visitor from another world...

‘Since it’s like this, I can put many of my earlier plans into action!’

“The news came at just the right time.” Leylin’s eyes grew more serious. Having become a high-ranked wizard, the legendary realm would not be a bottleneck to him. He could later prepare to ascend into godhood.

At the very least, he would have to be careful in choosing his divinity in the future, making sure to pick one that was compatible with the path of his original body.

‘The path of divinity will affect my ascent to godhood and my church, so it must be considered carefully!’ Leylin’s expression grew sombre. Many divine wars had broken out between gods due to opposing paths. He did not want to cross swords with other powerful gods the moment he ascended to godhood.

‘I’m currently a human. Those of us who ascend to godhood automatically join the human faction, so the best thing to do would be to ally with the pantheon of gods. This eliminates many divinities and territories... It’s also necessary to find something that would be compatible with the future path of my original body...’ Leylin massaged his temples, and found all of this a headache.

‘However, if a god dares to stand in my way, then I can only ask them to die as soon as possible...’ Gods such as these did not have the qualifications to stand in the way of someone like Leylin, someone who had grasped the path of laws and truth.

From his point of view, these gods would only have mastered one or a few powerful laws at the very most. There was too large a gap between them and a Magus who comprehended laws. This was the limitation of godhood. Since their power came from the world and their followers, there would naturally be limits to it.

A god was like an officer. They could use their divine force to wield power on par with Magi who comprehended laws. In their own divine realms, they could even surpass such Magi. It was just that, once they left their realm or their followers lost faith, they wouldn’t even equal peak legendaries.

Magi were different, however. No matter where they were, their strength would at most be suppressed. However, their power could not be stolen or exchanged, it belonged to them and them alone.

Consequently, there were rank 9 Magi who managed to find their own path. However, the most powerful amongst the gods with greatest divine power was the Overgod, who was also the the incarnation of the World of God’s World Will.

‘Once I ascend to godhood, I will only be a weak god comparable to a rank 7 Magi in the Magus World. If I were to encounter a mid-ranked god or rank 8 Magi, or other gods who are like peak rank

8s, then it won't be possible for me to win. As a result, it's best to avoid those two. I should also avoid clashing with any Chosen...'

'This leaves me very little wriggle room, but luckily it's not like I'm out of options,' Leylin's lips curved into a rather strange smile.

.....

As he drew closer to Dambrath Kingdom, Leylin's studies had also increased in speed.

[Beep! Arcanist build has been recorded, spell models collected. Legendary: 3, Rank 9: 17, Rank 8: 23...]

The A.I. Chip's prompt caused Leylin to nod in satisfaction.

He still saw many of these arcane spell models using wizard spells as their base, and several of them were similar to the spell models of Magi. If he relied on the A.I Chip's slow analysis, perhaps he would need thousands of years to deduce all of this. However, he had relied on own power to achieve this knowledge, and did not need the A.I. Chip's deductions.

[Rank 8 Arcane spell models have been completely recorded. Record rank 8 spell models?]

The A.I. Chip issued yet another prompt.

‘Yes.’ Leylin now had the power of a rank 15 arcanist, and could use rank 7 spells without consumption. Rank 8 spells on the other hand needed some extra effort.

For a rank 15 Professional to use rank 8 spells, a traditional wizard would have their requests completely rejected by the Weave. Arcanists however would use their arcane knowledge and some preparations to successfully cast such spells after paying a certain price.

As it was like this, rank 8 and rank 9 arcane spell models would become Leylin’s strongest trump cards. It was comparable to the spell torrent that he released using the Weave.

[Transmitting rank 8 arcane spell models!]

The A.I. Chip loyally fulfilled Leylin’s orders.

Sensing that his sea of consciousness suddenly possessed even more data on arcane spell models, Leylin nodded as he looked at the other benefits he had gained. He had found other interesting things in the data from Netheril.

A multitude of data and news flashed before his eyes, before it stopped at several short poems.

Chapter 922 - Strength

Leylin had found information regarding the arcanist ruins in the Dambrath Kingdom, using a book he'd found from decoding a map. Leylin now found something else from the information the A.I. Chip had copied.

The information that the A.I. Chip had recorded was complete, with the information on the spell models that arcanists had used among others. This included even personal diaries of some arcanists and the like.

There was some short poetry in the disordered data, something that most people would probably overlook.

No! In the short span of time it took for the pocket dimension to collapse, most adventurers would find it difficult to even find information on the arcanists, having to turn their heads. Only someone like Leylin who possessed the A.I. Chip could copy this information.

Along with these few poems were some recipes that caused Leylin to look disconcerted. Even if adventurers unknowingly found the resources that had this information, they would quickly ignore it, but he was different. With his previous experience breaking code, he immediately saw that there was something different about these poems. They were encrypted the same way, and likely came from the same arcanist.

‘Such high-level encryption and difficulty in getting the

resources... The secrets hidden must be astounding...' Leylin transferred the information into his mind with interest.

With his previous experience breaking code, he made much quicker progress. It took just a few hours for the information hidden within the incomplete phrases to be laid bare before him.

"The coordinates of a location and a specific time?" Leylin scratched his head.

"If I calculate it... year 37670 of the Calendar of the Gods. That's three years from now. When the black crows cry out to the blood moon... It's in the Frostfall Valleys, slanting to the east of Cygnus."

"This again... A specific time and location. What appears will be..." This method of stacking space caused Leylin to frown slightly, he associated it with Distorted Shadow. Only he could warp space and hide his items as he wished, waiting for people to unearth them.

"But... Distorted Shadow has already passed down his path. It might be possible for a legendary arcanist who was his disciple..." Leylin pondered over this as even more information was decrypted.

"What will appear is a floating city?" Leylin stroked his chin, seemingly in disbelief. A floating city didn't seem like much to his eyes. The Magi of Sky City had already developed such a technique.

The city floated eternally using the powers of the Adept Scepter, something that could even boost one's vitality a single time. Leylin had made use of that feature, and even toured the core control room of Sky City to personally touch the scepter. He hadn't found it all that amazing.

"No, that's not it. It mentions a floating city, it might be due to an arcane spell that the legendary arcanists came up with by themselves! It's a fort used by arcanists to fight gods, and one of the major accomplishments of arcane spells. How could it be that weak?" Leylin's expression changed, and he then looked through the descriptions of the arcane spells.

Soon enough, he learnt that the arcanists' floating city and Sky City's floating vessel were two entirely different things.

"I see... a true floating city is powered by a Miso energy core, and needs the strength of a pocket dimension. At its final stage, it's a dimensional fort! In such a floating city, legendary arcanists would be comparable to gods! So terrifying, even divine realms aren't much in front of this... Sky City's floating can at most be considered a weakened version that lacks this amount of power," Leylin muttered.

It now seemed like the arcanists' floating city had truly inherited the design concepts and core of the ancient Magi. Sky City was probably a copy from incomplete information and not authentic. It was like a clumsy version of a toy made by a child.

'Interesting! When my main body awakens, I should get the Monarch of the Skies to do research on my behalf for a few days...'

Leylin quickly made up his mind. Given his strength near rank 7, the Monarch of the Skies had no power to resist whatsoever.

“As for this...” Leylin eyed the resources in his hand, sighing a little.

The information hidden in the short poems said that an arcanist who was performing experiments during the fall of the Netheril Empire had made a mistake. Due to it, he'd jumped the floating city to a lost plane.

The legendary arcanist, his students, and all other life forms had died in the floating city, but that plane might still exist. Due to this incident, the floating city evaded the gods' investigations and luckily got away. That was probably the only one in the World of Gods.

The arcanist who had left this trail behind had spent his life pursuing the peak of arcane arts, and had found this treasure in a ruin. He had successfully deduced the time and location that the floating city could return.

However, He had been born far too early. There were over ten thousand years till the floating city leapt back. Evidently, unless he successfully become a god or turned into an undead lich, he would not be able to wait that long. Hence, he chose to leave the information and related clues behind for others to discover.

“From the inheritance left behind, the arcanist that discovered the clues must have died long ago...” Leylin sighed.

After the destruction of the Netheril Empire, the churches went all out in persecuting the arcanists. To be able to find this, the arcanist must have reached the legendary realm himself. That led to more fear from the gods, and chances of him still surviving were far too low. However, that made things easier for Leylin.

“A floating city that can rival the gods’ realms?” Leylin stroked his chin, eyes full of wonder. Ancient floating cities were very powerful. There had even been records of legendary arcanists piloting them to attack divine realms

Even if it wasn’t for defensive purposes and just research, Leylin was very interested in the design, Mise energy core, and magic cannons.

“A floating city without a master that can independently operate for tens of thousands of years and even automatically leap back to the World of Gods... The intellectual core and Mise energy core must be incomparably perfect...

“Treasures from the peak of arcane culture? Interesting. Interesting! I’ll have to give it a go if I get the time.” Leylin made up his mind.

.....

Tens of days passed by. The weather was exceptional that day, and Leylin had left the hold of the ship and arrived at the deck.

The sea breeze had a clean, salty smell, and the warm sunlight felt very comfortable.

“I’ve already made records of the arcane spell models. Information on the floating city has all been deduced...” With these two parts done, Leylin was in a good mood, “The calculations say I should reach Port Venus today.”

He’d left home for many years, and was finally returning. In that moment, Baron Jonas, his wife, Ernest, Jacob, and many other faces appeared in Leylin’s mind, causing him to feel emotional.

“I was only around rank 10 when I left, but now I’m a high-ranked wizard. Master Ernest will be shocked.” Leylin took a look at his stats.

[Leylin Faulen. Race: Human, Rank 15 Arcanist. Strength: 13. Agility: 11. Vitality: 12. Spirit: 15. Arcane Energy: 150. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body. Specialties: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification]

Becoming an arcanist had changed his stats greatly, and the window had grown more concise. He could still use spell slots like before, and he also had the spell slots for a rank 15 wizard, but after becoming an arcanist Leylin now had another card up his sleeve beside the analysis of the Weave.

‘After somewhat breaking away from the Weave, the A.I. Chip’s analysis of the Weave has increased in speed... Seems like the Weave has a very tight hold on wizards...’ Leylin took a look at the A.I. Chip’s analysis report of the Weave, lowering his head in thought.

At this moment, the A.I. Chip’s prompt rang out, and Leylin’s stats changed once more.

[Beep! Analysis of level 4 Weave: 100%. Obtained all rank 4 spell models. Spell slot limitations removed. Host is now immune to forgetting rank 4 spells, no materials will be required to cast them.] [Analysis of Weave: Level 0 Weave 100%. Level 1 Weave 100%. Level 2 Weave 100%. Level 3 Weave 100%. Level 4 Weave 100%. Level 5 Weave 55.21%. Level 6 Weave 33.89%. Level 7 Weave 17.22%.] [Spell Slots: Rank 7(1), Rank 6(4), Rank 5(6), Rank 4(???), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)]

Rank 7 spells were considered high-ranked spells. The Ring of Wizardry had now lost all its effect, increasing only a single spell slot for spells below rank 6 originally.

“I’m advancing too quickly! My equipment isn’t keeping up with my needs.” Leylin muttered to himself, “Thankfully, I still have many ingredients from the legendary red dragon that I can use to make a new batch of items...”

Chapter 923 - Welcome

Port Venus was right up ahead. With the Pirates' Tide and the fall of the Baltic archipelago, the port was now booming. Countless shipping routes were opened up, and the closer one got to the port the more ships they could see.

The port had already expanded several times, and there was no issue with accommodating over a hundred ships now. This had been something Leylin had considered when choosing the location. His choice of a wide deepwater port showed his foresight.

The dock was crowded with people, though there was also a gathering of some who were out of the ordinary. A few people in the front were wearing gorgeous noble attire, and Leylin's excellent eyesight allowed him to vaguely see some familiar faces.

Right in front were Jonas and his wife. Madam Jonas was waving a white handkerchief in his direction, occasionally wiping away her tears.

The moment he got off the boat, Madam Jonas pounced into Leylin's arms before he could even greet her, "Oh... child! My child! How could you be so heartless as to leave us behind for so many years..."

Upon seeing this, Leylin could only nod towards Baron Jonas and begin to console his mother.

"Alright. That's enough, darling! Leylin's return is something to

be happy about!” Baron Jonas looked much older now. The hair on his temples was already greying, but he seemed to be in good shape.

The stern decisiveness he had from his time in the military had dulled. What was left was grace, calmness and the steadiness of power.

“Father, I’ve returned!” Leylin smiled and bowed.

“It’s great that you’re back!” Baron Jonas nodded, and then led a pair of children who were around five or six years old over.

“These are your brother and sister, Jake and Sherlyn. Come, meet your brother!”

“Brother!” “Brother!” The two pairs of eyes held innocence and fear within them. They were still at an age of ignorance, but still listened to their father and sweetly called out for him.

“Mm.” Leylin nodded. Leylin sensed his father’s bloodline in these children, but they didn’t have his mother’s blood.

However, this was common among nobility. Children born of concubines had no status whatsoever, made obvious just from the fact that their mother had not come along.

As children of concubines, the most they could do was enter a god’s church or become the housekeeper of another noble family,

unless of course Leylin was willing to divide and hand over part of his territory to them.

As they posed no threat to Leylin's status, Madam Jonas was not hostile to them.

"Hello Jake. Hi, Sherlyn!" Leylin now acted like a gentle big brother. While had not known this would happen, he still managed to produce gifts quickly. A beautiful rag doll and intricate moccasins he produced caused the children to cheer.

Leylin had long since prepared a ship full of presents to distribute, and naturally wouldn't mind giving out two more.

"Seeing you being so friendly puts me at ease," Baron Jonas nodded in satisfaction. What Leylin was doing was making his stand clear. At the very least, he would not need to worry about how his children would be brought up after he passed away.

Based on his understanding of Leylin, he definitely knew that when it came to scheming and strength, the pair definitely could not match up to him.

'Now, I can only hope Jake and Sherlyn know to be content with what they have...' Baron Jonas sighed inside.

"Jacob! Leon!" Leylin greeted a few other people, passing them their presents.

“Young Master Leylin!” Jacob and Leon bowed respectfully, looking emotional. They looked to have aged a fair bit, and it was about time they retired.

“It’s been hard on you!”

Leylin scanned the area, and then saw the Gold Priest of the Goddess of Wealth, Xena. “And Priest Xena! Long time no see!”

“It’s really been a long time!” Xena still maintained her appearance as a young girl. The glory from the gods allowed her to slow her aging, to the point that she would retain her youthful looks even at death. The look in her eyes, however, showed how she had matured.

“I have many things to discuss with you regarding Port Venus and our future cooperation. By the looks of it, I think it’ll be better for me to visit you in the future,” The priest spoke considerately.

Leylin nodded. There hadn’t been change in the management of the church of wealth here, but there was in the two others. There were new bishops for the God of Knowledge, Oghma, and the God of Suffering, Ilmater. They met up with Leylin individually, getting to know him as he did them,

“Come to the wizard tower tonight. I have something to show you!” Ernest was still the same as ever, leaving after throwing him a few words as if he had an important experiment to attend to.

The corner of Leylin's lips quirked slightly. At this point, the wizard tower should have been about finished. He was sure that his master wanted to discuss something related to that.

‘When the time comes, I hope my progress doesn't scare him...’ After the complicated and disorderly welcome ceremony, Leylin returned to his villa in Port Venus. With the maturation and development of this area, the core of the entire island had shifted to this area, turning the manor into a resort.

“Young master!” “Young master!” Two beautiful maids lay in wait inside the villa, their eyes reddening as they saw Leylin.

“Claire, Clara!” Leylin nodded. The pair seemed to have matured quite a bit, and looked on the verge of tears.

“The decorations in the room haven't changed at all.” Leylin placed his hands behind his back and looked around. The arrangement of the furniture, carpets, curtains and the like were the same as when he'd left.

“Madam was afraid that young master would feel uncomfortable after your return, so we maintained the appearance of the room.” Claire spoke softly. She had now grown into a strong woman.

Leylin sighed inside. At this age, most maids in the manor would probably have gotten married. The fact they were still here definitely had something to do with him. Before he said a word about this, even the father of these two beautiful sisters, the old housekeeper Leon, would not dare make any decisions.

Sometimes, a mere idea by someone with power could cause a huge change in the lives of the people below. However, Leylin had no other thoughts about this. What was past was past. At the most, he could just give them some more compensation.

“Boil some water, I’m going to take a bath before bed. I’ve had enough of life on the sea!” Leylin ordered, and the sisters quickly did as he said well.

Leylin didn’t have much time left after a brief rest. Far too many things had piled up when he was gone.

First was the wine banquet at night to welcome his return, and it also included interaction with a few other powers. He had to go attend. After that, Leylin went to Baron Jonas’ study room.

The baron’s study room was much larger than before. There was a faint aroma from the dark red Semen Hoveniae, and it was illuminated with magic lights. The conditions were much better than before.

Baron Jonas sat at the desk and watched his son, “You did well, my child. You are my pride!

“It’s a pity about the north. We’ve no choice but to let go of the Violet Territory, but the title of the Violet Baron can be passed to your other heirs...” Leylin had mentioned his title in the north to the baron before.

His Violet Territory was in the hands of either orcs or werecreatures, having become a part of the orc empire. It was impractical to expect to reclaim it. However, what Baron Jonas prioritised was the title of Baron that could be passed on through generations. This was much better than the titles of the nobles in the court, and could also be passed down through generations.

Leylin had lost his territory through the chaos of war, but his title had not been robbed from him. A loss of territory was an unspeakable humiliation for many nobles, but they still retained their titles. Already passing the threshold of status, they could climb up the ranks much more easily elsewhere.

Even with the loss of the land in the north, it wasn't difficult to gain it in Dambrath. There were still many deserted islands in the outer seas, and with some work Leylin's hereditary barony could well be transferred to Dambrath. In that case, the Faulen family would have two baronies to pass on, so in a sense their strength would double.

Perhaps the baron viewed the ability to pass down land as something worthy of being happy over.

“With our family's current strength and trade relations, it won't be difficult to influence the king. You're also a noble, and as long as your land is in the outer seas and doesn't affect the interests of the other nobles in the continent, there shouldn't be many going against you...” Baron Jonas spoke confidently.

Even now, his eyes were still trained on land of the nobles, as well as the profits from trade.

Leylin listened on, declining to answer. His only target was immortality, but different people had various paths and ideas. He would not force anything on the baron.

“How about Marquis Tim? Has he made any trouble for us?”

“Him... After coming back from the capital, he’s become more honest... I actually called you back for other matters,” Baron Jonas turned serious at this point.

“What is it?” The letter had only said that some issues had come up, so Leylin had no idea what this was about.

“Traces of devils and demons are becoming more common in the outer seas. Cyric’s church is rising, and the Barbarians have returned and are expanding...” Baron Jonas spoke unenthusiastically.

Chapter 924 - Wizard Tower

Everything was happening in secret. The baron's enemies were not so easily dealt with, and the person most qualified to do so was Leylin.

He now had control over the Scarlet Tigers and had even gotten rid of the Baltic archipelago. Baron Jonas had his suspicions about this, but the father and son maintained a tacit understanding and did not lay it bare.

"I understand!" Leylin nodded. In his opinion, the return of the Barbarians and the rise of the devils and demons was only to be expected. The period post calamity was a golden period for churches to expand, but so it was for demons and devils as well. The ripples caused by the Pirates' Tide still hadn't faded.

"And Cyric?" Leylin's eyes shone. He had some things to settle with this church. What they had done before had left Leylin slightly discontent.

"I'd be at ease handing all this over to you. If there's anything you need, do tell me. Prioritise your safety, I don't want to lose an outstanding heir. Is that understood?" Baron Jonas spoke seriously.

"Yes, father!" Leylin nodded.

"Good! Go meet your Master Ernest. He has a surprise for you!" Baron Jonas had a smile on his face, "Spend more time with your

mother now that you're back. We can't delay your wedding either..."

At the mention of this, Leylin felt a headache coming on. He found an excuse to leave the study room.

.....

It was night, and Port Venus still had lights everywhere.

At the very least, there were huge torches burning at the pier, where ships hurried to unload their cargo. This would have been unimaginable in huge cities. With the labour and physical resources in the dark ages, the cost of illumination in the night was a huge burden.

Till now, Leylin had only seen one city capable of using lights to brighten the area, and that was Silverymoon. Port Venus was now added to that list. It was a pity that the port was several times smaller than Silverymoon, so it wasn't comparable.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Ernest watched the pier that seemed to glow with stars, his voice showing his awe.

"This is the result of the effort of father and everyone else!" Leylin spoke in a very humble manner. He could tell the delight and fondness in his master's tone. Ernest probably treated this like his second home.

“The more prosperous Port Venus is, the more people will come. The crime rate here is now almost at a stage that even the guards can’t deal with it. The Mercenary Association and the Warriors’ and Thieves’ Guilds will definitely increase the pressure on public security, as will the requests of other churches...”

Ernest stated calmly, while Leylin listened close. He was controlling the situation from afar, and what he knew was surely less than what the wizard who had been staying here all this while did.

“That’s why we planned to build this, right?” Leylin looked at the main part of the huge wizard tower, a smile on his face, “Once the wizard tower is built, those mice in the sewers should stop...”

Ernest nodded in agreement. The two of them were on a mountain next to the Port Venus, one that had a clear view of the port. The general structure of a wizard tower had already been built at the top of the hill.

With the power of wizard towers, even the most low-levelled wizard would still be able to control Port Venus without trouble. It would also serve to intimidate others. After all, a wizard tower was comparable to a high-ranked wizard! This was a loyal slave that was fully controlled and knew no exhaustion.

“Thanks to the batch of resources you brought back and our investment later on, we’ve finally built the main body...” Ernest caressed the sturdy body of the tower, a smile on his face.

“Want to see her?”

“Of course!” Leylin smiled and nodded.

The construction of a wizard tower would require an investment of at least two million kronas. Some high-ranked wizards might not be able to amass so much wealth even if they worked hard for centuries. There were plenty who were willing to sell themselves for it.

If not for Leylin looting the Baltic archipelago and retrieving the materials meant for the wizard tower, as well as the Faulen Family’s investment from Port Venus, the wizard tower would not have been built so quickly.

“The main material for the wizard tower is granite and wizards’ alloy. It’s a total of 32 metres tall.” Ernest brought Leylin into the wizard tower, making introductions as they walked.

“The strengthening runes and defensive spell formation of the tower have been completed. The mithril and adamantite that you brought have been completely used up, and we’ve even had to buy a new batch. The tower itself has seven floors, with the basement, drawing room, storage room, laboratory, leisure room...” Ernest seemed to be very invested in the tower.

He abruptly pulled a large door open. It was empty and very dry. “This is the storage room. It can hold enough rations to last two hundred people a year. There’s eternal warmth and maintenance spell formations, so the food won’t go bad. You can cultivate fruits

and vegetables in the garden...

“Also, the spell formation connecting the four main elemental pools has been completed. Energy can be unceasingly drawn from the four elemental pools, and the pure water from the water elemental pool can create a water cycle...”

At this point, Ernest looked to be hesitating, but still spoke, “Also, based on what you said you wanted in the letter, the dimensional summoning spell formations and negative energy pools have been set up in the basement...”

As a traditional wizard, Ernest had a natural hatred for these things, but could not prevent this. Advancing from higher ranks to the realm of legendaries definitely required research in these two areas. He believed that Leylin knew to restrain himself and not deal with devils and demons, and was rather at ease.

“Of course, with your current strength and talent, you’ll be able to use these facilities within ten years...” Ernest spoke with confidence.

In his eyes, the strength Leylin displayed gave him a very good chance of becoming a high-ranked wizard within ten years. That speed alone would have been shocking.

After all, the advancement of wizards was not similar to other close combat professions or priests. There was a lot of accumulation required, which was also why many young wizards were weak.

“You didn’t call me here to discuss this, right master?” Leylin smiled. He had not placed his wizard ranking emblem at his chest. He hadn’t verified that he was rank 15 even in Silvermoon, so he was being treated like a rank 12 to 13 wizard. For Leylin’s age, that was already outstanding.

“Yes... uh... how do I explain this...” Ernest had a flush on his face.

“The structure of the tower has been completed. What’s next is vitalising the energy core and the constructing the tower genie...”

Ernest muttered, “You know that vitalising a tower requires at least a rank 7 spell, a high-ranked wizard is necessary... While we can discuss this after you’ve advanced, the safety of Port Venus is of immense importance. We have to activate it immediately...”

“I think we should consider inviting a high-ranked wizard to cast an Activate Intelligence spell. Of course, they’d have to join the Faulen Family, sign an oath with the Styx and hand over the tower afterwards. However, that would only be used for observation for a while. This level of strength alone will arouse the interest of many high-ranked wizards, and can greatly increase the number of trump cards we have... After all, a wizard above rank 15 is a true high-ranked spellcaster!”

Ernest was very inarticulate at the beginning, but he spoke smoothly later. The control of a wizard tower was a sensitive subject, and anyone would hope for their own people to have it.

Sadly, both he and Leylin were quite a distance away from meeting that requirement.

“While I’m still a low-ranked wizard, I never thought there’d come a day that a wizard’s tower would be right in front of me, yet I’d be unable to control it...” Ernest laughed wryly as he spoke.

“Bring me to the core room,” Leylin nodded calmly.

Upon hearing this, Ernest brought Leylin to the top floor and entered a narrow room, “Everything has been prepared. All that’s left is a high-ranked wizard who can cast a rank 7 spell...”

Ernest sighed, but it was followed by a look of surprise as Leylin walked to the core of the spell formation.

“Wha-what are you doing? Did you think you can start the tower?” Ernest was stunned as he watched Leylin place his hand on the core control crystal.

“While what you say makes sense, it’s too dangerous to let others control the wizard tower. Even with the restrictions from the oath, it can’t be guaranteed that the outsider won’t have their own methods. This could be fatal to the safety of the family’s land...” Leylin spoke.

While an oath to the Styx was binding, in his experience there were many ways to find loopholes. Of course, that would’ve been their course of action if left with a choice. However, he already met

the requirements, so why would he give the control of the tower away?

“Alright, alright, little Leylin... I know you’re not resigned to this, but... I! Oh, god...” Ernest had been advising him while finding this hilarious, but then gaped immediately after.

Chapter 925 - Activation

Powerful spell light shot forth from Leylin's body, to Ernest's shock. He'd only sensed this sort of terrifying, imposing aura and pressure from high-ranked wizards before.

Now, however, this had appeared on Leylin!

"A high- high-ranked wizard! Haha... I'm definitely dreaming! This is a dream, right?" He slapped himself so hard his face was swollen, but that didn't allow him to wake up. He could only choose to accept this reality grudgingly.

"A rank 7 intellectual activation spell?" Leylin had chosen to hide his energy undulations before, and Ernest obviously did not have the ability to see through it. Even high-ranked priests would not be able to discover it.

'While this spell can illuminate the entire wizard tower, the tower genie that's generated will only be a low-ranked kind which won't be all that intelligent. It won't be able to become a wizard's right hand man... Besides, I didn't memorise this rank 7 spell yesterday...' The spell slots of a wizard had to be prepared a day in advance. Leylin only had one rank 7 spell slot now, and he obviously wouldn't have saved Activate Intelligence.

However, with the numerous arcane models in his hand, Leylin now had more choices.

"The rank 7 arcane spell Activate Construct is better than the

rank 7 wizard spell...”

Arcanists naturally had their own wizard towers, and they had invented countless methods to activate them. Every genie born of their processes was far more exceptional than the alternative, so Leylin easily made his choice.

“In my name as Leylin Faulen, activate!” Leylin silently chanted in his mind, multi-coloured lights flashing at his hands. Through the crystal, it spread out.

“These energy undulations... This is definitely a rank 7 spell... But it doesn’t seem to be Activate Intellect!”

Ernest had yet to become a high-ranked wizard, and obviously could not tell the difference between an arcane spell and a wizard spell.

Arcane spells looked just like wizard spells on the surface, they just weren’t bound by the Weave. Forget Ernest, even if high-ranked wizards were here they wouldn’t have been able to see the difference.

The dazzling light first lit up the core control room, spreading in all directions. The four elemental pools began to rumble as they began to draw continuous streams of energy from the four great elemental planes.

Level after level of the wizard tower lit up, the powerful magic

light like bright torches in the darkness. A wondrous scene was created at Port Venus.

This wave was sensed by many powerful beings. Be it priests or other exceptional powers, everyone lifted their heads in the direction of the wizard tower, concentrating on the scene.

Bishop Xena of the Goddess of Wealth gazed at the wizard tower in the distance, looking stunned for a moment before regaining her usual calm. “I never expected that you’d already hired a high-ranked wizard to look over us in secret. Congratulations, Lord Baron, it looks like the security problems we were worried about can be set aside...”

“Oh, not at all...” Baron Jonas had a professional smile on his face. While he was saying something so modest, he was just as confused.

‘Where did Ernest find a high-ranked wizard to help out? I wasn’t even greeted before.’ The Baron couldn’t believe that a child like Leylin could advance to rank 15 either.

Many swears were uttered among the crowd at the port. Many shadows snuck out of the sewers, darkness, and even private houses, disappearing quickly from the harbour.

“Damn it! How did the Faulen Family activate the wizard tower so quickly? The intel isn’t accurate!”

“Leave quickly! The detection abilities of a wizard tower are not to be trifled with!” With the powerful suppression from the wizard tower, all the schemes of these people had failed disgracefully.

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Inside the wizard tower.

A hazy image of a girl’s face formed in the crystal. Her eyes gleamed as she smiled at Leylin, “Master!”

In more vulgar terms, the tower genie was the seed of the wizard who’d activated it. The natural brand extended deep, and changing the master of the tower was a troublesome matter.

“Alright. Report the operational state of the wizard tower!” Leylin commanded.

“Defensive spell formations completely activated. The four elemental pools are operating normally and have amassed 12.15% energy,” the female tower genie reported to him in a formal tone.

“Mm. Start the detection spell formation and set the scope to be Port Venus. The baron’s residence and city hall are to be inspected thoroughly. Immediately report any energy undulations above rank 10!”

“Understood!” The tower genie quickly carried out Leylin’s wishes.

Leylin then brought Ernest away from the core control room, layers of powerful lustre enveloping the area. Ernest seemed reluctant to leave. He knew that once the tower genie was activated, nobody could enter this place besides Leylin.

“What’s going on? When did you become a high-ranked wizard?” Ernest shouted after they returned to the drawing room, unable to hold himself back anymore.

“It’s a long story...” Leylin smiled slightly. The considerate tower genie then ordered for a few stone puppets to send over some cups of clear water. This potable water was sourced from the water elemental plane. Since it was a new construct, the daily commodities would only be moved here the next day. However, neither Leylin nor Ernest minded this.

“The stone puppets are at most comparable to rank 5 Professionals, which is a little low. They can only be used for odd jobs...” Leylin took a sip of the pure water that had a sweet taste.

After drinking all the cool water in front of him from the jar, Ernest finally regained his calm. However, his two eyes were firmly trained on Leylin, like huge searchlights, “Enough! You’d better give me an answer now!”

“Alright...” Leylin laughed wryly. He raised his hands in surrender before giving a brief account of his experiences. Of course, he withheld quite a bit and added some fake information. He was great at telling stories anyway, and many of the details

were still hair-raising.

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“So that means... my son has already become a high-ranked wizard...”

Leylin was inside the baron’s study room, left with no choice but to retell the story in front of the baron and his master.

“Yes! He really is a wizard genius. I don’t doubt his ability to become a legendary wizard at all! Who knew that I, Ernest, would be able to guide a legendary apprentice? The next time people see Leylin, they’ll first think: Oh! So it’s Leylin! The wizard that Ernest taught...”

Ernest was obviously immersed in his fantasies, while Baron Jonas was more practical.

“Good! I wouldn’t feel at ease handing over our family’s wizard tower anyone else anyway, so this is the best scenario...”

Leylin bowed. “Yes, father! However, please announce that you invited another high-ranked wizard to keep this secret. I would like to take this opportunity to help the family solve some issues at one go.”

“Do as you please. I support you all the way!” Baron Jonas found that he had nothing to say to Leylin. From childhood, his son had

never given him anything to worry about. Sometimes, he even wondered if this child of his was a genius or a freak.

“The port seems a lot more peaceful ever since the wizard tower began monitoring it...” Leylin sighed.

“That’s normal with a wizard tower,” Ernest rolled his shoulders back.

“I’m planning to leave for a period of time after this, I’ve handed most of the permissions of the wizard tower to master. There shouldn’t be any problem with controlling it for now... We should also begin to take in wizard apprentices from our territory...” Leylin stated his thoughts.

With the wizard tower and a high-ranked wizard around, there would be no difficulty in nurturing apprentices by themselves. Even Ernest would be able to do this well.

“Don’t worry. I discovered a few good seeds here, and only lacked resources and an environment to teach them...” Ernest’s eyes showed how emotional he was. If a high-ranked wizard could improve by using the wizard tower, the benefits to a middle-ranked wizard like him would definitely be immense.

It could be said that the existence of the wizard tower made him believe he had the opportunity to become a high-ranked wizard in his lifetime!

“Mm. I’ve also left behind some foundational and high-ranked wizard information in the wizard tower’s library. Master can take a look...” Be it Ernest’s advancement or gaining a few wizard apprentices from their territory, everything would increase their strength. Leylin would be more than happy for all this to happen.

“Information on wizards...” Ernest’s eyes brightened.

Meanwhile, Leylin was snickering inside. Though no wizard organisation would allow wizards who had studied with them to leak high-ranked information, wasn’t Silvermoon City already destroyed? Well then...

Still, he kept back the information for legendary wizards. It would be far too shocking, and Leylin did not want to get too much attention.

“Alright! Do you want to solve the issues with the Barbarians? The devils and demons? The churches? Do you need any help?” Baron Jonas muttered.

Leylin thought about it for a while. He then leaned his head to the side as he spoke, “The pirates first, then!”

Chapter 926 - Legendary Item

The Barbarians had once been Leylin's ally. However, with the defeat of Marquis Louis, the relationship between them had gradually turned into a competition. Leylin had no guilt whatsoever of beating them. If they had a chance, he was sure that they would do everything in their power to destroy his own organisation.

This was the law on the outer seas. Cruelty and logic prevailed, not allowing for a whit of emotion.

“Mm, the Barbarians are a large issue. When the imperial navy still existed, they lay low for a period of time. Now, though, they're suddenly appearing and even attacking our commercial groups!”

Any huge merchant would hate these pirates to the bone. Only nobles could plunder, how dare those barbarians steal their things? Although there was a bias here, this was the general thought process.

“Don't worry, they won't be active for long!” Leylin promised.

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“Good morning, Lord Wizard!”

In the blink of an eye, numerous days had passed. Within the wizard tower, a freckled girl saw Leylin approach and put down

the book in her hands, shyly greeting him.

“Good morning! Your name is... Dylia, right? Work hard!”

Leylin answered without thought, and the girl instantly turned red, “Yes! I’ll do that!”

Leylin was not surprised by her attitude. Her rough skin and hands full of calluses made it obvious that this apprentice was a commoner.

If not for Ernest finding her talent at wizardry by coincidence and Leylin just finishing his wizard tower, it was impossible for her to get here. However, with all these coincidences piling up, the girl’s fate had changed.

She was destined to work the fields, marry someone, endure the rough treatment of her husband, and rack her brains over her children. However, now there was another possibility. She could become a wizard, serving a noble master and changing her fate! This hope alone was enough for commoners to fight hard for.

As he thought about this, Leylin placed the spellbook he had copied into the shelves, and then left the library.

The wizard tower had become more lively. After gaining permissions to a few laboratories and a pass to go around most areas, Ernest had moved in and brought five or six apprentices. The tower had been constructed like a fort, so it could guard two

hundred people inside it for numerous years without much effort. It was completely possible for a few apprentices to live there, and even very comfortable.

Not bothering Ernest, who had become slightly deranged, Leylin came to the core smelting room at the upper levels.

“Tower genie, how’s the progress with the items?” Leylin asked indifferently.

A projection of the tower genie’s appearance formed, and it spoke to Leylin respectfully. “Master! The Red Dragon’s Sword has already been completed. What’s left is the last bits of processing and pyretic nourishment.”

“Good!” Leylin nodded, lips curving at an angle. He’d evidently thought of Ernest’s look when he gave him these legendary materials.

This was a dragon, a peak being in the World of Gods! Killing a legendary mature dragon required one to brave perilous dangers, and if not for the thousand elites and Tiff who was a legendary himself, it would’ve been basically impossible for Leylin to eliminate the red dragon. His life would probably have been lost as well.

Of course, once the dragon was successfully slain the profit was immense. Just the legendary materials from the red dragon was enough for any alchemic wizard to go green in envy.

“The Ring of Wizardry and a few other items before now give me very little benefits. I’ll need to crush the Barbarians as well, and things might be troublesome if I don’t have a few items I can use...”

Leylin came before a large petri dish, producing a red long sword from the silver solution. The slender blade of the sword emanated piercing light, and it had a beautiful arch. The hilt even had carvings of the red dragon. By design this was a sword for women, the draconic pride that was its motif causing a content smile to arise on Leylin’s lips.

The A.I. Chip projected the related information to Leylin. [Item Name: Red Dragon Sword. Length: 91.5cm. Weight: 2512g. Materials: Red Dragon Bones, Dragon Scales, Refined Metal. Item Effects: 1. Armour Break. 2. Sharpness. 3. Fireball (3 uses a day) Description: This is a sword made with materials from a legendary red dragon. Based on the categorisation of this world, it has entered the ranks of legendary items! This item has a terrifying sharpness and ability to pierce through armour. In the face of this sword, most defences are frail. The blade also seems to have a mysterious magic that thirsts to drink the scalding blood of its enemies.]

‘A legendary item? Not bad!’ Leylin nodded and wiped the sword clean. He then sheathed it in the dragonscale scabbard. This was not for him, but a gift for someone else.

With Leylin’s attainments as a grandmaster in alchemy in the Magus World, and mixed in with his skills of the World of Gods and the runes of the arcanists, there was no difficulty in creating legendary items.

‘But it consumes so much magic... I can only complete it with the help of the wizard tower...’ Leylin then headed to an area outside two glass rooms. Through the thick, reinforced crystal glass, he could see a dark red leather armour and a magic staff with a strange shape at the middle, enjoying the powerful force being channelled into them.

‘The effects of fusing alchemical methods from the two worlds has quite good...’ Leylin pondered over this once he witnessed the scene. If he were to do this based entirely on the methods in the World of Gods, creating a legendary item would require a lot of time. It would be astounding for him to make even one.

Now, however? The progress and innovation in production techniques was definitely a huge source of motivation for him. Leylin suddenly recalled something from his previous world and shook his head. Memories of that time were far too distant from him.

‘Perhaps the techniques there aren’t entirely useless. With my capabilities, I can begin to attempt fusing different laws together with various techniques. The antimatter experiment at the end would be very powerful even in the World of Gods...’

The A.I. Chip continued to twinkle, and the attributes of the two items were projected in front of Leylin.

[Item name: Dragon Armour (Incomplete) Weight: 1599 g.

Materials used: Dragon Leather, Dragon Scales, Siren's Hair, Rainbow Feathers. Magic Effect: Can materialise Mage Armour II twice a day. Description: This is a powerful defensive armour. As the leather of a legendary dragon was used in its making, it is immune to most low-ranked spells. It can also adapt well to the spells of a wizard.]

Though a legendary red dragon had a lot of leather, not much of it was the true, essential portion. Leylin had extracted the best parts to make this legendary armour, and the rest of the leather could only be used to make regular exemplary items, even if their defence wouldn't be too bad.

Leylin then focused on the staff in the alchemy room, which had a strange structure. It had slender red scales on its body, and at the head was something similar to a dragon's claw that held onto a large red crystal. Within it was the faint image of a red dragon, roars still resounding.

[Item name: Snarling Red Dragon Staff (Incomplete) Rank: Legendary 1. Length: 91.5cm. Weight: 3500g. Materials: Dragon Crystal, Dragon Soul, Dragon Bones, Dragon Blood, Dragon Scales.]

[Item Abilities: 1-Storage. This staff can store spell slots. Currently empty: Rank 7 (1), Rank 6 (3), Rank 5 (5) 2.Spell: Can materialise Dragon's Breath thrice a day. 3. Ability: Dragon Aura Domain. 4. Burning. By extracting the power of the

dragon soul, one can create a single-use legendary spirit attack (This will harm the dragon soul).]

[Description: This is a magic staff made entirely with materials from a legendary red dragon. Its creator has unreasonably confined the dragon's soul inside it, giving it unbelievable strength. However, this will lead to the hostility of the dragon race.]

It was evident that this Snarling Red Dragon Staff was the true star of the show. Many wizards would covet this legendary staff, but few would have the gall to use it. Even Leylin had made up his mind not to use it unless things were dire, and then he would silence those who saw it.

The dragon race in the World of Gods were quite powerful. Those ancient or primordial dragons were beings the gods themselves did not have the courage to provoke.

‘The essence of a legendary dragon gave me the materials for three legendary items.’ Leylin stroked his chin, ‘This is a very high yield. Other alchemist grandmasters would not be able to do this, and even I feel quite emotional...’

‘In addition... its bloodline seems to be quite useful...’ Even Leylin had to admit that everything on the legendary dragon's body was a treasure. It was no wonder that they were coveted by all sorts of races.

“These two legendary items should be enough to allow me enter the realm of legendaries...” Leylin was rather satisfied with his work. “Once they’re complete, I should head into the outer seas and settle debts with the Barbarians...”

Leylin’s eyes suddenly glinted with a chilly look. He had plans for the outer seas, and it would be a great foundation to build on in his ascent to godhood. No outsiders could get a share of this!

Chapter 927 - Dragon Warlock

For many sailors, the deep sea regions were fearsome areas comparable to the abyss and the nine hells. In the darkness under the peaceful blue surface were numerous strange sea monsters, greedily staring up at the ships. Or rather, at the beings on the surface.

If a ship was destroyed and a sea monster were to be around, there was basically no chance of survival. For sailors, those who had conquered the deep seas were the truly strong, worthy of reverence.

Night deepened, and the gloomy surface of the sea was like a terrifying monster opening its mouth, waiting for its chance to devour everything. Its peace was broken by a tremendous pirate fleet, cruising along with the might of a conqueror.

On the largest magically armoured ship was a crimson flag. The flag seemed to be dyed by blood, and had the symbol of a skull and dagger on it. In the Dambrath outer seas, this was a terrifying legend!

The Scarlet Tigers! They had wiped out the original Tigershark Pirates and Black Skeletons, and were a large-scaled pirate group that had taken over the outer seas.

It was rumoured that the leader of the Scarlet Tigers, the Scarlet Witch, was a demon of the abyss. She bathed in the fresh blood of the living, using their pumping hearts to maintain her strength

and beauty. At this point, the Scarlet Witch's name had even reached the mainland, terrifying little kids into tears at night.

This Scarlet Witch whose fearful name had spread far and wide was currently on deck, looking into the distance with a look of anticipation in her eyes.

“Long time no see, Cousin Isabel!” A dark figure descended from the skies like a night hawk, bringing with him furious winds.

Leylin observed his cousin, who seemed to have changed a lot yet not at all. She greeted him with a smile.

“So you only remember me now? It's been four years. Four whole years!” Isabel exclaimed maliciously, though her eyes seemed to be glimmering.

Afterwards, she yelled at the pirates who had been alerted, “What did you come out for? This isn't an invasion. Get back, or I'll hang you on the flagpole tomorrow for three whole days and then cut off your dick to go with some alcohol!”

It was evident that Isabel held high prestige here. After the roaring came the sounds of doors and windows closing.

“Hehe... you haven't changed at all.” Leylin rubbed his nose and laughed. Isabel was still the same as she had been years before, though her long golden hair become much shorter, and she was specifically hiding an area on her forehead.

“My lord!” “My lord!” A few other leaders rushed to the deck, looking emotional.

“Mm. Karen, Robin Hood, Ronald! Have you all been well?” Leylin called them by name, one by one.

“Gods, everything is going well!” Robin Hood had been a soldier of Leylin’s family, and was the first to speak.

“Good! Let us have a meeting after this.”

Isabel rudely sent the other leaders away and stared at Leylin, causing some fear. “Where’s my gift?”

“This?” Leylin laughed wryly and produced the Red Dragon Sword. “I think it suits you well. I already told you when we talked...”

Rumble! Isabel didn’t even listen till the end. The moment she saw the dragonscale scabbard, her eyes twinkled with a wondrous look. She was almost barbaric as she snatched the sword from Leylin’s hands before moving back.

Roar! A slight draconic aura burst out, accompanied with the enraged howls and roars of a dragon. Red light flashed on the blade, bringing with it traces of flames.

“Legendary! A legendary item that has even gone through an excellent enchantment!” Isabel had been a pirate for many years, and her judgement was much better than before. She saw through it instantly.

“What do you think? Do you like it?” Leylin asked.

“It’s mine!” This question didn’t need answering. Just Isabel’s expression alone was enough.

“Mm, it’s good that you like it. Also, we have some things to discuss. Shall we go to your room?” Leylin suggested, and he saw the flush that rose on her face. He could not help but rub his nose awkwardly, feeling like he had been impudent.

However, Isabel still did as Leylin wished and brought him to her bedroom. The pink curtains, the canopy, the crimson carpet, and works of art with varying styles mixed together to form a unique look. These were all the treasures that Isabel had stolen.

A pungent incense entered Leylin’s nostrils, concealing the smell of the sea. Females were obviously more attentive than males.

“Actually, I’ve come prepared to solve the issues with the Barbarians in one go. Odge and Tillen seem to be stepping out of line lately...” Leylin’s eyes were trained on Isabel, “But by the looks of it, there’s something more important that we have to deal with now.”

He went forward, lightly pushing away her fringe. A few strange scales had already appeared at the edge of the girl's fair forehead.

"Has the demonification already come that far?" Leylin frowned slightly.

"Don't worry about it. I'm actually feeling the summons from the abyss even more. Who knows, I might just fall at any moment..." Isabel had a resolute look on her face.

"Mm, I feel that as well. But this doesn't seem difficult to solve!" Leylin stroked his chin, and saw the hope in her eyes.

"Well, do you trust me?" Leylin sincerely looked into her eyes.

"Who if not you?" Isabel lowered her head.

"Good!" With a flick of Leylin's finger, a barrier silently appeared. "I need you to cooperate with me fully and do as I tell you to, alright?" he instructed her carefully, a test tube containing golden-red blood appearing in his hands.

"Mm!" Isabel nodded her head slightly, suddenly blushing a little.

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The morning sun rose from the east, shining golden ripples

looking like fish scales on the sea's surface.

“How do you feel?” Leylin looked to be slightly tired, though his eyes were still bright.

“I feel... better than I ever have before!” Isabel touched her forehead. The scales had disappeared, and her original short golden hair had turned a dark red like fire.

“Thankfully, you didn't choose to sell your soul and were only corrupted by the demonification. That can be concealed and neutralised with a more powerful bloodline...” Leylin evaluated.

“I never thought you could even transform people into sorcerers!” Isabel looked towards Leylin, as if remembering something embarrassing from the night before, and lowered his head. In front of her cousin, she truly no longer had any secrets.

“Not a sorcerer, but a Warlock! A Dragon Warlock!” Leylin corrected her.

“Warlock?!” Isabel tested out this word, “I've never heard of it before...”

“I've combined the legendary red dragon's blood with your body. From hereon, you will control the power of the red dragon, and can even awaken magic abilities!” Leylin had no plans to explain further and handed a meditation technique to Isabel. “You can try training in this ‘Dragon King's Mystic Might’ in the future. It will

do you good...”

“Dragon King’s Mystic Might? Do sorcerers— no, Warlocks need to train?” Isabel expressed her confusion.

“Of course!” Leylin nodded sternly.

This Dragon King’s Mystic Might was obviously not the high-grade meditation technique Leylin had gained in Twilight Zone. It was one he’d refined with that as a foundation. Leylin had actually found information on it from the ruins of the arcanist, and with the A.I. Chip’s help integrated the two.

It could be said that with the meditation technique and bloodline modification, Isabel now had the potential to surpass sorcerers! In addition, the blood of the legendary red dragon would be enough to suppress the demonification for a long time.

“Alright! Let’s go meet your cute underlings!” Leylin got up to leave, and Isabel followed closely behind. For high-ranked Professionals like them, a night without rest was no issue at all.

Pulling the door open, they arrived at the deck and saw the dubious smiles on the faces of Robin Hood, Karen and the others. Evidently, news of Leylin spending a night in her room had spread and given rise to some associations.

Unexpectedly, Isabel had not gotten mad but instead rejoiced inside. However, she still glared at them icily.

“Alright! There’s a lot to do, so let’s discuss it over breakfast!” Leylin had long since passed the age of caring about this, and waved his arms with vigour, bringing everyone to the dining room.

Making use of this opportunity, he got more familiar with the leaders under Isabel. He knew some of them very well, but was complete strangers with some others. They must have joined some time after he left.

“We’ve been developing well in these few years, especially after the imperial navy left. There are no opposing organisations left in the outer seas...” Isabel spoke with pride, “We now have twenty large warships with over 1500 men...”

“Mm, you did very well!” Leylin listened closely and got a better understanding of the recent growth of the Scarlet Tigers, “How about the Barbarians?”

At the mention of this, Isabel immediately turned grim.

Chapter 928 - Conspiracy

“Those darned barbarians are the only forces with the guts to oppose us. Half a month ago, they even launched a surprise attack on one of our fleets and sunk three of our pirate ships...” Isabel looked glum, “Also, they even control Pirates’ Cove. We’re barred entry!

“That’s not all. I have a feeling that they have something to do with the cause of turmoil in the outer seas recently. I mean the power of the abyss and hell, as well as the church of the God of Murder...” The half-drow assassin, Karen, supplied.

The female assassin had hidden her aura and would now be a Professional of at least rank 10. Now, she was impatient to show off in front of Leylin. This was obviously inappropriate, and under Isabel’s gaze Karen quickly fell back.

“Interesting... Interesting...” Leylin sat upright. His devilish ability to grasp the hearts of others allowed him to understand his underlings’ state of mind easily.

‘Karen... She was discriminated against because of her background and prior relations with me. What is she trying to show me? That’s not all... I have a feeling that she’s hiding something. This anxiety... is her race trying to rely on me for protection...?’

Leylin sent her a cursory glance, but this only made the half-drow nervous.

“My– My apologies, master!” The half-drow apologised miserably, tears almost flowing from her eyes. Leylin’s nonchalant gaze seemed to look straight into her heart, causing her little schemes and calculations to disappear.

The half-drow suddenly had a thought, ‘Perhaps even the matriarchs in the Underdark don’t have such terrifying gazes...’

“Isabel is the person I’ve assigned power. Before she gives permission, none of you are to speak out. Is that understood?” Leylin’s voice was low, “If this happens again...”

“No, I swear! I promise that there will never be another time!” Karen immediately knelt down, kissing the back of Isabel’s hand. “Please forgive me...”

“Forget it.” Isabel nodded. Leylin’s attitude satisfied her, and that was enough.

There had been a slight mishap with the female assassin, but after that the scope of the discussion returned to the Barbarians.

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Pirates’ Cove.

Though the imperial navy had tried to wipe out this place several

times, Pirates' Cove still showed no signs of weakening.

Due to the Faulen Family quickly taking over trade of the Baltic Archipelago, the original golden shipping routes had not been abandoned. There were still merchant ships with all sorts of wealth on them travelling here, and the environment after the chaos of war made this a playground for pirates. Pirates' Cove even showed signs of gaining more prosperity.

In a secret room in the barbarian inn. The Barbarians' leader, Odge, was seated imposingly with the eternally beautiful Madam Tillen at his side. Now, however, her eyes were wary, and the fox tail at her back had been tucked in. Her fur stood on end, as if she was on her guard against some terrifying enemy.

Facing these two was a young noble with a head of black hair wearing gentlemanly attire.

"Well then... are the two of you interested in my proposition?" The young noble had a kind smile on his face, the manners showing his noble education. It felt refreshing, but Madam Tillen did not seem to be at ease.

This was because the youth in front of her was a devil! Compared to those evil beasts that specialised in seducing human souls and leading to their fall, the barbarians and goblins were great people.

To Madam Tillen's knowledge, devils were always the synonyms of swindling and craftiness. This made her even more vigilant. The young noble in front of her did not seem to notice her fluctuating

thoughts, and still continued on coolly, “Based on what I know, the genius wizard and successor of the Faulen Islands, Leylin Faulen, has returned. He also seems to have roped in some external support and activated their wizard tower, making Faulen Island a natural stronghold...”

A port with a wizard tower guarding it was entirely different from one without. Even Odge began to look grim. Leylin had become a high-ranked wizard in the Netheril Ruins, and had met with the chaos of war with the orcs. There was no way to determine his ranking. Naturally, this news did not spread.

“Leylin...?” Madam Tillen suddenly thought back to that little imp that had repeatedly caused her trouble, and could not help but tighten her grip.

He was like the devil in front of her, they were all very elegant and slippery characters. When it came to their own profits, they would never budge.

‘No... Leylin Faulen, the heir of the Baron, seems to be more terrifying than this devil...’ This thought suddenly rose in Tillens mind. This was a woman’s intuition. There was no reason at all, and she frowned.

“Not only does he have large armed fleets, he also has help from the pirates. On top of that, with the Faulen Family’s current status, they obviously would wish to attack the pirates in the outer seas to ensure that trade routes and trading remain unimpeded. Hence, you shall be their first target. You need my strength!”

The young devil spoke slowly, traces of darkness flashing in his eyes. Meanwhile, he was also astonished at the pressure the return of this noble caused to these two. It was above his expectations.

“Your name.” At this moment, Odge suddenly rose from his seated position and watched this devil from above.

“Neville! You can call me Neville. I would be happy to serve you...”

The devil named Neville had a sincere smile on his face. Behind his handsome features that could cause young noble ladies to go crazy Madam Tillen saw a poisonous snake. She could not help but shiver.

Blood-red flames rose, and the young devil bowed elegantly, disappearing with the teleportation flames. After determining that he had left, Madam Tillen set up an isolation spell formation.

“I think... We shouldn’t work together with devils. You know how they are...” Madam Tillen had a worried look, expressed with her eyebrows.

“We have no choice! Leylin’s faction is too powerful. We can’t go against them.” Odge spoke seriously, resulting in a wry look on Madam Tillen’s face. When it came to the strength of pirates, the Barbarians had no fear regardless of how the Scarlet Tigers emerged as a force to be reckoned with.

However, the Faulen Family was not just about the pirates! With their trade control and immense wealth, they'd rapidly set up terrifying armed fleets surpassing even Louis' old ones. They were nobles, and in the name of protecting the shipping routes Leylin could openly expand his forces without restriction. Soon, it would surpass what Pirates' Cove could control.

In the face of the purge on the surface and in the shadows, the Barbarians' might in the outer seas had already begun to plunge. While it wasn't a devastating decline, it wasn't anything good.

At the very least, mobilising another Pirates' Tide was impossible.

"The benefits of the Barbarians in the outer seas are never to be seized by outsiders. Never!" Odge thundered, his gigantic enchanted sabre seeming to sense its owner's feelings and beginning to buzz along.

Odge was not just the captain of the Barbarians. He was also the protector of the barbarian race! The entire barbarian race relied on his protection to survive, which was why he would not fall back now.

"Dearest! I will help you. Even if it will send me down to hell, I'll go there with you." Madam Tillen had a tender look in her eyes as she hugged Odge's arm.

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Just as the scene was beginning to get comfortable and soft, Madam Tillen's body suddenly trembled, rays of high-ranked communication spells shining.

"There's another guest! It's a priest from the God of Murder's church!" She quickly rubbed eyes.

"Let him in." Odge was blunt.

Soon enough, they saw the emissary. He was an old friend, the priest Leylin had seen in the Thieves' Guild.

"I've brought the newest information regarding that devil!" It had to be said that when it came to scouting out information, the bunch of people under Cyric had exceptional talent.

"Speak!" Madam Tillen's expression was icy.

"While we aren't sure what their main body is, we can be certain that Neville comes from an organisation in the third hell..." The priest spoke slowly.

"The third hell? Is he the underling of the master of greed, Mammon?" She looked to be deep in thought. Mammon, or whatever it was, wasn't the devil's real name. It was only something similar to a nickname, and calling it would not alert him in any way.

“Yes! The continent has been noisy lately. The devils in the Dambrath Kingdom seem to have gone through some reshuffling of power, and it’s said that this has to do with the disappearance of Beelzebub...”

The church of the God of Murder seemed to have worked with the Barbarians more than once, to the point that they even shared such classified information.

“Also... We are working hard on making inquiries regarding the location of the Scarlet Tiger and where they get their supplies. I’m sure that there will be results in the near future! Under the gaze of my god, everything they do is clear as day!”

The priest’s eyes were bloodshot, and he looked a little sinister. This quickly dissipated.

“Sigh... Even the God of Murder can’t be trusted...” After the priest left, Madam Tillen lamented, looking worried.

“Could it be that powerful greater gods have fallen to the lower planes like in the rumours... This is truly a period of great unrest...”

Chapter 929 - Emissary

Cyric was an ancient and very famous god. His divinities were in murder and conspiracy, and he was a powerful greater god. He was an ancient god that had even outlived the dusk of the gods! It was said that he knew numerous ancient stories, and had an undefined relationship with the gods, though it was one more of hate.

However, there was a strange rumour in the past few hundred years. It was that this god had gone insane, and was even becoming a demon. This deviancy could be like a matter of life and death for the gods.

Such a situation was growing more and more obvious in recent times. He was sending down all sorts of contradictory prophecies, and the priests could not get used to it.

“Sigh... the God of Murder has gone insane! The orcs in the north are building an empire, and there are traces of devils and demons in Dambrath and on the outer seas... Perhaps only the dark ages are comparable to this...” Madam Tillen sighed.

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“I see a future with devils and demons around...” On the Scarlet Tiger, Leylin observed a crystal ball on soft goose leather padding. He was in a dark cabin, and there was a complicated look in his eyes.

Using the power of magic to foresee the future was something

only astrologers and oracles could do. They had their own methods — Some used tarot cards, while others used the trajectories of celestial bodies.

Arcanists had a similar skill, and with his experience in the Magus World Leylin could do so as well.

“The opponent’s main forces should be in Pirates’ Cove. We will obtain absolute victory in this operation, and we’ll find traces of a devil there...” Leylin put the crystal ball down and used a white silk cloth to wipe at his hands, speaking with conviction..

“I think there’s something wrong with you...” Isabel was reclined on the door, looking like a loyal bodyguard, her eyes now filled with curiosity, “I don’t remember you training in prophecies. Also, the oracles don’t do as you do...”

“Hehe... This is a method I saw in Silverymoon. Don’t think too much into it...” Leylin laughed slightly. While the fact that he had become a high-ranked wizard was a secret, he had already told Isabel about it, giving her confidence.

Marquis Louis had been able to do as he wished in the outer seas with just the power of a high-ranked wizard as well. He had also absorbed the Black Skeletons and Tigershark Pirates, pushing the Barbarians to the brink. If not for Leylin’s appearance, he would probably have become the sole tyrant of the outer seas.

“But things are different now! The disaster of the Pirates’ Tide has attracted the attention of too many powerful beings...” Leylin

sighed. The outer seas had not been developed that much in the past, and the terrain and organisations were very simple. A barbarian tribe was already terrific then.

However, in current terms, they were nothing. This was why Leylin was a little uneasy, attempting to predict the future.

While the World of Gods' ability to screen this type of spells was too powerful, gods and legendary beings could do this easily. Leylin did not believe that the Barbarians could do the same.

“That’s good then...” Isabel was all smiles as she spoke, before her expression abruptly changed.

Rumble! Kachak! A slight noise sounded, along with voices of the pirates’ distress.

“Seems like they found something on the deck... Let’s go...” Leylin smiled as he followed Isabel to the deck. At this moment, the pirates were circled around two figures.

One of the two was Karen, while the other was an assassin dressed in black form-fitting clothing. Sharp blades clashed endlessly, and the winds they produced left the pirates with no courage to go forward.

“Karen, stop playing around!” Leylin tapped his finger, and a terrifying cone of flames blasted forward, accurately hitting one of the figures. The raging flames immediately devoured it.

“That was just a puppet,” Leylin look towards the mast, “Is that right?”

“Hoo hoo! As expected of the one who established the Scarlet Tigers and defeated Marquis Louis, Sire Leylin!” Laughter that sounded like an owl could suddenly be heard, and a distortion emerged from the side of the mast to form a human figure.

“We meet again, Lord Leylin! Let me introduce myself. This humble servant is Arfo, a priest of the mighty God of Murder. We met once at Pirates’ Cove!”

Arfo was currently dressed impeccably like a priest. It was unknown when he had arrived on Leylin’s ship.

“How dare you!” Karen had noticed that the figure in the flames had disappeared, revealing the original appearance of a high-ranked illusion and turned grim.

“Wait!” Just as Karen was about to charge forth, Isabel beamed as she pulled her back.

“You must be very gutsy, huh? How dare you play tricks on my people?” Isabel stared at Arfo, her eyes narrowing dangerously.

“The great name of the Scarlet Witch has spread in the open seas. I never thought it would be such a beautiful lady,” Arfo looked to be somewhat intoxicated.

“Good, good!” Isabel took two steps forward, a smile on her face. All of a sudden, she made her move. The Red Dragon Sword was instantly unsheathed, and faint draconic roars sounded out.

A tremendous spiritual force field extended and caused all the pirates to back off, while the priest looked alarmed, “Dragon aura!”

The fiery-red sword produced a clear cry, flames spilling over in the air.

Hss! The priest took several steps backwards, looking terrified at the charred marks on his wrist.

“Karen is one of mine. It’s not up to you to bully her!” Isabel looked to have no intentions to kill him and slowly sheathed her sword with a snort. This immediately gave rise to gratitude in Karen’s eyes, as well as some shame.

“I never thought the Scarlet Witch wasn’t a demon sorcerer. You’re someone who inherited the blood of bloodline of a red dragon, and even have a legendary item!!” Arfo looked somewhat awkward while pondering over this.

Such a huge difference caused him to flare up at the thieves that had collected this information,

‘While there’s a similarity between demonification and becoming

a red dragon, it shouldn't be to this extent. They should be killed!' Just a slight deviation or mistake in intel could cause irreversible consequences. Such a huge change immediately put Arfo on his guard.

"Who do you represent?" Leylin asked while snickering inside. Using Isabel's status as a Dragon Warlock to hide her demonification had also been one of his plans. After all, red dragon sorcerers also had the ability to manipulate flames and grow scales. This would be enough to confuse people.

Demons were beings the churches would always crack down on ruthlessly. It was better not to have dealings with them. Sorcerers, on the other hand, were fine. Most importantly, Leylin had not explained anything himself. Everything had been assumed.

"I come representing the will of my god!" Arfo looked serious as he spoke.

"Do you have a prophecy from the mighty God of Murder?" Leylin looked at him, a teasing glint in his eyes. However, that only scared Arfo.

"N- No, but our bishop has recieved intent from my god!" When it came to his faith, Arfo naturally did not dare lie as he recalled the order he had received.

'Have the outer seas descend into chaos? Just for a massacre, you provoke the two largest pirate groups? What kind of joke is this? Damn it... Ever since the bishop received god's grace, he's become

more irritable and crazy...' However, as a subordinate, he had no right to make any suggestions and could only carry out the orders of his superior.

"Since it's the intention of the church, let's have a listen shall we?" Leylin brought Arfo to a meeting room. The pirates automatically stood at two sides, eyes trained on Arfo. It was as if the moment Leylin gave the order, they would chop him into mincemeat, and that gave him immense pressure.

"Well then, emissary, what are your suggestions?"

"The dark world of the outer seas needs to be unified. We believe that the Scarlet Tigers are more suitable for this than the Barbarians." Arfo did his best to suppress the fluctuations in his heart, saying words he did not mean. Wizards could easily detect any changes in mind or mood, and he would be seen through.

"... To show our sincerity, we are willing to provide intel regarding the Barbarians and help you achieve victory..." Arfo placed a sheepskin scroll on the table as he spoke.

"Oh?!" Leylin found this hilarious as he took a look. This was an exquisite map of the sea, marking out the location where the Barbarians resupplied. One large island had obvious blood-red marks.

"These are the areas where the Barbarians resupply. The last mark is where the barbarian tribe resides." Arfo glanced at Leylin and spoke with confidence.

“The island where the barbarian tribe stays?” Isabel gasped, “Are you trying to create a lasting enmity with the Barbarians?”

“Since you’re already enemies, why not take it to the extreme?” Arfo spread his arms like a scoundrel.

“Haha... haha...” After a long period of silence, all he was met with was Leylin’s crazed laughter, “You said it well. You said it well! Since we’re already enemies, how about we take it to the extreme?”

Just as a smile bloomed on Arfo’s face, something happened...

Chapter 930 - Island

“Kill him,” Leylin indifferently waved his arm, as if he were chasing a house fly away.

“Why?” Arfo’s expression immediately changed, his body flashing with the undulations of a teleportation scroll.

However, the bright light shattered immediately, leaving him in despair. Numerous weapons struck out. One filled with red qi, which was almost on par with a legendary dragon, immediately made mincemeat out of this emissary.

Only after they subconsciously acted did the pirates respond, bodies beginning to tremble slightly. Dear gods! They had actually killed the priest of an actual deity! While the pirates were capable of anything evil under the sun, they still held reverence for the gods.

“Isn’t this just a priest? If he’s dead, he’s dead. There’s something more terrifying than this to deal with next...” Leylin clapped his hands indifferently. Red flames descended and burnt the body to ashes, causing the pirates to feel as if they were in a dream.

“So, his information was false?” Isabel’s attention was on something else.

“No, the information is true.” Leylin shook his head and rolled the map up, “Give this to our navigator and have him go on the

offensive while we head along this route.”

“You still...” Isabel found herself unable to keep up with her cousin’s thoughts.

“While the map is real, he has malicious intent. I have enough strength now, so I have no choice but to kill him!” Leylin laughed as he spoke, his eyes cold.

He had been too weak during the Pirates’ Tide, and had even needed help from the Barbarians and the Thieves’ Guild. At that time, he had to tolerate these people’s sneaky actions. But things were different now: he was a high-ranked wizard and an arcanist, far exceeding others of the same rank.

He had Tiff under him who had legendary strength, and Isabel had become a Dragon Warlock which allowed her strength to increase rapidly. While her bloodline limited her, it wasn’t an issue until she became legendary herself.

On top of that, the Faulen Family was not the same as before. They might not rule the outer seas, but their power controlled most of the seas’ regions.

With such strength, Leylin was the king through and through. Was there a need to make compromises?

On top of that, if the priests of the God of Murder truly were powerful, why would they still scheme and plot to stir up more

tension between the two sides and not take over this region themselves?

Hence, Leylin was sure that they did not have favourable impressions of neither himself nor the Barbarians, and should be making plans to eliminate them all at one go.

“The God of Murder...” Leylin used the A.I. Chip and instantly found all the information regarding this greater god.

‘While he is very old, he’s known for being temperamental. There have been recent rumours that he’s going insane. Given that he’s like this, he will probably find it difficult to react quickly even if a branch with a bishop in charge were annihilated... Also...’

Leylin looked through the description displayed on the A.I. Chip’s screen, a look of fear flashing across his face.

‘He once fought with Distorted Shadow and announced that he killed this great rank 8 Magus...’ Leylin now had a profound understanding of the might of Distorted Shadow. It was impossible for him to fall so easily at this god’s hands.

‘Things started changing from that time. Cyric started to become more insane and unreasonable...’ Leylin stroked his chin, looking to be deep in thought, ‘Was he seriously injured in battle, causing the change in temperament, or was he tricked by Distorted Shadows and affected by the power of distortion?’

While the dusk of gods was over, the shadow Magi left behind in the World of Gods were not easily dispersed.

‘Whatever it is, the claws that the God of Murder extended into the outer seas must be cut off!’ Leylin decided and announced, “Let us set off!”

The tremendous Scarlet Tiger thundered, like a deep sea giant monster advancing to a battlefield.

Such a huge movement of the Scarlet Tigers had naturally attracted the attention of many organisations in the outer seas. The Barbarians had also assembled all their warriors in Pirates’ Cove, and a life or death battle was coming up between these groups. This would determine the ruler of the outer seas.

Such an enormous change immediately made many people fear the consequences. They knew full well that no matter the winner, this would be doomsday for them.

Even more crazed beings were making preparations in the shadows, hoping to get some benefits from the battle. They hoped to wipe out the two large pirate organisations so that they could become the kings of the dark world!

“He killed my child, Arfo!”

Rumble! The flames suddenly rose several times in size, reflecting the distorted face of the bishop underground.

“Y- Yes, my lord!” The thief’s voice quivered as he made the report. Ever since the bishop had gotten their god’s grace, his personality had also been affected. He had become very stubborn... and crazy!

For instance, the bishop would definitely not provoke the two pirate groups into a deathmatch to wipe them out together before.

“Hah... how despicable... I want to kill him. Kill Leylin!” In the hidden room was a statue of Cyric. There seemed to be a layer of dark red smoke around it, causing some changes. At times, the bishop looked sinister standing under the statue, and at other times poised. He was basically a madman.

“Hehe... It’s also good that he’s dead. Arfo should have gone to hell long ago. He did well, because that’s saved me a lot of trouble!”

“My-My lord, I’ll take my leave now!” Seeing the bishop in this state was also very stressful for the thief. He reported all this with fear, trying to shuffle backwards.

“Since Arfo is dead, why are you alive?” The bishop turned back, glaring at the thief. His gaze was so chilly the thief felt like he’d fallen into a house of ice.

“No, that’s none of my business, my lord!” Knowing that things did not spell well for him, the thief turned and ran, but it was too late.

The black flames rumbled around and swept through the area, enveloping the thief and causing him to squeal like a dying pig.

Seeing the thief gradually disappearing in the flames, a sick smile appeared on the bishop's face. After he was done executing the thief, he knelt before the statue and lowered his head, beginning to pray, "Keke... Soon, my master. I will sacrifice more flesh and souls to you!"

The statue gazed at the bishop below coldly, the dark red rays around it becoming more dazzling...

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"It's Fire Slave Island. This is it!" It was impractical to get the pirate fleet to completely encircle the island. However, with the help of magic, it was not difficult to seal off a few shipping routes.

Leylin gazed at a completely red island through his telescope, one that had a volcano on it.

"Based on the intel, Odge's barbarian tribe should be staying back and increasing their numbers here..." He put the telescope down.

"All fighters are to leave the boat. We will massacre this place!" he ordered.

One could be completely unscrupulous in war, but this was still taboo. Leylin would not have the courage to do such a thing in the past. The moment he did, the other party would also head over to Port Venus and attack his family. Now, however, he had the wizard tower. Leylin even hoped Odge would take the initiative, and seek his own death at Port Venus.

The order was sent down quickly. Numerous pirates got on little boats and headed to the shore like ants.

“Robin Hood, Ronald, Karen.” Leylin spoke more slowly.

“Boss!” Robin Hood came to Leylin’s side and respectfully waited for instructions.

“Take the fleet and leave. Only come when I send out the signal!” Leylin ordered.

He could tell that once news of him attacking this area got out, the Barbarians would definitely pounce here like madmen. When the time came, Leylin definitely did not want his pirate fleet to be damaged.

It would be too troublesome to attack Pirates’ Cove, so if he could draw the opponent out here, why not?

“I can’t even imagine the heat and terrible environment here. Why did the Barbarians choose this place?” Isabel cut apart the vines blocking her way. There were broad green-leaved plants that

dropped dew with a pungent smell. It caused her to frown.

“These barbarians migrated here. The safety of the tribe is of the utmost importance. Since you think they won’t like this place, they can do as they wish...” Leylin explained.

He had nothing to worry about once they were on the large island. As long as he knew the general location, large life force undulations couldn’t be hidden from him.

“Boss! We’ve encountered resistance on a mountain pass up ahead. It’s barbarians!” A pirate said, having just run over.

“Kill him, we don’t need prisoners.” Leylin nodded indifferently. The pirates wouldn’t mind killing them even if they were the same race, much less people of another.

Soon enough, Leylin passed through the stronghold and saw the ground full of barbarian corpses. Many wounds were still leaking blood, and these ones looked smaller and weaker than average.

“Seems like these are the old and weak, females and children. Odge must have pulled all the strong youths to his crew.” Leylin nodded, no longer having any doubts about destroying the tribe.

Honestly speaking, Odge was a very wise leader. Not only did he resolutely bring his race to the outer seas, he had also survived tenaciously. A tribe like this needed external help and resources to develop, and for that reason they were forced into piracy.

He was very capable, able to mould them into one of the three large pirate groups in the outer seas and even gain control of Pirates' Cove. It was a pity that he was in Leylin's way. His only fate was to be purged...

Chapter 931 - Altar

The raging flames continued to blaze. The piercing screams and wails never ended, accompanied by the roars and manic laughter of pirates.

Barbarian corpses piled up in this place one after the other, the blood splitting to form little streams. Once Leylin decided to attack this place, the Barbarian tribe was completely done for.

As Odge had taken most of the strong and the young, all that were left behind were a bunch of frail, elderly, female or children beings. It could be said that in front of these vicious pirates, resistance was pointless.

“This barbarian tribe seems to hold some secrets...” Leylin touched his chin, a devilishly charming smile on his face as he arrived at the heart of the tribe.

The sacrifices were made here, but it was to some unknown god. A large piece of obsidian was carved into a firm altar, on which there was a large animal skin flag and strange crimson runes.

In front of the altar were a few struggling barbarians, all of them unbelievably old.

“You of another race, do not come here!” they exclaimed. They were so frail they looked like reeds. A few youths next to them held on to the last spears and weapons they had, trembling as they aimed at the invader with eyes full of fear.

“A barbarian priest? A sorcerer?” Leylin watched these barbarians who already had one foot in the grave and sensed the power of their bloodlines. He could not help but nod to himself.

“Scram!” Arcane spells burst forth, forming terrifying large elemental hands that tore the few sorcerers into shreds. Their stubborn resistance was futile, and such strength instantly left them at a loss.

A few arcane fireballs rumbled forth, burning the rest of the barbarians to ashes. Leylin stepped over the corpses to arrive at the altar, nothing in his way.

“Spirit? Soul? Or is it without a conscient...” As he felt around the coarse notches carved into the stone, Leylin closed his eyes.

‘Are these barbarians trying to gather divinity with the power of their community?’ With tons of experience, Leylin immediately saw through their plans. The power of faith far exceeded extraordinary force. With years of worship and sacrifice, this place had already begun to develop traces of a primal power.

The altar had strong faith within it. There were spirits of powerful beings mixed in, those who had died over time, and the foundation was currently very firm. Just a bit more time could really have given birth to divinity.

This was how many ancient tribal gods had been born. A high-ranked barbarian could use this bit of divinity to cross the

threshold of becoming legendary. They could even become a demigod with their advance, combining that with their faith to ignite godfire.

As he too had plans to become a god, Leylin could comprehend this thought process.

“As for the person chosen to become a god, it should be Odge, or do they have another powerful pawn? How ambitious...” Leylin stroked his chin.

There had always been many intelligent people in this world. As the outer seas did not have the attention of too many gods yet, becoming a god in the outer seas was much less difficult than in the continent. For this reason, Odge had set his sights on this area, which coincided with Leylin’s plan.

“Is this a god of the barbarian race? With how weak the outer seas are, a demigod would immediately unify the place, making it a playground for the barbarians...”

Leylin’s eyes glinted, “Very creative, but it’s a pity that you met me.”

Leylin had long since treated the outer seas of Dambrath as his territory. While the barbarians had their own plans, he would have to disappoint them.

“The spirits are valiant, guarding the tremendous power of faith

and soul origin tightly.” Leylin observed the obsidian carvings and animal skin runes, an unenthusiastic look on his face, “Seems like every barbarian that dies will return to this place...”

This was the hope of a race! In the World of Gods, a race without protection from a god would not have a future. Mixed with their hot-bloodedness and sacrifices, it was both inspiring and tragic.

Leylin shut his eyes, and he felt like these spirits had encircled him. A tremendous malicious intent descended, “Scram! Scram!”

This was no illusion, but the power of rejection from the altar itself.

“Tsk tsk... How powerful does the unified heart of an entire race get, with blood sacrifices urging it on?

“Such strength! I wish to defeat it. I shall strike down the ascension of your race, and crush your hopes completely!”

A deep and dark power could instantly be seen in Leylin’s eyes.

“Devour!” Leylin willed it, and the altar creaked like it couldn’t bear the weight. The ground began to shake as if there was an earthquake, creating numerous dark holes.

Heat! Lunacy! Energy that was filled with soul force surged out from the altar like a tsunami.

“Mm...” Leylin’s expression was incomparably sinister for an instant, all sorts of emotions flashing in his eyes. The barbarian spirits were extremely crazed and vengeful, launching forth with all sorts of snarls and counterattacks as they began their last struggle.

It was a pity that this was a minor issue for Leylin. After all, he was experienced with souls.

“Hss...” The phantom of a Targaryen emerged in Leylin’s mind, and in one mouthful devoured the numerous souls and consciences. In the face of Leylin’s soul origin, the attack from these valiant souls were as weak as ants.

Varied soul force burst forth as they shattered, carrying berserk emotions and numerous memory fragments.

“A soul is a small matter. The issue is that there’s still these berserk emotions within the soul force...” Leylin sighed.

The basic requirement to absorb divinity was that one was legendary, and this was not without reason. Those who were yet to cross that threshold wouldn’t even be able to live through the attacks of these souls.

“God... I pray that you protect our barbarian race!” “You must make the barbarians the most powerful race!” “Please ensure the survival of the barbarians...” “I want to have meat. I want meat everyday...”

Such chaotic thoughts appeared in Leylin's mind that they could cause a regular person to go mad. Even someone with legendary strength could acquire a mental disorder, the chaotic soul energy causing cracks in their memories.

However, Leylin had the A.I. Chip. He also had prior experience in this area, and his own soul origin was near rank 7. He could still take this.

“Hss...”

“I am the limitless Jörmungandr, the master that devours all things!” The Targaryen phantom appeared in Leylin's pupils, and the power of devouring appeared, forming spirals that devoured all the chaotic soul origins at one go.

After being converted, the strength surged into Leylin's sea of consciousness.

The A.I. Chip's prompt sounded at this moment.

[Beep! Host has taken in a large amount of energy, determined to be soul origin essence. Absorbed!]

Large amounts of icy streams of air converged in Leylin's mind, allowing his spiritual force to revolve rapidly.

[Beep! Host has absorbed soul energy. Spirit +1]

The accumulations of the barbarian tribe over countless years had made things easy for Leylin, and even allowed him to raise his spiritual force.

Leylin looked at his hands and murmured, “My spiritual force has increased a bit. I feel like every small increase in stats past fifteen points is a huge advance.”

The A.I. Chip’s prompts continued.

[Beep! Host’s spirit has broke through, becoming rank 16 arcanist!]

At this moment, his stats were refreshed.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 22. Race: Human, Rank 16 Arcanist. Strength: 13. Agility: 11. Vitality: 12. Spirit: 16. Arcane energy: 160 Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body. Specialties: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification.] [Progress on Weave analysis: Level 0: 100%, Level 1: 100%, Level 2:100%, Level 3:100%, Level 4:100%, Level 5: 67.35%, Level 6:41.91%, Level 7:22.33%.] [Spell slots available:

Rank 7(2), Rank 6(5), Rank 5(7), Rank 4(???), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)]

The advancement of arcanists required growth in both spiritual force and soul force, as well as the comprehension and sensing of arcane energy. However, with Leylin's attainments in magic with his main body, he already surpassed many legendary arcanists. There was practically no bottleneck for his advance, and his spirit breaking through automatically led to a rise in his rank.

'The barbarian tribe hasn't formed a divinity yet. Just a bit of the power of faith mixed with soul energy can help me increase a rank? Perhaps I should focus on finding information in this area...'

In Leylin's eyes, the power of faith was the power of emotion, and also soul force. There had been no bottlenecks in his advancement, and all he needed was enormous energy and his ability of devouring. When all the conditions were met, he could quickly advance.

For Leylin, this was also a shortcut to more power. As long as there were barbarian worshippers, it was possible that they had formed great soul energy like this, be it in the outer seas or various other areas in the continent.

Of course, if an altar had truly gathered divinity, Leylin would not dare devour it. If not, his own temperament could change, and that was not something trivial.

Becoming the patron saint of the barbarians would be even worse than killing himself.

Chapter 932 - Mage's Sword

Outer seas, on board the Barbarians' ship.

“AGH...” Odge suddenly dropped to his knees, roaring in pain.

“Dear, what's the matter?” Madam Tillen rushed to his side and helped him up.

“My family's sacrificial altar... It's gone! The response has been completely cut off...” Odge spat out the words through gritted teeth, and the implications in his statement made Tillen pale in response.

“We haven't caught up to them?” After they had received the news, Odge had immediately set off. However, they had to conceal their movements and the barbarian lands in Fire Scale Island were very far from Pirates' Cove.

Originally, this had been done for their own safety. But something like this happening would make it extremely difficult to mount a rescue.

“We must avenge them!” Tillen bit her lip so hard that a trickle of blood spilled out. Since their sacrificial altar had been destroyed, it was obvious what had befallen the members of their tribe.

Her heart dropped. It wasn't just one or two barbarians that had

fallen. Everyone in the tribe, be it the elderly, the frail, the women, or the children, had perished. The souls of hundreds of years of the tribe's experts, their sacrifices and devotion, had been completely destroyed.

Even if she wasn't a barbarian, Tillen could imagine how this sort of aftermath would lead to the Barbarians going berserk.

"Ah... In my name as Odge, the king and leader of the barbarians, I vow to the gods that I'll wrench that damned wizard's skull off!" Odge roared, slicing his cheek with his dagger. Boiling dark red blood rolled down from the cut, making his boorish face seem even more malevolent and terrifying.

"Oh! Kill him! Kill him!" The barbarians below him all saw red, as their family and children had all been at Fire Scale Island. There was no chance that they had survived.

The fox woman Tillen gritted her teeth, but spoke out in the end, "Odge! I believe that now isn't the best time to fight him, he must have prepared a trap for us!"

After the words left her mouth, she could no longer continue speaking. This was because she saw the expression in Odge's eyes, that look of undying, frightening hatred! After what had happened, forget a trap, Odge would traverse hell and high water without the slightest hesitation.

At this moment, even if she had come to advise on the situation, her persuasion would not have the slightest effect.

‘Is this part of his plan? Using the power of hatred to lead these barbarians into a trap...’ At this moment, Madam Tillen suddenly felt a deep chill in her heart, caused by that noble wizard.

.....

Fire Scale Island was within their sights. Dense black smoke continued to pour into the horizon, and the entire island seemed to have descended into hell. Seeing their tribe’s land wrapped in a great fire, the barbarians all descended into frantic roaring.

“Find them! Tear them apart!” Odge tightly gripped Madam Tillen’s shoulder. Rivulets of blood appeared on her skin.

“I will!” Madam Tillen vowed. After saying this however, she realised that she did not need to use tracing spells.

This was because several ships from the Scarlet Tigers appeared in her line of sight, and they seemed to have not left in time. Tens of small barbarian corpses were hung from the mast as bait.

Roar! After seeing those corpses, the barbarians collectively went berserk. Odge brandished his enormous saber and the other sailors rowed with all their might. There was only one wish in the barbarians’ hearts– to find those damned robbers and get their revenge!

The Barbarians were the only ones allowed to bring death and

suffering to other races in these regions of the outer seas. Now, they were suffering the fate that they handed down to others.

Madam Tillen's heart suddenly grew sorrowful, and a single tear rolled down her face. She could already see the shadow of her own death, and could not escape from it.

Mmmmmmm! The deep sound of a bugle horn could be heard, bringing to one's mind the coming siege.

The Scarlet Tigers' elite troops emerged and completely surrounded all of the Barbarians' ships. They were like an enormous pocket wrapping around its goods. In their fury, these simple-minded barbarians did not sense the danger before them at all, and immediately took the bait.

“Kill! The boss is giving 5 gold coins for every barbarian's head!” Ronald loudly ordered, and the reward was spread widely through the use of signal flags.

Boom! Boom! The goblin cannons boomed without end, and near them were the sounds of dwarven artillery firing volleys of gunfire. Under Leylin's command, the Scarlet Tigers had slowly come up with their own style of combat.

Roar! Roar! Row after row of barbarians collapsed in a flicker of flames. Even their tough skin could not withstand the combined power of gunpowder and magic.

Odge grew even more berserk at this presentation. After the long-range battle had ended, it was time for the traditional methods of jumping and boarding ships. Odge immediately ignored the charge of a pirate towards him, lifting the fellow up by his head.

Krrch! Krrch! The human pirate's complexion twisted, and rivulets of blood flowed down from his forehead. Crazy roars sounded as this unfortunate pirate's skill burst like a watermelon in Odge's palm.

Chhh! Blazing hot white light flashed past, and the surrounding pirates were directly slashed into two halves by the saber's qi.

As the strongest in the barbarian tribe, Odge was a high-ranked warrior. His barbarian bloodline and the support of magic items allowed very few below the realm of legendaries to rival him.

It was a pity that all of this was as negligible as a grain of sand in the face of the Scarlet Tigers. A scarlet red figure suddenly flew from the opposing ship, letting out a powerful clear cry in midair.

Roar! A domain of intimidating draconic power extended from the ship. This oppressive power stemming from a bloodline made Madam Tillen take a few steps back in fright. After, she saw a winged half-dragon creature swoop down at great speed, a longsword burning with raging flames intercepting Odge's saber. An enormous crack appeared on his blade.

'A human demi dragon? No, it's a dragon's disciple! This power...' Madam Tillen dumbly looked on at Isabel who was

covered in red scales, with a despondent expression on her face, ‘Is this the bloodline of a legendary dragon? But how is this possible? Wasn’t she corrupted by demons?’

Madam Tillen did not know what power a successor of a legendary dragon’s bloodline could wield, but now it was made clear to her.

“The Scarlet Witch?!” Odge looked at the crack on his enchanted saber with a pained expression on his face. This was the weapon he used most after all, and it had helped him cut off the heads of many troublesome enemies.

Now however, a crack had appeared on the enchanted saber after just one clash with the witch.

“A legendary item!” Odge looked at the blazing red longsword in Isabel’s grasp with an increasingly ugly expression. He sensed an unknown danger coming from that weapon.

“Don’t let her weapon touch you, and be careful of her dragon breath attack! I’ll help you!” Madam Tillen’s expression was very anxious, and she readied several amplification spells in her hand and was about to cast them.

“I am your opponent! We meet again, beautiful lady.”

Rumble! The raging flames of a fireball engulfed them, blocking Madam Tillen’s way. The entire area was thrown into chaos, with

barbarians and pirates fighting wildly. One of the barbarians fell on occasion, and their head would be chopped off immediately.

Blood stained the ground, but even in this hellish scene Leylin had nary a speck of dust on him. He even greeted Madam Tillen in a refined and courteous manner, as if he was the most respectable noble.

“Leylin Faulen...” Madam Tillen called out the wizard’s name through gritted teeth, her eyes slowly filling with fear. That man’s grasp of human nature was even more terrifying than the devil’s.

It had not been long since she had seen a true devil in Neville, but the feeling that he gave her was not as evil and as profound as what she felt in Leylin’s presence.

“It has been four or five years since we last met, hasn’t it? Madam is still as beautiful as before...” A sincere smile broke out on the noble baron’s face, and Tillen felt that if she gave him her hand, he would have kissed it in greeting without the slightest hesitation.

However, the eyes of the wizard who stood across from her were ice-cold, and he looked at her with a face utterly devoid of emotion.

“I apologise, my beautiful lady. I don’t have much time left, so can I ask you to hurry up and die for me?” In a single second, the light and breezy conversation turned dangerous. Wind howled, and Leylin smiled slightly as powerful magic converged. An earth-

shattering attack was cast resolutely, ignoring all the beauty that Madam Tillen possessed and indifferently sending her to her death.

This sorrowful feeling made Madam Tillen's heart feel depressed. Her feelings lasted only for a moment though, and afterwards she no longer had the capacity to reflect on it.

Berserk energy particles converged into a splendidly brilliant longsword. The swordpoint had a spiritual quality to it, and it was directly thrust at Tillen. A strong wind seemed to directly slice at the skin on her face.

“Mage's Sword! A rank 7 spell! You're already a high-ranked wizard!” Trickle of blood dripped down, but Madam Tillen's face was still filled with incredulity. She finally knew how she had lost. A high-ranked wizard could completely crush the barbarians here.

‘But he's only a little older than 21 years old! With this power, he must be a genius that even the gods will envy...’ Madam Tillen was unable to think anymore after this. The sharp Mage's Sword pierced through the layers of her defence, directly running through the fox woman's bosom.

Even though she had been a sorcerer and the chief wizard of the Barbarians, Tillen's attainments in magic were only on par with Ernest. She had only achieved that through her bloodline power. She was simply unable to endure a single blow from Leylin.

Chapter 933 - Kill

At this moment, the victor of another battle had also been decided.

Dragon Breath! Isabel was still in the state of her draconic transformation. The flame-red scales on her body were just like a dazzling armour that looked like freshly-cut flowers. She looked like the incarnation of a valkyrie.

After she saw that the fight would drag on, Isabel activated her bloodline abilities without the slightest hesitation.

Dragon disciples would inherit the spellcasting abilities of a red dragon. The bloodline that Isabel possessed was indeed that of a Legendary red dragon. Her spellcasting abilities would gain an extremely powerful boost.

The frantic flames consumed Odge in a flash, and no matter how determined and how tough a barbarian he was, he now let out painful wails.

Sharp! Break! From the looks of it, Isabel had immediately activated the abilities of the Red Dragon Sword.

In a flash of light and a crisp snapping sound, Odge's peak-ranked alchemised saber suddenly split apart.

With its obstacle removed from its way, the Red Dragon Sword

unhesitatingly pierced through Odge's heart. The blazing flames destroyed all the vital organs in his body immediately.

"Ah..." Odge lowered his head with great difficulty and looked at the scorched black flesh on his chest. The light in his eyes slowly dimmed.

"...No!" Madam Tillen let out a mournful wail. She summoned energy from some unknown well of strength and unexpectedly struggled to crawl next to Odge's body.

"My... beloved..." She held Odge's huge lifeless hand, her eyes filled with content as if she had grabbed hold of the most precious thing in the entire world, and slowly shut her eyes.

"What a sad and beautiful romance... Isn't it?" Looking upon them, Leylin and Isabel did not try and hinder them in any way. They quietly watched this pair of eternal soulmates pass into the afterworld.

"I really do feel that it's rather unlike you to say that sort of thing!" After hearing Leylin's idle comment, Isabel speechlessly rolled her eyes.

"Also... Why are you this impatient?" Isabel looked all around them. Now, all of the barbarian pirate crew had been forced into a weak position.

After Odge and Madam Tillen had been slain, the remaining

barbarians grew even more frantic. In the end however, they were ultimately left to struggle in the throes of death.

After the final few barbarian shamans had died, the entire barbarian pirate crew's destruction was inevitable.

Under such heavy suppression, the remaining barbarians crumbled at last. They jumped into the sea one after another to flee, but they were shot dead by Robin Hood who had long anticipated their retreat.

This was the trouble of naval warfare. Once they had lost, it was difficult to flee. One could only win absolutely or lose completely, but once you lost it was very difficult to free oneself.

Leylin's luck had always been good. Rather than calling it luck, it was better to say that he had the support of planning well-devised strategies.

Isabel turned towards Leylin. Since he was the planning type, seeing him choose to pursue a fast-paced fight and unhesitatingly massacre the barbarian tribe and even use their own people as bait was unexpected. His methods stank of shortsighted vision.

"You could tell? Then there is no harm in you guessing what guards I've prepared in advance..." Seeing his cousin mature, Leylin's heart was rather gratified. She could be considered his greatest helping hand in the outer seas.

“It can’t be... The priest and thief from last time!” Isabel only needed to think about it for a moment before her eyes flashed in understanding.

“Mm!” Leylin nodded, waving his hand carelessly.

A translucent wave rose, with a small water screen floating atop it.

Although there was no indication of their identity, the sailors onboard radiated a uniquely murderous aura.

“Are these... Pirates? Ones which were groomed by the god of murder? They’ve always been hiding in Pirates’ Cove, I never thought...” Isabel breathed in sharply. Until now, she had always believed that the pirate crews in the outer seas now only consisted of the Scarlet Tiger and the barbarian pirate crew. She had neglected those fragmented little pirate crews.

In reality however, these fragmented, small-sized pirate crews were the most important strength of Pirates’ Cove! They formed the majority of the ships within the Tide of Pirates.

Even a small part of those in service could assemble into a power force to reckon with.

“Luckily you discovered them already, otherwise after we engaged in mutually assured destruction with the barbarians, these locusts would descend. The consequences would have been

unbearable..." Isabel said, with a grave expression on her face.

She now no longer had the slightest doubt in her mind that the church of murder were not just ordinary fishermen.

"Mm, you're absolutely correct!" Leylin agreed with Isabel's point.

"In reality, the reason why I avoided using Pirates' Cove as the place for this final battle, apart from not wanting the Barbarians to have a favourable location, was to avoid these maggots of the dark..." The corners of Leylin's lips quirked up into a sneer, "However, now that we've discovered their plan and made the preparations after destroying the Barbarians, what have we got to worry about?"

"What do you mean?" Isabel hesitantly asked. She stood by Leylin and smelt the special scent of bloodthirst.

"Let's welcome them and kill them all!" Leylin's eyes flashed as he made up his mind, "Now is the best time, the entire church of murder in the outer seas have all assembled here. Once they're all dead, it will deal a great blow to the church."

"A blow?" Isabel had never thought that Leylin's ambition would grow so large to the point where he would dare to strike down a true god's church.

'Without getting rid of them, how can i spread my own

religion...' Leylin smiled coldly to himself, 'There is a dead calm here in the outer seas, and the dark world's greatest religion is Cyric. Once he is cut off from his lackeys in the secular world, all the faith in the outer seas will belong to me...'

In reality, this wasn't a question of benefits.

Leylin had long taken a fancy to the outer seas as his base, and had prepared to establish it as a base for his followers. Thus, there had been a clash with the existing religion here.

The first was Cyric, because he had the biggest influence in the outer seas, and even had quite a few of the pirates as his followers.

In addition, this god was an evil god. Publicly fighting him wasn't an issue, and on the contrary it would perhaps earn him favour from the benevolent gods.

It was possible to predict that in the future, Leylin would sweep across the outer seas and possibly eliminate all the native religions and evil gods in one fell swoop.

"Don't worry, cousin. The god of murder's influence isn't that strong in the outer seas, and he is suppressed by many other benevolent gods... Additionally, even the Thieves' Guild is not entirely under his control..." Leylin had acquired a lot of inside information on the three great guilds after travelling in the continent.

Cyric could only be considered a shareholder in the Thieves' Guild and not a chairman. There were still many other gods supporting the organisation from the shadows.

The Warriors' Guild was the same, and those gods would not permit some true god to monopolise their channels.

Even the narrow-minded Wizards' Guild was not monopolised purely by the Weave Goddess, and still had the God of Knowledge Oghma and others dividing up the goddess' believers.

Consequently, his fight against Cyric and attacking the Thieves' Guild were two entirely separate matters.

“So it's like this... After all, he's a powerful true god,” Isabel's eyes were full of anxiety.

Needless to say, not even a weak god would willingly relinquish his own territory, let alone suffer a big loss to their believers.

Even if Cyric's influence in the outer seas was very weak, he wielded great power on the continent. He controlled many high-ranked military powers from the shadow.

Dispatching one or two Legends over to fight for him was something that was entirely possible.

Legends were the ultimate decisive force in the entire Prime Material Plane. Once such a high-ranked expert arrived, Isabel was

very aware that there was no one on her side who could offer the least resistance.

Ordinary people could not reach the realm of Legend. Everything that the Faulen family possessed was nothing in the eyes of a Legend.

“Even if a legendary comes to hurt my family, they’ll have to step over my dead body first!” Isabel declared firmly, tightly grasping her red dragon longsword.

Leylin was naturally aware of the resolution in her eyes, but did not speak of his intended plans to her.

Cyric could possibly be fly into a rage and send legendary over from the continent. However, this required time. Perhaps by then, Leylin would have already advanced to become a Legend himself!

In addition, if one wanted to develop, it was absolutely necessary to forcibly plunder the benefits that originally belonged to others. Naturally, this would lead to conflict.

Leylin had chosen the outer seas, and it was already the least controversial decision he could have made.

If he had chosen to start developing in the continent, perhaps he would have already attracted Legend-ranked experts over to take him down.

‘Ultimately, it’s all a question of strength! With enough strength, even if I take over the outer seas and slay the priests of the church of murder, what else can i do?’ Cyric and Malar, these chaotic evil gods, were already held in poor opinion by the public. Leylin could thus use any means he wanted to deal with them.

‘Choosing the right faction is of the utmost importance. Since the good faction is out of the question, I must not lose the lawful faction...’ Leylin stroked his chin as he pondered the situation meaninglessly.

“My lord! The Barbarians have been destroyed! Only five ships have been sunk, the rest are now under our control!” Just when Leylin and Isabel were about to speak, Ronald had completed his mission and bounded over to excitedly report to them. There were still traces of barbarian blood on him.

“Mm, prepare to launch plan 2! Take all the heavily damaged captive ships away. We must prepare to fight the next battle,” Leylin lightly ordered.

“Hm? We still have enemies left?” According to Ronald’s thoughts, after destroying the barbarian pirate crew, the Scarlet Tiger was now the strongest crew in the entire outer seas.

Chapter 934 - Assassin

“As long as we are the kings of the outer seas, our challenges will never cease...”

Leylin smiled, “This time, it’s only a few little mice who overestimate themselves... Ronald, how do you think we should deal with them?”

“Of course we should mercilessly cut off their heads and claws, and store them in oil bottles!”

Ronald answered with a murderous spirit. For those that challenged their status and profits, there was only one answer, as was law of the pirates in the outer sea— To kill them all!

.....

The shadow of the sail danced. Numerous sailors and pirates yelled as they controlled the sail and steering oar, allowing the pirate ship to sail more quickly.

Amongst them all, on the largest ship, a bishop was frowning while having a bad feeling about this.

“Rogers, make the ship faster! We need to hurry there as soon as possible!”

“Understood, master!” A pirate captain next to the bishop answered respectfully, “But this is the fastest we can go...”

“Is that so? Then why is it that the Scarlet Tiger and the Barbarians’ Tsunami can go faster than eighteen knots?” The bishop frowned.

“That’s because those are large pirate groups. Those two are also the main battleships that have been enchanted!” Rogers thought inside but did not dare speak his thoughts. After hesitating for a while, he answered as if put in a spot, “Those are individual abilities and nothing to do with the speed of the fleet...”

“No, no. You’re all trying to deceive the mighty God of Murder and his priests!” The bishop watched Rogers, facial muscles contorting to become incomparably sinister.

“No, that’s not it... Master, my loyalty to the god... No, please forgive me! Please forgive me!” The captain of the pirates, who had seen the ruthless methods of the bishop, immediately knelt while looking absolutely terrified.

This accusation was not something trivial. Recently, this bishop had become strangely bloodthirsty and insane, and would occasionally kill people because of small matters.

The captain, Rogers, was now beginning to regret responding to his recruitment.

Pu!

However, before he could plead and beg for forgiveness, a black dagger had slashed through his throat and cut apart his windpipe. Large amounts of blood spurted out.

Rogers' eyes rolled back, hands grasping at his throat tightly. Blood unceasingly flowed from between his fingers, causing guttural groans from his throat.

The struggles of a dying man ended quickly. The captain, who had been lively and frisky all this while had turned into a corpse in a instant.

The surrounding pirates froze, beginning to wish they could hide their heads in their chest.

“Dispose of him! Also... increase the speed. Any questions?” The bishop glanced at the assistant pirate next to him.

“No– None at all! I guarantee you, my lord, that there's no issue at all!”

The assistant had been scared stupid, but after seeing the chilly glint in the bishop's eyes, he immediately felt sober and shouted.

“Then go, or else this is how you will end up!”

The bishop waved his arms, no longer caring about those pirates who were doing everything in their capabilities. Gazing into the distance, he had a profound look in his eyes.

“Damn it! That darned little noble! I shouldn’t have let him off during Pirates’ Tide!”

The bishop’s plan had been perfect, where he would provoke both sides and help the weaker one. Once the Scarlet Tigers and Barbarian Pirates weakened, his team would gobble up these two organisations and become the king of the outer sea.

He even had plans to unify the dark world and make the outer seas independent, and even construct a godly realm on the ground here!

However, all of this had been wrecked by the darned noble.

Veins began to show in the bishop’s eyes. He’d never thought that the noble would be so gutsy as to kill the emissary he had dispatched.

“Such a fearless and disrespectful being must be executed immediately, and then nail his soul on the wall of the faithless as he howls in anguish...”

As a religious person, the bishop immediately loathed Leylin with all his heart.

A person who held no respect for the gods could never become a lamb of his master. If Leylin could not be subdued in terms of his mind, then he would have to destroy his body.

From ancient times, this was how power worked.

However, he had no idea that when the gods started out, they were also just as fearless. This was the joint belief of all those heroes whose names remained in historical records

If they could not succeed, then they could only roll off a cliff and turn into the corroding soil underneath.

While he did not know of this concept, the bishop determined to have blood.

He wished to eliminate this being as soon as possible...

“There’s still time. The Barbarians must have just fought them not long ago... Even if my plans are slightly affected, the Barbarians’ strength should be enough to cause immense damage to the other side. When the time comes...”

While the bishop was immersed in his fantasies, he suddenly gaped at the dense number of sails in the distance, at the horizon.

The Scarlet Tiger ship took the lead. The bloody skull and dagger symbol had all of the pirates becoming restless.

Gods! The Scarlet Tigers was the finest pirate organisation in the outer seas. He had basically heard them expand and gain reputation, and now that they were going to fight them, it was impossible for him not to feel stressed.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

The Scarlet Tigers unhesitatingly opened fire. Like table knives, the many ships cut the huge fleet apart into numerous fragments like butter.

Compared to how the pirates at the lowest rung depended on their elite troops and morale, the Scarlet Tigers wanted to leave their opponent far behind. This was an unequalled confidence in themselves from cutting off the heads of countless enemies.

“Do you see it now?”

Leylin handed the commanding to Ronald and Robin Hood. After all, he was more proficient in casting spells. From the many years he had not been around, he was also unfamiliar with the group.

Knowing one's flaws and doing his best to make up for it was the attitude of those looking to improve themselves.

While I'm not suited to some roles, I can choose people who would do better and control them.

If not, someone wanted to do everything well would only tire themselves to death.

“Seems like Robin Hood and Ronald are doing very well!” Leylin said to Isabel next to him while laughing..

“They are the people you’ve nurtured. Are you trying to brag about your extraordinary foresight?” Isabel was actually very astonished. Leylin seemed to have a pair of special eyes, and he would never go wrong when it came to judging people.

However, in order not to make Leylin too cocky, she worded her answer huffily.

“No! I just...”

Just as Leylin was preparing to answer, his expression suddenly changed and he abruptly pushed Isabel aside.

A translucent figure arrived before him, as if traversing through space.

Shadow Jump! The powerful ability of a high-ranked assassin, and a high-ranked technique that could only be comprehended by assassins nearing Legendary! It allowed one to shift locations through the shadow dimension and attack enemies instantly.

This ability was basically everyone’s nightmare!

When a wizard like Leylin was in close quarters with a thief and was the one who was being attacked in surprise, the result was obvious.

This high-ranked assassin did not have any excess movements, and lacked even the elation of completing a mission successfully. There was only an apathetic and dead look in his eyes. The black dagger that held a powerful curse inside had already pierced through the defences and into the area where Leylin's heart was.

“No!” Isabel immediately went crazy, transforming into half-dragon form and pouncing over.

The feeling of meeting flesh and the scalding blood spurting out finally gave rise to a glimmer in the eyes of the assassin. With a burst of strength in his right hand, he planned to draw the dagger out and leave.

After all, fighting with a high-ranked swordsman was not something for an assassin to do. He had assassinated the leader of the opposing side, and that was enough!

Surprisingly, he was unsuccessful in plucking the dagger out. The assassin froze, and was stunned to see flesh ‘sprouts’ appearing in ‘Leylin’s’ chest. They were like the vines of plants that bundled up the dagger tightly.

Just that moment of being stunned left him no chance to flee for his life.

Boom! 'Leylin's' chest exploded, and numerous bloody tendrils burst towards him and bound the assassin tightly. Like suckers, they were already trying to pierce through the skin and absorb fresh blood.

"Necromancy? No, no..." A shocked, coarse voice sounded from under the assassin's veil.

"That's just a Flesh Puppet, a spell I made just for you!"

A teleportation door opened to reveal the real Leylin.

"You should be the high-ranked assassin who tried to assassinate numerous bishops of varying churches during Pirates' Tide, right? This is a rather great gift!"

"So... you've already become a high-ranked wizard!"

The assassin's eyes did not fluctuate at all, allowing the bloody vines to take over his body. It seemed that he had lost all will to escape.

"Stop pretending. All of your methods are visible before my eyes!"

Leylin spoke coldly. Numerous spells shot out. With Dimensional Anchor locking on, even the shadow plane had been sealed.

“Damn it... you!”

Now that his last trump card had been seen through, the assassin was now no longer as relaxed before. He was then killed with Leylin’s Finger Of Death.

“Bastard, do you know how worried I was for you? At least discuss this with me beforehand!”

Chapter 935 - Pendant

“I’m sorry, dear cousin! At this point, it’s better to get things done before we discuss things...” Leylin waved his arm, and another teleportation door opened.

Isabel stepped out of the teleportation door and immediately heard the uproar from the surroundings, as well as enraged shouts. Without any excess movements, she activated her bloodline abilities and the hidden techniques of the Red Dragon Sword

Dragon Aura Domain! Fireball! The legendary dragon’s spiritual domain and blazing fire rumbled, causing all the pirates to cry out miserably as they were sent flying. There were traces of charring all over their bodies.

The other pirates in the distance were also shrieking as they lay immobile on the ground. There was no way out for the weak in the face of the spiritual domain of dragon aura, and they would only be massacred by their enemies.

In actuality, the dragon aura of a regular dragon was still just average. One from an ancient or primordial dragon could take out even most high-ranked Professionals, and even affect legendaries to a great degree.

“Teleportation doors? High-ranked wizards? And a dragon sorcerer!” The God of Murder’s bishop cried out in alarm, light shining around his body.

After seeing Leylin step out of the teleportation door as well, his pupils shrank, “It’s you! You’ve already advanced to become a high-rank wizard?”

“Cut the bullshit...” Leylin gave the bishop a disdainful glance, the arcane spell he’d already prepared launching forth.

Mage’s Disjunction!

Boom! Boom! Crackle! Numerous spell rays shattered, returning to form the original magic item. They returned to the ring in the bishop’s hand, then his necklace, followed by his luxurious clothing.

One after another, magic items exploded on the bishop’s body. As he had too many on him, he was unlucky enough but to have to flee naked.

“A rank 9 disjunction? A high-ranked wizard above rank 19?” Uncaring of his own image, the bishop sunk into shock. In a few years, the opponent had become a high-ranked wizard, which shocked him to no end. On top of that, he was already a rank 19, very close to becoming legendary.

However, the power of Mage’s Disjunction had been shown right in front of him, which was something he could not understand at all.

‘This is the might of arcane spells...’ Seeing the bishop who was

now completely in the nude, Leylin sighed inside. He was a high-ranked priest who was at least rank 17, and his wizard ranking would not be enough to subdue the priest. The opponent possessed a large number of powerful magic items.

However, being an arcanist allowed him to bypass the limitations of spell slots and the Weave. As long as he had enough arcane energy and the correct spell models, any spell under the legendary realm could be cast for a price.

This rank 9 Mage's Disjunction, for example, was a spell used specifically to deal with magic Professionals. Its focus was very powerful, and all items below legendary would be undone under this spell.

It could be said that arcane spells were the bane of all wizards! Most of the battle might of wizards depended on their magic items, and being stripped of them would be a deadly blow!

On top of that, the heartache of having the magic items formed with blood and tears, made of materials and resources that had been gathered painstakingly, was enough for wizards to cough up blood.

A prime example of this would be the bishop now. With his wealth and the numerous spells and items to aid his escape, Leylin's surprise attack alone was not enough to kill the opponent.

Now, however, all of the preparations he had made had been unravelled under Leylin's spell, completely losing their effects.

Most high-ranked priests' divine spells were for buffs and healing. There were few that were meant for killing. Leylin's spell had taken out most of the bishop's strength.

“Damn it... How did you advance so quickly?” The bishop's face was almost green, eyes now bloodshot. No matter how much he had overestimated Leylin's strength, he would never have imagined that Leylin was extremely close to becoming legendary.

It was this huge oversight that led to his failure.

‘This is just the effect of a Mage's Disjunction spell. If it's the legendary version, that would be the nightmare of all legendary wizards! Not only legendary items, even divine weapons could be damaged...’ Leylin's eyes showed his thirst and intoxication. He then landed his gaze on the bishop.

“Wha– What do you want?” The bishop still held no fear for Leylin. There was only immense regret; regret that he had not prepared more.

“What I want? That's what I should be asking you, my dear bishop!” Leylin answered with a slight smile. At this moment, Isabel had abruptly sent out a few Dragon's Breaths and burnt a few high-ranked assassins to ashes.

Upon seeing this, the corner of the bishop's eyes began to twitch. These high-ranked assassins had been great helpers that he had nurtured with care. While their power was lacking in comparison to the one that had attacked Leylin, they were all elites! Now,

however, their corpses lined the area, destroying all of the bishop's hard work over the years.

The defences of a Dragon Warlock's scales were exceedingly terrifying. On top of that, she had a legendary item in the Red Dragon Sword. These assassins' high-ranked enchanted daggers were no match at all, and once they crossed swords their lives were easily ended.

Meanwhile, the battle between the Scarlet Tigers and the bishop's pirates began to show who was on the winning side. The high-ranked pirates that had been hastily gathered were no match for Leylin's elites that had gone through countless battles.

The sounds of yells closed in, and even the warship that was the main force was caught up to and surrounded by the pirate ships. Numerous fleeing pirates surged out like the tide. Leylin seemed unruffled in the situation, a confidence inherent to his very being.

“Bishop. I haven't dealt with your church before, but you show malicious intent against us. Care to explain?” Leylin watched him, the glint from the A.I. Chip strengthening.

This bishop gave him a very different feeling from many priests. He'd seen his fair share, like the Gold Priest Xena who was in charge of the church of wealth on Faulen Island. The bishop wasn't like that.

[Beep! An abnormal energy reaction has been detected within

the host's body.]

The A.I. Chip performed a full body scan in front of Leylin's eyes. Many dark red spots had appeared on the translucent model, making it look demonic.

‘As expected... Is this the contamination from abnormal energy?’ Leylin wondered inside, ‘It's a high-ranked priest, so this contamination should come from divine force!’

In Leylin's eyes, the holy light of a high-ranked bishop had now been contaminated so badly that it was beyond recognition. No matter what kind of god, divine force was better when it was pure. However, what Leylin saw was divine force that had been contaminated and warped.

‘Has the God of Murder really gone mad? He doesn't even care about his priests... Also, this power of distortion...’ Leylin felt a chill in his heart.

Legends said that Cyric, the Greater God of Murder, had begun to go insane. He was even planning to transform into a demon. His divine realm had signs of falling into the abyss, and it looked to be a possibility now!

The only being able to influence him that greatly would be Distorted Shadow!

‘As expected of an ancient peak rank 8 Magus! Even after falling, he can still cause his opponents so much trouble...’ Leylin could not help but sigh inside.

“Hm?” The bishop’s eyes raised slightly. In this situation, Leylin’s words sounded like he was amenable to persuasion.

“This... I can explain...” The bishop immediately gave Leylin a reason. Backing him was a true god, and a greater god at that. It was understandable that Leylin feared him. In the prime material plane, there had never been anyone with the guts to go against a greater god!

This was his belief in his god.

‘The plan to use military force has completely failed, but it won’t be bad if I can pull him to my side and make him a follower...’ Traces of dark red light flashed in the bishop’s eyes. He could not help but unclench his fingers from around a pendant he’d been clutching tightly.

“Now!” Leylin’s eyes flickered, and an invisible spatial undulation flashed with a bright light.

“Hm?” The bishop was stunned, and immediately felt a sharp pain in his wrist.

Pak! His right hand fell to the ground, bright red blood seeping

out. A miniature statue of a god fell down.

‘He had no plans of complying!’ The bishop’s eyes went wide, and insanity flashed within. The only hand he had left began to grab towards Leylin’s heart.

“It’s too late... Finger of Death,” Leylin sighed. The dark rays from his hand disappeared into the bishop’s forehead, causing the light in his eyes to dim.

Thud! The bishop’s corpse fell heavily to the ground, causing the pirates to break down.

The rest of the matter was naturally left to his underlings. Leylin stood beside the Bishop’s fallen right hand and saw the small pendant, looking deep in thought.

‘God Descent? The material is strange, and it’s even immune to the Mage’s Disjunction attack...’ With this thought, Leylin picked the pendant up.

It was rather small. It was a miniature statue of a god, with thin silver chains threaded through it glimmering brightly.

Chapter 936 - Greed

Buzz! The statue of the god began to rumble, divine force rippling like waves in water. It was as if it was about to come alive.

However, with the external activation not coming forth, the pendant restlessly shook a few times and then unwillingly stilled, losing its sheen.

"The divine summoning failed, huh. Apart from the divine force here, there is also the presence of the divine realm's coordinates and even the conscient of a god..." Leylin muttered.

At this moment, he felt an extremely bitter conscient radiating great power from the pendant, as if its rage was about to overflow.

'I'd need to worry if this was the true body, even if it's an avatar... But what's a trifling conscient like this?' Leylin harrumphed, and a Targaryen phantom appeared in his eyes.

"Hss!" The conscient of a near rank 7 descended, annihilating all signs of the conscient lingering in the pendant. Just before that conscient dissipated, the raging divine force calmed down like a wave in a tranquil sea.

"Not bad at all! The divine force contained in here could perhaps give me an unexpected surprise..." An expression of glee spread across Leylin's face.

The divine force of gods, to put it bluntly, was just a high-ranked power in a different form. It was considered venomous to others, and clerics could only receive the divine force of the gods they worshipped. However, it was all a supplement for Leylin.

‘What a pity... If not for those powerful gods, I would have long since broken into many churches and robbed them of their divine force...’ Leylin began his deductions.

Divine force, divinity, godfire, worshippers, divine spark; these were what the gods needed the most in increasing order.

With his current strength he could barely absorb some divinity, but it would destroy the foundations of his own cultivation. Needless to say, godfire or divine sparks were even more destructive for his body.

As for divine force? That was still well within Leylin’s absorption capabilities. Moreover, Leylin had deliberately digested the divine force of certain gods. Until now, he had only managed to have chance encounters with Malar and Cyric.

These two crazy and sinisterly evil gods had overlapping domains, which laid out a foundation for Leylin’s future plans.

‘Looking at the divine force stored in this pendant... It should be enough to increase my spirit a little, or even balance the other aspects of my stats...’ Leylin rubbed his chin. After eradicating the original conscient in the pendant, the divine force was now ownerless. Leylin could now absorb it slowly, with the greatest

efficiency.

Through digesting this divine force Leylin would be able to analyse the process, helping him understand Cyric's divinity. If he met other gods of different domains, he would be able to create a whole new divinity all for himself!

'After tossing away this thing, even if this bishop managed to survive, he wouldn't have a happy ending... No! He would be even worse off after his death!' Leylin looked at the corpse on the floor and sighed.

Gods held control over the souls of their worshippers, and this was a high-ranking priest on top. Leylin hadn't completely destroyed his soul just now. Once it was inspected by the God of Death, this priest's soul would definitely be sent to Cyric's divine realm.

As for what punishments the cleric would receive, no more words had to be said.

"What a pitiful fellow..." Leylin was, of course, not sympathetic in the slightest bit. He quickly tossed this matter to the back of his mind.

"It seems like they were small crews roped in from Pirates' Cove. Apart from the elites of the churches, there aren't many forces would could execute something like this!" Isabel trod on the face of a pirate captain, using their robes to wipe clean the Red Dragon Sword as she grumbled.

With the activation of the bloodline, she'd also inherited a warrior-like thirst for war.

“Yes. Had they been given time to train we would've had a much bigger problem...” Leylin nodded his head in approval, very soon ordering Ronald to clean up the mess.

As dusk approached, the sky above the sea was dyed a crimson red. The entire region was littered with the remnants of broken ships and boats. Splintered masts and flags covered half the place, and not too far from that scene were many floating corpses, blood continuing to ooze and trickle from their bloated bodies.

The enormous pirate crew slowly left, leaving a trail of destruction behind them. From this day onwards, everyone would know that two epic battles were fought in this forsaken region, devastating and annihilating two giants of the seas in one stroke.

“This atmosphere and scenery... I really want to lift my voice in song...!”

Crash! Rumble! A figure wearing lavish noble robes descended from the sky. He exuded an aura of charisma and elegance, yet a pair of black wings spread from his back. Apart from the difference in colour, this figure looked just like an angel, with many beautiful features. However, his image was shattered the moment anyone looked into his eyes.

“That Baron Leylin... He rules the outer seas from today, eh? I

really am looking forward to it...” This person was obviously Neville, but his pupils had now turned a silvery hue, with no traces of affection in them. With just one glance into his eyes, one would feel their soul turning frigid.

Neville’s black wings shook slightly as they supported his weight. At this moment, this demon looked at the Scarlet Tiger ship sailing away, as he pondered deep in his thoughts. ‘Strong, determined, decisive, brave...Once a soul with these qualities falls, the strength that would manifest would definitely be able to give birth to a greater devil...’

“As expected, it’s a devil huh?” An indifferent voice sounded behind him, which turned made Neville freeze in his motions.

He turned his head around slowly, looking at the young noble wizard that should have left. Yet he was now floating in the air alongside him with his arms crossed, a hint of mockery flickering in his eyes.

“Hello mighty wizard, ruler of the outer seas! I am Neville, of the third hell. I hereby extend my greetings to you, with utmost respect!” After giving Leylin a once-over, Neville greeted Leylin decorously, with his right hand on his chest.

“I believe that in the future there will be a day where you’ll require my services!”

“One cannot trust a deal with devils. Not to mention that you tried to lure me into a ploy... Anyone who tries to challenge me

will never live past the day...” Leylin uttered his words icily, and a silver spell formation wrapped Neville up.

“Wait... I can still give you... Many things that you would not think of! Material possessions of the prime material world, authority that cannot be challenged, and also many beauties...” The silver spell formation seemed to be able to suppress devils. As his black feathers came into contact with the light barrier, they burnt up to release a charred smell.

“The promise of a devil? Hahaha...” Leylin smiled faintly, his golden pupils turning a deep hue that was darker than the abyss. The phantom of a Targaryen appeared behind him.

A terrifying devouring energy burst forth from the spell formation, completely engulfing Neville within.

“This devouring power... as well as laws... You are...!” Neville’s eyes flashed with understanding, but before he could utter the truth his body vanished into the spell formation.

“The ruler of the third level of hell, the Duke of Greed... Mammon, huh?” Leylin uttered his breath and closed his eyes, relishing in the energy that he was absorbing.

[Beep! Host absorbed a large amount of energy. Agility +1, Vitality +1.]

The A.I. Chip voice intoned.

Very soon, another notification appeared, and it caused Leylin to become gleeful.

[Host has devoured a devil from the third hell. Laws of devouring have been activated, obtained information on laws of greed]

“Isn’t this the devouring technique of my main body?” Leylin muttered. His main body controlled the laws of gluttony, and through constantly devouring these laws he would gain a higher enlightenment of them. The devil from the third hell had enlightened him a little in that aspect.

“My main body’s injuries have begun to heal faster than normal then... Its support has increased...” Leylin was elated. His stats had now changed:

[Leylin Faulen, Age: 22. Race: Human, Rank 16 Arcanist. Strength: 13. Agility: 12. Vitality: 13. Spirit: 16. Arcane Energy: 160. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body. Specialties: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification.]

“I have also absorbed some information on the laws of greed? It seems like Beelzebub was indeed one of the dukes of hell. Even after making changes to it, it is still highly adaptable to the laws from the abyss!”

Leylin gazed towards the horizon. “The outer seas are now my base, impenetrable to outside forces. Be it from hell or any divine realm, no threat...”

A high-level flight spell lit up, and very soon Leylin’s figure was just a black dot in the distance, slowly disappearing into the horizon.

More repercussions were brewing and intensifying in the aftermath of this event...

.....

In another part of the continent, in the midst of a gloomy valley.

An aura of death permeated the air, and there was a black church at the valley’s center. Magical light filled the area, and even legends would perish within it.

Just as the bishop was about to perish, a white-browed priest raised his head in the church.

“Men!”

“Your holiness!” Several dark robed priests answered immediately with reverence in their eyes. Standing in front of them was a core member of the Church of Cyric, a legendary priest!

Chapter 937 - Divine Force

“Jesfano, that piece of trash. Not only did he die, he also lost the master’s token...” The old man’s voice was incredibly hoarse, and it held an unendurably strange tone as he pointed out an earth-shattering fact.

“What? That happened at the Dambrath outer seas?” These black-robed priests exchanged glances, seeing shock in all of their eyes.

They were unwilling to think about what had happened to Jesfano.

In the Underdark, the druid elves that angered the spider empress Lolth would turn into terrifying half-spider monsters. For Jesfano, whose soul was in the hands of his god, he would be in a worse state.

Even the black-robed priests felt sorrowful on his behalf., but it didn’t last for long. The old man slowly scanned them, the whites of his eyes brightening slightly, “Jesfona was already a high-ranked priest. We’ll have to dispatch a legendary to be able to find out what happened. Who’s free right now?”

One of the priests muttered to himself, then continued, “Lord Shadow Mask’s whereabouts are unknown now, while Crimson Eye is at the barren west. It’ll be very inconvenient for them...”

“As for my own subordinates, the north is still rather unstable. A

few lords have been pursuing Queen Alustriel, and there still haven't been any results..." another black-robed priest reported. This was the pain of large organisations. While their influence was spread throughout the prime material plane, it was not so simple to make use of their high-tier forces.

"How's the Cadaver Collector doing?" Since the old man had ordered this, he must have his own plans.

The last one hesitated for a while before speaking, "He has yet to complete his experiments..."

"Tell him to rush to the outer seas once he's done. I want him to skin the scalp of the sinner who had the gall to kill my master's priest!" The elderly man spoke slowly, and then knelt in front of the idol and began to pray, immovable. He was like the most solid statue himself.

The black-robed priests glanced at each other and retreated.

.....

Leylin was completely clueless about the matters on the mainland, but he had his own predictions. He had returned to Port Venus undisturbed, and hid in his wizard tower.

"This serenity should be maintained for a period of time. Even if the God of Murder's church wants to take revenge, the time taken for them to investigate and dispatch men should be enough for me

to advance...”

Leylin was now seated in the core of the wizard tower. There were terrifying isolation runes on the walls around him, and the tower genie was strictly monitoring everything. With its help Port Venus had become the harbour with the best security. Crime rates were currently very low, which attracted even more merchants into business here.

Leylin knew very well that even more trade was coming in. That was the result of eliminating the Barbarians.

‘Cousin should know that they can attack Pirates’ Cove and treat that area as an eternal base...’ Leylin placed the steaming cup on the table, a ruminating look on his expression, ‘I never thought I would become the source and driving force of chaos in the outer sea...’

At this thought, Leylin could not help but look at the other item on the table. This was a pendant of a strange make, containing surging strength within. Yet, it had lost its own spiritual nature and turned into an enormous source of energy that anyone could use.

“Now that I’ve removed the conscient and sealed it, the God of Murder shouldn’t be able to sense it anymore, no?” Leylin did not mention Cyric’s name. This was cautiousness on a fundamental level. Just mentioning a god’s name would allow them to sense things.

‘The information in the Wizards’ Guild stated that greater gods can obtain 15 to 18 words of information on the ones who call their truenames, regardless of where they are...’ Leylin stroked his chin.

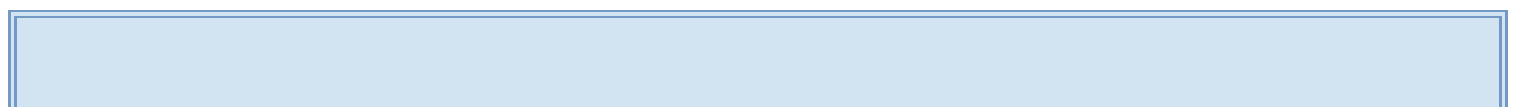
This ability was somewhat similar to a part of the abilities of great rank 9 Magi, who were capable of everything and knew everything. It was a pity that this was just a part of it, and was a unique law that had been generated specific to the World of Gods. There were far too many ways to evade it.

‘Also... such a tremendous divine force... What a huge gift!’ Leylin spread his fingers and began to rub on the surface of the pendant. Threads of chaotic energy had been transformed by his devouring power, becoming the purest dark gold. Leylin absorbed it unceasingly.

Leylin now had given up the vulgar method of devouring everything at one go, and had switched his method to making fine adjustments and changes continuously. While the divine force of the God of Murder was powerful, it seemed to impure, and the power of the Distorted Shadow was continuously seeping in from it. What Leylin needed was to refine the purest divine force and use it on himself.

As the divine force was poured into himself, a golden mist formed around Leylin, like he was a god cast of gold.

The A.I. Chip’s prompts kept sounding out.



[Beep! Host has absorbed large amounts of energy essence. Determined to be a greater god's divine force. Effect similar to eternal grace from the god.]

[Host's stats have increased, Strength +1. Agility +1. Vitality +1.]

As the A.I. Chip's robotic voice sounded, Leylin felt like his body had been enhanced. Terrifying strength burst forth from all his cells.

"As expected of a greater god's divine force..." Leylin sighed with satisfaction.

"A.I. Chip, assess the value of all the divine force!" He commanded.

[Beep! Mission established. Constructing model of host's body. Beginning simulations...]

The A.I. Chip loyally carried out Leylin's orders. Within seconds, it had a comprehensive conclusion.

[Beep! Preliminary results show that the pendant will be used up completely in 145h 12min. Host's average stats estimated to reach 15, will advance one rank as an arcanist.]

“Is that so? That’s not bad... On top of that...” Leylin saw the A.I. Chip’s prompt below.

[Beep! Analysis of level 5 Weave at 100%. Host has obtained all rank 5 spell models, is now immune to forgetting spells. No materials needed to cast rank 5 spells.]

There was a new change to the A.I. Chip’s interface, in the portion related to the progress on the Weave.

[Analysis of Weave: Level 0: 100%, Level 1: 100%, Level 2: 100%, Level 3: 100%, Level 4: 100%, Level 5: 100%, Level 6: 53.33%, Level 7: 34.97%.]

‘So divine force is also effective at deciphering the Weave...’ Leylin nodded, ‘It also seems to have something to do with me becoming an arcanist. Now that I’ve somewhat broken away from it, the analysis has quickened quite a bit...’

Becoming an arcanist was a huge advancement for Leylin. It wasn’t just a change in combat ability, he could now completely

break through the Weave that limited wizards.

With the restrictions of the Weave, high-ranked wizards after rank 15 would find advancing extremely difficult, Becoming a legendary was also incomparably harsh. It was easier for legendary warriors; becoming a legendary wizard before turning three hundred would already make one extremely young!

Leylin had a feeling that, after experiencing the dusk of the gods and the rise of the Netheril Empire, the gods had consciously limited the abilities of the spellcasters and prevented them from improving and growing.

However, this did not apply to arcanists. As long as they had the theories and a foundation, as well as enough resources, there was nothing stopping arcanists from advancing! However, the difficulty for arcanists lay in constructing theories applying to the higher ranks or even legendaries. This was much harder than for wizards.

In ancient times, the difficulty in arcanists advancing far exceeded that of the wizards. But Leylin was different. His main body was a near rank 7 Magus of laws! His foundation was extremely solid for the nonlimited arcane arts. With enough capabilities, he could constantly improve.

With the recuperation of his body and restoration of his law of devouring, as well as Cyric's bishop's 'altruistic' offering, he was pushed into the fast lane of advancement.

‘Only legends are high-end battle powers in the prime material plane. I must become a legend as soon as possible; only then will I have the confidence and capital to separate the outer seas...’ When it came to his future development and plans, Leylin practically had a complete set of steps to follow.

‘Before this, I need to crack down on the faith of the natives and the various devil and demon worshippers, as well as the followers of evil gods...’ Leylin got up slowly, the great energy in his body turning into terrifying streams of air in the private room.

‘I’ll need to alter my outer appearance. It wouldn’t be fun to be misunderstood as related to the God of Murder!’ With a thought, all of Leylin’s divine force was converted into the purest energy. The faint golden light on his skin completely disappeared.

“Master, the guests have arrived outside the tower!” The tower genie spoke respectfully, her little face appearing at this moment.

“I’ll greet them myself!” Leylin nodded.

He headed outside the wizard tower and saw the figure of Gold Priest Xena. Beside her were the priests of a few other churches, though they were only around rank 10.

“Bishop Xena, everyone else, welcome to my wizard tower!” Leylin had a cordial smile on his face. In that moment, it was as if spring had arrived and all sorts of beautiful flowers were blooming.

‘This power of influence... How terrifying! What state is his spiritual force in now?’ While having shock in her eyes, Xena similarly revealed a smile, “Lord Baron, you’re too courteous! As guests, our gifts are lacking. This isn’t good manners...”

Chapter 938 - Meeting

After giving them a tour of the tower, Leylin brought the priests to the drawing room. The metallic golems arrived quickly, presenting tea and snacks in elven porcelain.

“May I know why Lord Baron invited us here?” Xena took a look at these golems that were about as strong as rank 10 Professionals, and increased Leylin’s rating in her mind.

Beside her as a representative of the Goddess of Wealth’s church, there were also priests from the Gods of Knowledge and Suffering. However, Xena was the highest-ranked, and the influence of the Goddess of Wealth was the greatest here. It allowed her to act on behalf of the other two.

“Before all that, I’d first like to give you two gifts!” Leylin clapped, and another golem came forward, placing two boxes in front of them. Once they were opened, a pungent smell wafted out with large amounts of lime powder. It caused Xena to furrow her brows. She slowly drew closer.

“This is...” She suddenly took several steps backwards after seeing what was inside.

“Ah...” “It’s actually...”

If Xena had reacted that way, the other two priests had even larger reactions.

“Lord Leylin, are you using this to scare us?” Xena’s tone was of dissatisfaction, as the box contained two sinister heads. Showing heads to these priests was no sign of goodwill.

“Hehe... I’m obviously not offending you. Please take a closer look...” Leylin had an easy smile on his face.

After confirming that Leylin would not fall out with the church of wealth, Xena endured the nausea and discomfort and began to observe the sinister faces in the box.

After taking a closer look, she found something was wrong. “Hm? This ...”

The two other priests also seemed to have noticed something as well, delight showing on their expressions.

“Lord Leylin, this is...” The priest of the God of Suffering, Avdonia, began sounding unsure.

“Indeed, this is the high-ranked assassin that killed numerous men of the clergy during the Pirates’ Tide.”

Leylin pointed at the box on the left, “As for the one next to him, it is the bishop of the God of Murder hidden in the outer seas, Jesfano!”

“Hah... On behalf of all my comrades that met harm, I thank you!” Xena covered the boxes and sighed. The two other priests also thanked him happily.

During the Pirates’ Tide, the God of Murder had dispatched his subordinates to assassinate those of godly duties without regard. This had resulted in massive losses on the gods’ end. The churches that the three priests in front of Leylin represented were also included in the scope of the attacks, so it could be said that they had a feud with these two people.

The fact that Leylin had given them these two heads as gifts made them rather pleased.

“Well then... What does Lord Leylin wish to speak about?” The priest that had come in the bishop of the God of Knowledge’s stead was one that looked like an elderly scholar. The man called Salilus questioned Leylin with an intelligent glint in his eyes. After hearing his words, Xena and Avdonia focused on Leylin.

“Actually, these two heads were surprises that I obtained when exterminating the notorious Barbarians...” Leylin explained slightly.

“The Barbarians? You mean the culprit that started the Pirates’ Tide causing heavy casualties in the outer seas? They’ve been wiped out?” Xena was rather surprised, while Leylin snickered inside.

By defaming the Barbarians over the long term, especially with

the king's announcement, the Barbarians were now complete criminals. There was no way to absolve themselves of this reputation.

“Mm. They weren't just pirates, they were connected with the God of Murder's church!” Leylin declared, which then earned him flattery reserved for young heroes from Salilus.

“But...” When Leylin continued however, his tone completely changed, which made the three priests aware that Leylin was about to come to the main point.

“I believe that the outer seas as they are right now are in urgent need of a purge of faith in evil gods. This applies especially to those pirates and natives...” Leylin spoke in a low voice, his true intentions now revealed.

“A purge of faith?” The three of them exchanged glances in their surprise.

“Yes, a purge!” Leylin nodded resolutely.

While he treated the outer seas as his trump card, he could not offend all of the gods. Cyric and Malar's reputations were rotten to the core, so that didn't matter, but the few churches on Faulen Island needed to be roped in to his side. They could be considered as the Faulen Family's natural allies.

As for the unlucky bishop of the God of Murder, Leylin was sorry

to say that he could only be treated as just another stepping stone.

“Also... when it comes to dealing blows to the devils and demons, there are many ways we can cooperate in the future. I myself have come up with many new spell formations to detect demons and devils...” Leylin looked extremely furious.

Getting the favour of the good faction via proclaiming his wish to attack the devils and demons was a part of his plan. He could keep subduing them in the shadows to expand his strength, which made it like killing two birds with one stone.

“Oh? Please allow us to discuss this for a while...” Xena looked towards the priests beside her and answered, finding herself put in a spot.

From Leylin’s actions, it was apparent that he was making a declaration to dominate the outer seas. Most importantly, with the annihilation of the Barbarians and uprooting the God of Murder’s church, there now seemed to be no other opposing forces on the sea.

As those of the clergy, they would first have to consider the benefits to their churches. Everything else was secondary.

Unifying the outer sea and cracking down on faith in evil gods and devils was unquestionably beneficial for the gods they had faith in. Of course, this was only if they stood on the same side as Leylin and worked together with him.

‘He has the ability to destroy the Barbarians in secret... Seems like the rumours that the Faulen Family has control over the Scarlet Tigers is true...’ Xena glanced at Leylin, who was all smiles, and pondered over this.

‘With huge armed fleets on the surface and a pirate group in the shadows, as well as huge trade benefits and shipping routes supporting him, it is undeniable that he shall be king of the outer seas. Rejecting his goodwill at this time is very unfavourable to the goddess’ upcoming plans...’

Xena was actually very unwilling to see a single organisation becoming the dictator of the outer seas. She would rather this region be a place for free trade. However, she was currently left without choice.

The moment she infuriated a large organisation like this capable of unifying the outer seas, there would be a huge blow to trades in this region. This was also disadvantageous to the spread of faith in the Goddess of Wealth. Xena kept weighing her options.

‘But... attacking the evil gods, devils and demons?’ Xena shot Leylin a glance. While she had no clue what he was actually thinking, doing this meant she could tell what faction Leylin was in. At the very least, he was not on opposing ends with the Goddess of Wealth.

“In this regard... Please give me some time, my Lord. I need to discuss this with other members before I can make a decision!” While she already had a general inclination to agree, Xena still answered this way.

“The same goes for us.” At the other side, Salilus and Avdonia gave the same answer.

“Of course! This is just my intent. My family also has no plans of sending out troops on a large scale as of yet...” Leylin knew that these priests needed the permissions of their churches and even gods, which was why he didn’t pressure them. Whatever it was, this would be beneficial to them. He was sure that those with foresight could see this.

“As for the new detection spell and spell formations that you mentioned...” Before leaving, Xena displayed her strong interest in what Leylin had mentioned.

“Those are things I put research into and created unwittingly. They’re about half a fold more effective than ancient detection techniques, and the same goes for the range!” Leylin spoke indifferently, but that only caused the priests’ eyes to glint.

Demons and devils were the most hated beings in the prime material plane of the World of Gods! Altars and spells that could detect and distinguish them, especially those as effective and with as large a range as Leylin had said, were definitely the dreams of the churches.

“To be able create new spells alone... I was actually doubtful of my Lord’s talent in spells, but my doubts have been set aside.” The priest of the God of Knowledge, Salilus, spoke with conviction.

Even if it was the simplest distinguishing and detection spells, being able to create a whole new spell model meant that Leylin's knowledge in terms of spells had reached a very profound level. Wizards like these were more capable of reaching the realm of legends. This was how it was recorded in many documents. Leylin had exhibited his abilities here, and Salilus could not help but brighten up.

"Many thanks for the praise. I can discuss matters related to this more comprehensively if you wish to!" Leylin was, on the surface, still a follower of Oghma. Naturally, he had to give this bishop preferential treatment, as well as give the other two some pressure.

"Of course, of course!" Salilus nodded with his eyes wide, while the other two looked wary.

After sending the three priests away, Leylin strolled back to his room.

'There aren't anymore issues in persuading them...' he thought, 'I'll have a reason to purge the outer seas and call for help. All that's left is to make preparations...'

By purging the faith of the natives in the outer seas and stealing their soul strength, he could constantly advance, speeding up his contact with the legendary realm. In the meanwhile, he could also expunge the devils and demons. This was Leylin's main plan that would never change!

Chapter 939 - Demon Experiment

Faulen Island, the basement of the wizard tower. Within the negative energy pool.

This was a place where wizards conducted taboo experiments, with dimensional spell formations specifically to summon demons and devils. Hence, a powerful binding formation was an essential protective measure for this place.

Researching demons and devils! Obviously, once priests or paladins found out, he would become a wanted man, a sinner that all the humans would call out.

It was a pity that most high-ranked wizards had to make use of negative energy to advance. There were few who followed some lesser-known paths. After becoming a legendary wizard, those madmen might even completely disregard the gods and brazenly go against their ban, becoming involved in the domain of arcane spells.

In the eyes of those strictly forbidden scholars, the gods were merely a group of powerful wizards. Who exactly was up there was a function of luck and one's birth.

Due to their pursuit of truth and their research, wizards often harboured thoughts of becoming treacherous, and were hated by the gods to the bone. They had then done all they could to create the Weave in order to limit the spellcasters.

Unfortunately, even with the annihilation of Netheril and the crippling of most wizards through the Weave, legendary wizards still walked the path of doubting the gods. The immense pressure they exerted caused even more vigorous backlash, which was in a way very ironic.

“A dimensional summoning spell formation? While I can only summon beings from various planes within the crystal sphere, it’s still not bad...” Leylin now stood at the edge of a spell formation with various runes drawn all over it, possessing an inquiring look on his face.

After sending the three priests away, he focused entirely on research in arcane spells. He was already a rank 16 arcanist, and it was obvious that he would perform practical experiments in this area.

“There seems to be a very powerful limitation in summoning spells within the World of Gods. There are also different factions. Of course... anyone can summon demons, as long as they are controlled well after that...” Leylin murmured to himself and activated the runes on the spell formation.

“Though it’s my first time using this, I guess I’ll summon demons. After all, I’ve gotten familiar with devils, but haven’t gotten the chance to observe demons myself...”

Demon summoning! As this was the first time, Leylin had not planned to summon a particularly powerful demon. However, after casting the spell, he suddenly found his spiritual force connecting with a large, deep, dark and chaotic plane.

“Is this the abyss? This power of space and chaos...” The abyss was currently known to have hundreds of layers, and most of it was definitely undiscovered. There were even rumours that the ninth level of hell had initially been part of the abyss and been separated.

With Leylin’s current spiritual force, it was impossible for him to advance to far into the abyss, even with spells and spell formations supporting him. He could only tour the surface layers.

“Mm! There’s a confusing and chaotic soul aura here, but it feels infinitely tiny. This should be a type of abyssal worm. That’s too weak... But then this one is too powerful. I think it’s approaching the rank of legendary. Everything is so different... I give up...”

With his fine spiritual force control, Leylin had more choices than other wizards. Finally, after a generally searching the area, he found his target, “A powerful soul aura and a strength that isn’t too strong or too weak. It’s you! Summon!”

The planar coordinates locked onto the target, and Leylin saw a teleportation gate opening. A strange, terrifying demon was teleported over.

Kukaka! What entered Leylin’s sights was a huge demon that looked more like a bald eagle on two legs. It was completely naked and had large wings on its back, the disgusting red chicken skin evident. Its human arms were tipped by incredibly sharp claws.

It did not hesitate to attack once it saw Leylin. The bloodlust, chaos and insanity within the soul caused his eyes to widen slightly.

“This should be a Vrock! While evolved from abyssal worms, it should be considered a mid-ranked demon! On top of that... this amount of chaos and level of attack... Hmph!”

Leylin huffed, the binding spell formation he had prepared beforehand flickered with dazzling light. Tens of lightning rays formed a huge prison. The Vrock’s talons clashed with the electricity, and it immediately caused a huge sound. Large amounts of black flames began to blaze within, causing even the Vrock to retreat pitifully. There was finally some fear in its eyes.

“This guy only knows to be tough on the weak but is afraid when treated harshly!” Leylin shook his head, his right index finger pressing on his temple, “A.I. Chip, scan it and gather data!”

[Beep! Mission established. Beginning scan.]

The A.I. Chip loyally carried out Leylin’s commands. Soon enough, a 3D scan appeared in front of Leylin, detailing its stats.

[Name unknown. Race: Vrock (Tanar’ri) Strength: 16 Agility: 17 Vitality: 15 Spirit: 13 Feats: 1. Demon Skin 2. Flight 3.

Corrosive Aura 4. Ability similar to magic. Description: This is a mid-rank demon. There is chaos and evil of the abyss in its very soul. Unless its mind is controlled, one will definitely be met with a powerful counterattack.]

‘It’s the model of a high-ranked professional, and its stats in all areas surpass them!’ Leylin evaluated dully, and then saw its faction lights and soul temperament. ‘What kind of insane and chaotic soul is this! It even has such an evil feeling...’

It had to be said that while he’d heard of this before, actually meeting one had Leylin losing completely hope in demons.

“They’re just a bunch of evil lunatics with power in their hands!” After seeing its temperament, Leylin finally understood why the demons kept losing in the bloody battles with devils. While they were all evil existences, these beings that hid within chaos were just unworthy of his attention.

“The chaotic temperament from the abyss? Where is this coming from?” Leylin had a searching look in his eyes. He observed the Vrock trapped by the binding formation, the intense gaze causing even the insane demon to feel some fear.

“I don’t have much time, but I do have patience for my first specimen!” Leylin had an apathetic expression as a small, silver surgical knife and other tools suddenly appeared in his hands.

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“While the flesh itself is filled with a filthy power of chaos, the temperament of demons seems to be rooted in the soul itself...” The laboratory was now completely empty, and there were only bloodstained bits of bone left here. Some creature’s last wails seemed to linger in the area, filling the place with a frightening aura.

However, this did not affect Leylin at all. After washing away the blood and dirt on his hands, he focused on studying the potion in the test tube he held. A dark red liquid could be seen in the test tube, a dark light within shining with varying amounts of intensity as he shook the tube. It seemed evil and frightening.

‘This is the potion that was made from extracting the demon’s energy. A.I. Chip!’ Leylin’s eyes twinkled as he ordered.

[Beep! Item Name: Middle Demon Potion. Effect: Raises vitality and strength of all beings below 10 points by 1 point. For those with these stats below 15 points, vitality and strength increases by 0.5. Ineffective for all professionals above rank 15. Description: This is a potion with powerful demonic energy. Drink it if strength is desired, although be fearless of the corruption to your soul. You might fall to the abyss forever.]

“Not a bad result. What a pity...” Leylin sighed. While this potion was pretty good at boosting his underlings’ strength, the demonic corruption that would result was a huge issue. If he wanted to continue working in the prime material plane, then his underlings

could not be a group of demons!

However, his underlings could not be too weak either. He was preparing to nurture talents for the church he would build.

“What a bother! While I’m unafraid of such corruption, it won’t be the same for others...” Leylin muttered, “I need to adjust the soul to remove the corruption, which would increase the costs too much. This can only be used as a reward, and not an ordinary potion to be passed down...”

‘And... the abyss?’ Leylin stroked his chin, recalling that mighty surge of chaos he had felt before.

‘Chaos is a rather powerful law. After grasping it, I might even be able to command strength even more powerful than greater gods and work together with the abyss. Unfortunately, it doesn’t suit me at all... I should head to the abyss and hell after becoming legendary to take a look.’

With Leylin’s abilities, the abyss and hell were good choices to reincarnate in. However, Leylin had pondered over this and then given up. Compared to the prime material plane, these two areas were far too dangerous. There were battles everywhere and basically no peace whatsoever.

Right after reincarnating, Leylin would be at his weakest. How could he gamble on this?

“Even if I wanted to try my luck, would I, an invader, still be cared for by the World Will?” Leylin had a feeling that even while the World Will was in a deep sleep, its malicious intent towards Magi would not disappear so easily.

However, with his law of devouring, he would certainly be able to let his talents shine if he were to enter the abyss and hell. Leylin had no hesitations when it came to that!

Chapter 940 - Mid-Rank Perfect Body

Within a dim room. Powerful golden divine force was raging like stormy waves as it gushed out of a small statue. It was then absorbed by a huge black vortex in mid-air. Completely transformed, a pure energy gathered at the body of a quiet figure sitting there.

Powerful divine force condensed to form a faint figure of light, a thread of divinity sparkling as it emerged.

‘The analysis of divine force has slowly given me information over divinity...’ Leylin pondered over this. In the eyes of Magi, this so-called godhood was merely an elementary understanding of the power of laws.

A true god had comprehended one law completely. From there, one would ignite their godfire to join the ranks of the other true gods, a process improving comprehension of laws as they grasped them.

“But... The World of Gods has unique rules of their own. With the power of faith, comprehension of the laws can be hastened. The power of laws possessed after becoming a true god can also be boosted through faith. With the comprehension of laws as the core, one can rob or present this divinity that comes from faith...”

It was extremely difficult for the inhabitants of the World of Gods to surpass the limitations on their own bodies and obtain divinity. Unless one was lucky enough to get into the good graces

of the gods or pick up a divine weapon with divinity hidden inside, this was basically impossible.

However, having already grasped the true essence of laws, Magi didn't find it too difficult to create divinity as long as they had enough materials.

‘Honestly speaking, divine force is actually the material to form divinity. It takes other gods too much energy to transform it, to the point that they're unwilling to do so...’ Leylin studied the statue in his hands. The divine force within was almost completely depleted.

“Even with all the divine force stored inside being able to raise the my average stats, I still can't form any real divinity...” Leylin muttered to himself. After absorbing all the divine force within the statue, his strength had improved just a bit. He now had a better understanding of Cyric's godly duties and domain, but he still could not condense divinity. This was not an issue in technique, but just that there weren't enough pure ingredients.

By his estimation, he would require all the divine force from a god's avatar to condense the divinity he needed.

“Eliminating an avatar?” Leylin stroked his chin, beginning to ponder over the feasibility of this matter.

It wasn't possible for a god to descend on the prime material plane in their true body. Their personifications were at most high-ranked legendaries and saints, about as strong as rank 5 or 6 Magi.

They would also lose their holiness, and could therefore be killed.

Of course, even the avatar wasn't someone Leylin could deal with easily.

'I completely understand Cyric's divine force...' Leylin reflected, 'With multiple domains like murder, massacres, conspiracies, and death, he has entered the ranks of the greater gods. An avatar from him would be the cream of the crop...'

In Leylin's eyes, however, of all of Cyric's laws, the only ones Leylin found worthy were those of massacre and death. These two domains were very formidable, and they were what Cyric had relied on to enter the ranks of the greater gods.

It would take a tremendous amount of divine force to condense a divinity in these domains.

'Even if he's gone insane, this is still far too difficult... I should change my target...'

Ever since Leylin had started out here, he had only offended two gods; the God of the Hunt, Malar, and the God of Murder, Cyric. This had naturally been done after some pondering. As the path he had chosen caused conflict with these two gods, becoming hostile was obvious.

'Malar is only a lesser god, and his avatar would be easier to deal with. I don't want anything to do with his domain of hunting, but

it won't be hard to transform it into a divinity in massacres...'

Only middle gods and above in the World of Gods could transform divinity between similar fields. However, any rank 8 Magus could do so. This was the result of differences in comprehending laws.

With Leylin's temperament, those benevolent and honest roles meant nothing to him. Not only was his soul unsuitable for that, it would also pollute his path to becoming a rank 8 Magus. Hence, he had few choices.

With research on ancient Magi like Distorted Shadow, he now had a better understanding of his own path.

'My path is definitely inclined towards 'evil' for this world. Will I completely walk the path of a rebel?' Leylin stroked his chin, 'Based on the novels from my previous world, rebels never lead good lives. That's rather... interesting...'

'But... the power of devils will definitely give rise to massacres and death. That's rather fitting...' The corner of Leylin's lips suddenly turned up in an evil smile.

He did not fear sin on his path to eternity, nor did he mind grasping evil laws.

Boom! At this moment, the miniature statue in his hands exploded. His continued absorption over this period of time had

completely exhausted the divine force within.

“Is it depleted already?” Leylin closed his eyes. The cells all over his body greedily absorbed this pure energy that had been transformed, and there was even a huge improvement on a genetic level. At this moment, the A.I. Chip’s robotic voice sounded.

[Beep! Host has absorbed pure energy. Effect similar to eternal grace from the god. Strength +1, Agility +2, Vitality +1, Spirit +1.]

[Host’s spiritual force has broken through, rank increasing. Host is now a rank 17 arcanist. Arcane Energy +10.]

[Obtained spell slots: rank 8(1), rank 7(1), rank 6(1), rank 5(1)]

All his stats had now exceeded 15. Power erupted in Leylin’s body, and it felt as if every cell was dancing in elation as if they had broken through their shackles.

[Beep! Host’s stats have all reached 15. Feat Elementary Perfect Body has become Middle Perfect Body.]

The A.I. Chip’s prompt continued to show.

Afterwards, the explanation of the Perfect Body feat was refreshed.

[Middle Perfect Body. Host’s genes have been optimised. Characteristics of exemplary beings has been strengthened, and host has obtained mid-rank resistance to toxins, fire, cold, and corrosion. Endurance in varying environments has been increased by large degree.]

Leylin’s stats changed.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 22. Race: Human, Rank 17 Arcanist. Strength: 15. Agility: 15. Vitality: 15. Spirit: 17. Arcane Energy: 170 Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Middle Perfect Body. Specialties: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification.]

[Spell slots possessed: rank 8(1), rank 7(3), rank 6(6), rank 5(???), rank 4(???), rank 3(???), rank 2(???), rank 1(???), rank 0(???)]

[Analysis of Weave: Level 0: 100%, Level 1: 100%, Level 2: 100%, Level 3: 100%, Level 4: 100%, Level 5: 100%, Level 6: 53.33%, Level 7: 34.97%. Level 8: 0.11%.]

‘So all of the divine force and demon potions recently have allowed me to rise to this point?’ Leylin nodded, looking satisfied.

The rise in his arcanist ranking allowed him to reduce the consumption needed for arcane spells. Besides for rank 9 arcane spells, he would not need to pay any price at all. The rise in his wizard ranking also allowed him obtain a rank 8 spell slot, which was pretty good.

“And then... Middle Perfect Body?”

Leylin wondered about this. The advancement in his perfect body meant he was transforming into a higher-grade lifeform. Once he became a legendary, he would probably have a Greater Perfect Body or even Legendary Perfect Body as his feat.

“Even those old legends must have endured long periods of training to improve their stats, allowing them to possess a Legendary Perfect Body. However, at the rate that I’m improving, my feat with the Perfect Body alone after becoming a legendary would allow me to catch up to the Legends who have been amassing strength for so long...”

“Also, a powerful vessel would allow me to make preparations to take on more power!” Leylin had a feeling that once his Perfect Body reached the legendary domain, there would be huge advantages to absorbing divinity and even igniting his godfire to become a god.

“Whether it’s the remaining evil organisations in the outer seas or dealing with the God of Murder, all this would require me harnessing great power...” The Faulen Family might have become a king of the outer seas, but lacked the power to completely control the situation!

Only by quickly becoming a legendary could he fearlessly take on the attack from the God of Murder’s church, and therefore make the outer seas a solid foundation for him to become a god.

“My speed of advancement is already very fast. If I want to continue, the only method would be making use of the faith of the natives in the outer seas...”

Chapter 941 - Agreement

Leylin's progress slowed once he became a rank 17 arcanist. He performed experiments on negative energy and other planes everyday within his wizard tower, and occasionally taught some apprentices. He led a leisurely life.

As he possessed crucial techniques and strength, he was not in the least bit anxious. And just as he expected, others could no longer hold themselves back.

“Lord Baron... Were you really the one to create these three spells? Detect Demon, Detect Domain, and Sense Devil?”

Xena did not seem to be in the best mental state. There were dark bags under her beautiful eyes, and it was apparent that she hadn't had a good rest in a long time. For her, this was something unthinkable.

“Yes!” Leylin answered with a smile, and he then saw Xena's eyes that were full of shock and astonishment that she could not hide.

“The many gods will definitely notice your contributions to the World of Gods!” After obtaining an affirmation, Xena immediately guaranteed.

This was because Leylin's invention was far too astounding.

Even if the paladins had spells like Detect Evil, its categories and

scope were far too narrow. After personal testing, Xena found that the spell models that Leylin provided far exceeded the detection methods from before, whether in terms of accuracy or scope.

The effect it would have on the operation of dealing with demons and devils was obvious.

Xena's eyes were now full of fervor as she watched Leylin. If she could offer up these techniques to her goddess' church, she might even have the confidence to compete the next 'Holy Coin' church election!

"I've always had zero tolerance for evil organisations!" Leylin's experiment showed how 'righteous' he was, but he was snorting away inside.

He himself was half an Archdevil, so making a few techniques to detect devils was far too easy. Having met a high-ranked person from their faction, being betrayed and sold out was just the devils and demons being down on their luck.

With this, Leylin could also show his resolution in his faction.

Of course, as the person who created these detection techniques, Leylin had long since come up with their respective defences and counter spells. Of course, he had given all those to his own devil underlings.

'It's wonderful to use another's strength to eliminate your

enemies...' Leylin assessed to himself, 'If these spells grow widespread, then all the devils and demons hiding in the mainland will face heavy losses. It'll be a chance for my worshippers of gluttony...'

Thankfully, Xena had no idea of what Leylin was thinking, or else she'd definitely attack him.

"But I can only sell the spell scrolls and alchemic items related to this to you. The basic spell model has to be kept a secret. At the moment, I will only be selling them to you three and your churches," Leylin's next words caused Xena's expression to change.

"After all... my Faulen Family is merely a small power that's unable to go against the devil and demon forces of the whole continent. You wouldn't wish for our Faulen Family to be massacred by violent devils and demons, would you?" Leylin watched Xena, looking helpless. While this Gold Bishop's expression changed, she still had no choice but to acknowledge this.

Even Xena had no confidence to say that the church of wealth would definitely protect the Faulen Family, because this was impossible.

Those devils and demons definitely did not care for the Goddess of Wealth.

"Mm, alright. You will also need to swear that you will never leak

news that I am the seller!” Leylin spoke seriously. While dealing blows to devils and demons was good, he did not want to invite trouble. This was why it was necessary to take all these steps as well.

Most importantly, there was a limit to the spell scrolls and alchemic items that he was selling, so that the effect could be regulated. With the ability of Magi and arcanists to seal things, Leylin was confident that he could press this advantage for over a century. Even a legendary wizard would not be able to decrypt his spell models.

In addition, with his ‘pitiful’ speed, there was a limit to the spell scrolls he could make. Part of the time was also needed to be spent on research. Hence, the actual damage to the demons was rather slight.

Based on his speculations, being able to wipe them out of the Dambrath Kingdom within a decade was something very amazing.

This would prevent certain powerful demons and devils from being driven to action in their desperation. With such a long period of time, they would have the time to come up with plans and deal with it.

By selling this stuff, he could also rope in the three churches. He’d already considered the possibility of them joining hands to pressure him. Firstly, the three of them were in the lawful good faction, and would never use sinister methods. With their three gods controlling each other, he would also have the chance to benefit from them all.

Only a legendary, with decisive power in the prime material plane, would be a sufficient foundation to protect the interests and safety of his organisation.

“... I understand... After this, I’ll contact the other two churches.” Xena gave Leylin a look, having thought of many things in that instance, “Our church of wealth is very much in favour of the Faulen Family expanding in the outer seas!”

“Thank you very much! Oh, I’ve already prepared the specific spell scrolls. The price is ten thousand gold kro, so please come and get it anytime!” Leylin smiled winningly like an unscrupulous businessman. The church of wealth had money after all, and who was he to say no to that? They were more than capable of paying for this.

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After the exchange of benefits and agreement, the Faulen Family’s inclination of unifying the outer seas was unstoppable. They’d already subdued other, smaller nobles, so they met no opposition on that front. The rest were like Marquis Tim of the Gold Thornblossoms, too afraid to oppose this.

After seeing the three churches standing by the Faulen Family, he was already scared shitless. Tim knew how ruthless Leylin was. He had dared massacred the Baltic archipelago, and after gaining support from the churches he was fearless. If Tim had the courage to fight back, he would end up in an even worse state than the old

Marquis. He was a smart man, and obviously made the right choice.

In that moment, the outer seas belonged to the Faulen Family's to do as they wished. Only the ships that had the family's flags could move around in the outer seas uninhibited.

Recently, there were even rumours that Tim and his band of nobles were planning to petition to the Dambrath King to consider the Faulen Family's expansion and 'outstanding contributions', in hopes to raise Leylin's feudal rank and give him more land.

With all the troubles on the surface dealt with, Leylin focused his attentions on what was going on in the shadows.

"There are actually only two forces in the dark world of the Dambrath outer seas. One is the evil force with the pirates in power, but with the annihilation of the Barbarians, they now pose no threat. The other is the native islands with their faith in evil gods..."

Using a conjured water mirror, Leylin was now deep in a frank conversation with his cousin Isabel.

She had already completely taken over Pirates' Cove and turned it into the Scarlet Tigers' base. It could be said that the fall of Pirates' Cove meant that the outer seas' pirate world had been unified. There would no longer be any forces on the sea that could match the Scarlet Tigers.

“Also... The native tribes’ belief in the evil gods is something very troublesome. They are rather ignorant, greedy, and savage, and believe in natural spirits. They rely on beings with great might to shelter them, and become a huge threat to passing ships...”

As the noble child of a merchant of the seas, Leylin had long since gotten a deep understanding of these native tribes. Even if the Dambrath Kingdom had entered an age of discovery in the seas and gone through generations of migration, there were still few ‘civilised people’ in the outer seas than natives.

It was said that further into the deep seas, there was a large continent where an empire built by the natives existed!

Hence, in order to completely unify the outer seas, he could not let go of these natives’ tribes, especially since they had natural spirits that had formed after hundreds or even a thousand years worth of offerings.

These primitive totems had, with years of faith from the natives, obtained immense strength. Possessing divinity or even igniting divine flames was nothing special from them.

“I hope you can head the elimination of the native tribes in the outer seas, in the regions that we know of.” Leylin spoke to Isabel through the communicator.

He now somewhat had a group of underlings with reasonable strength, and there were some things he did not have to do himself. In that sense, he’d turned from a pawn into the player.

In order to truly leap out of the chessboard, he'd at least need legendary strength. To take part in the games of the gods, he would need to be a member!

“Make records of all the natural spirits and totems with legendary strength and above, and also the native tribes that believe in the Goddess of the Ocean. Let them off temporarily.” Leylin had consistently been taking advantage of the weaker ones and afraid to go head on with the powerful. Nothing changed here.

“I understand!” As a senior pirate, Isabel knew full well the terror that the Ocean Goddess could inflict. There were many amongst her own men that followed her. Once she was provoked in the ocean, then one would only be engulfed by boundless storms.

Isabel could even imagine that once she ordered those pirates to attack the Ocean Goddess' church or altar, those pieces of trash would collapse in their fear.

Chapter 942 - Mishap

“First ensure the safety of the shipping routes. If there are those you can’t deal with, make a record of them and leave them to me!” Leylin went through things to take note of and then ended the communication.

“With the expansion of the outer seas, there should still be many left even after eliminating those too powerful or with powerful backings.” Leylin’s eyes glinted with wit, immediately recalling the barbarian altar from before.

“I don’t need that many. As long as I find around 10 of the natives’ sacrificial areas like that of the barbarian tribe, the accumulated energy should be enough for me to advance and even get close to the realm of legendaries...”

Leylin willed it, and the outer seas immediately grew lively. With the Scarlet Tigers taking the lead, numerous pirates yelled out as they swept through the native islands close to important shipping routes.

Besides those with powerful backers or the protection of powerful beings, basically all the native tribes were purged. Most of the adult males in these tribes were killed, while the rest were turned into slaves.

With abundant supplies, the price of native slaves in the outer seas fell steeply by 50%, causing many slave traders to go bankrupt. Of course, in this whole disturbance, the Faulen Family made use

of prompt news and abundant resources to gulp down much of the share in the sales of the slaves.

With such a storm, the little businesses could only be crowded out. The true big shots would use these methods to massacre the market and remove all competitors in their way. They could then monopolise the market.

Leylin could be said to be very familiar with this. With the war, all sorts of loot and slaves were shipped to the Faulen Island. There were even totems and ritual items for evil gods here, which actually helped Leylin to learn a great deal.

Within these items were some form of power of faith. Leylin found this useful. Through these years of hard work, the power he held gradually took shape. He need not bother himself with many things, because his underlings would take the initiative and do everything well.

This was the advantage of being the master of a large organisation.

‘No wonder even gods would create churches and work hard to operate them. While they look like saints, the intent behind it is rather similar...’ Leylin found that he now had a better understanding of the methods of the gods. Afterwards, however, something snapped him out of his thoughts.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! The faint sounds of shattering could be heard from Leylin’s shirt tail, causing his expression to change.

Leylin reached down and came up with several fragments from a crescent shape ruin. This was supposed to be a complete crystal, but had now shattered into numerous tiny pieces. The luster on it dimmed in an instant.

“Is there trouble?” Leylin’s eyes did not waver as he mumbled. This was a communication rune he had made especially for his cousin, which could bypass most spatial separation.

This sudden alert meant that Isabel had met with a very problematic issue on the outer seas. She had no choice but to cut off all communications, a desperate step.

“Send down the message that I’ll be leaving for a period of time” Leylin told the tower genie dully. The intellectual core quickly understood Leylin and carried out his order. Ernest headed to his drawing room directly.

“Why are you leaving now? Don’t you know that our experiment has reached a crucial stage? Oh! Also, the trade of your family is the best it can be! Poor Leon needs to calculate bills all the way till deep in the night everyday...” Ernest spoke, as if blaming Leylin.

“We can set the experiment aside. Anyway, those gem kelp that we were observing need another two years until they have fully matured. There’s also nothing to worry about with the family business. If anything happens, look for my father, Baron Jonas. The churches will also help you as much as they can!”

Leylin rolled his shoulders back.

“Fine... Seems like you’ve made up your mind. Can you tell me why?” Ernest looked curious, “Let me guess... it’s... for a woman? Am I right? Only beautiful girls could make someone of your age more boyish...”

“What do you mean by ‘more boyish’?” Leylin stared at him, speechless.

He was most worried about the Scarlet Tigers that he’d established suffering a huge blow. The safety of his cousin Isabel was also of utmost importance. Of course, she was a beautiful woman, but this had nothing to do with what Ernest was talking about.

“Oh, teenagers... don’t worry... I’ll explain to your father!” Ernest winked suggestively at Leylin, a suspicious look on his face.

“Fine, fine.” Leylin shook his head and walked out. He had a feeling that Master Ernest must have noticed something, and everything he was doing was on purpose!

.....

At the same time, a blazing fireball was launched from the Red Dragon Sword. In that instant, all the thorny vines wiggling in the air were burnt to ashes.

“It’s the seventeenth time!” Isabel huffed, though her gaze was still strong, “Everyone, retreat to the cave. Quick!”

Red Dragon Transformation! Dragon Breath! Following that, Isabel unhesitatingly activated her bloodline force and turned into a half-dragon with fiery-red scales and a pair of large wings extending from her back.

The heated conical flames formed a triangular blank space. A few natives who could not evade in time were struck by the flames, and became huge chunks of ashes.

“Damn it, there’s something wrong with this tribe!” As she guided the surviving men into the cave, Isabel cursed and grabbed a black rock by the side of the cave.

This operation had started swimmingly. The tribe they were going to wipe out did not have the protection of true gods like the Goddess of the Ocean. There were also no legendary natural spirits and totems here, so they were rather weak.

However, just as Isabel prepared to destroy the huge tribe in one go and make all of them slaves, a series of unthinkable things happened.

This tribe actually had relations with the rumoured native empire, and they had coincidentally met with their support forces! At the thought of the unpredictable killings in the forest, Isabel turned glum.

The black rock in her hand produced noises before ultimately shattering, turning into fragments of lime and sprinkling everywhere.

Such a violent scene immediately caused the pirates to shrink back, afraid that her palm would arrive at their heads next.

This was the most solid greenstone! Through the polishing and corrosion of an unceasing water flow, it had grown lustrous and hard. It felt indestructible, but it was like white bread in her hands.

“Pfft, a bunch of cowards!” Isabel disdainfully turned back. With her remodelling as a bloodline Warlock and the fusion with the legendary dragon’s blood, her power was increasing by the day.

By using the Dragon King’s Mystic Might meditation technique, Isabel could sense her strength was increasing. It was as if a dragon resided in her body! If not for her underlings dragging her down, she would find it easy to break out of here alone.

“The signal has already been sent out. Hmph! Once Leylin’s here, I’m going to burn these disgusting monkeys to death!” The sword in Isabel’s hand glimmered with light. Crimson qi immediately destroyed numerous tropical trees, revealing the elite native warriors and their summoned creatures.

They were now in a gigantic tropical rainforest, and there were native tribal warriors everywhere. What attracted Isabel’s attention the most were actually the elite warriors from the

empire.

‘Based on their dialect, the reinforcements are the Forest Hunters and Amazon Warriors?’ Isabel recalled the information she had obtained before.

The system of Professionals in the World of Gods was huge. Besides the most common warriors, thieves, and so on, there were countless other hidden professions, such as the arcanists.

There could even be systems of power from the dark era in remote regions.

The native empire had their own system of professions, which Isabel thought to be a normal occurrence.

‘I just don’t know if there are gods in the empire of natives.’ Isabel suddenly considered this. While they were base and lazy, and the power of faith they offered less pure than even that of regular people, the amount was still pretty good.

If they could find a new continent with the native empire with no gods, then even a god would go green in envy!

Rustle! The natives that had been scared off by Isabel’s attack shrank back, while Isabel looked on every corner of the battlefield. A slender figure soon appeared behind a broad-leaved tree.

“How is it, Karen? Have you found their commander?” Isabel

asked without hesitation.

“No!” This was the pirates’ scouting captain, the half-drow Karen. She was shaking her head regretfully, “The leader is very vigilant and seems to have great anti-detection abilities. I can’t find their core...”

“Damn it! We can only wait for reinforcements...” Isabel sighed. She began to feel deeply uncomfortable at the thought of being unable to complete Leylin’s mission, though she couldn’t quite tell why.

Chapter 943 - Trap

Numerous elite natives formed a heavily-guarded defensive line within the tropical rainforest. Behind them were several crudely constructed tents.

Based on the traditions of the natives, these tents were adorned with colourful feathered decorations on the surface, as well as some runes smeared on with fresh blood.

“Has Special Envoy Agigikro caught them yet?” asked a native who was evidently their leader. He wore a large golden crown on his head, but looked rather slender, almost bony; it was a stark difference. This man was currently watching another white-browed native.

This native called Agigikro had evidently experienced much over many years. His eyes showed his wisdom, and he was half a head taller than the leader, which showed that he had been raised in a more nourishing environment.

“They are very powerful followers of another religion. The elite Forest Hunters and Amazon Warriors that I brought couldn’t even take a blow from that monster in human form! To force them to come here, I’ve already lost 27 elite warriors...”

Agigikro was evidently not this leader’s subordinate, and his tone made him sound like they were on equal terms.

“Also... I’ve only come here to accept offerings to the empire and

had no intentions of taking part in this!”

After seeing that this envoy was beginning to get mad, the native chief grew restless, “But... With these outsiders and those of another religion around, my island is now getting increasingly unsafe. My people are losing their lands. If you weren’t here, I might have chosen to abandon this place and find a land that those blue-eyed ones can’t see...”

Seeing that his complaints and chattering did nothing to convince Agigikro and only made him more enraged, the head wrung his hands and looked to be in pain, “Fine... Fine... To thank you for your help, my friend, I can offer you some things privately. They’re all...”

After hearing a whole bunch of promises, Agigikro’s frown smoothed out. The islands around this place weren’t much to those from the natives’ continent. However, this one place was different. This chief in front of him was the only way they could procure the specialties of this place, and they were very precious in the empire.

If not, Agigikro wouldn’t be so kind hearted as to help him fight off the invaders.

‘Perhaps... I should find a chance to beat the method they get their tributes from out of them...’ Agigikro looked towards the head, eyes glinting with a chilly gaze like a poisonous snake hidden in the shadows.

While this was a mere glance, the head was already beginning to

get uncomfortable, “Well then, about those invaders... What do you say?”

“Them?” Agigikro froze, and then looked furious. “Those who have the gall to kill so many of my men will never be let off easily. I’m going to skin off their scalps and use their bones as musical instruments, eternally hung in front of the doorframe to my house.

“But... They seem to be powerful beings who’ve grasped evil strength. If we go in with dull strength, we’ll also have casualties. On top of that, the terrain is hindering us... Hence, I believe we can push the timing to attack them back. What do you think about tomorrow night?”

Agigikro’s eyes were filled with a sneaky luster.

“Tomorrow... Night? You mean—” After hearing this, the head’s eyes brightened.

“Exactly. With that around, those of another religion can only embrace the eternity of death, no matter how many of them there are...”

At this thought, the head applauded, now in a better mood. The tent was pulled open soundlessly, and then a group of girls with different-coloured fruit plates balanced on their heads flitted in like butterflies. They had eyes like black pearls, and their lips were extremely charming. Every part of their bodies held vitality that only youth possessed.

The maids respectfully put the fruit plates down. There were all sorts of precious tropical fruits within, while the plates themselves also emitted a charming golden light. They were made of pure gold.

“Envoy, there’s still much time till tomorrow. How about you take a look at what we have planned here?”

The head smiled and he clapped. A group of musicians began to play elegant tunes, and the girls began to dance gracefully. The provocative dance had a unique beauty to it, and in that moment the tent began to undulate with youth.

Agigikro stared hard at one of the dancer girls, who was the most beautiful, and he began to peel a grape while looking intoxicated. The head, who was watching, snickered inside. On the surface, he looked ready to flatter the envoy more.

.....

While the natives danced to show happiness and prosperity, Leylin had secretly arrived at Pirates’ Cove. This place had now turned into the Scarlet Tigers’ main base, and any barbarians or organisations related to the church of murder had been uprooted.

The Scarlet Tigers had conducted a purge after occupying this place. Powerful ammunition had exploded on half of the dock; blood still stained the port from that day.

However, pirates lived like locusts. The scattered pirates reappeared after the purge of war, like bamboo shoots in the rain. The bars and dancing halls were open the whole night, and the place seemed dazzling and prosperous.

This motivated more sailors to turn to the path of piracy. While most were killed, the lucky ones who survived did strike it rich and turned into a new legend. This encouraged generation after generation of pirates.

“My Lord!” Now, in the core residence of Pirates’ Cove, Ronald and Robin Hood’s foreheads were dripping cold sweat as they watched the young noble in front of them.

While Leylin had not released his aura, the pressure he gave them was enough for them to feel like they were in front of a dragon. In this situation where Miss Isabel was heavily surrounded, it didn’t matter if this was an error on their end, but they knew they could be hanged for this.

Knowing how terrifying Leylin could be, the thought of fleeing did not even rise in their minds. They could only keep praying that Leylin could show them some benevolence.

“I took a look when I came. The construction of the harbour went well. Robin Hood, you’ve put in much effort!”

Unexpectedly, Leylin did not begin to reprimand them first thing. His approval immediately had Robin Hood feeling slightly

better, “Many thanks, young master! I only did what I had to do the best of my abilities!”

“And you, Ronald!” Leylin then glanced at the middle-aged pirate next to him.

Through years of experience, this subordinate that he had recruited now had the aura of someone at the top. His strength had also grown by a large amount, as was expected of a seedling that Leylin had chosen himself.

“My Lord!” Robin Hood went down on a half-kneel, “I am in charge of the sea routes. No matter what happened, I am partially responsible for this. Please forgive me!”

Much time hadn’t passed since the establishment of the Scarlet Tigers, but a few groups and factions had already formed. While most were under Leylin and Isabel, there were still others.

Compared to a general like Robin Hood who had come straight from the garrison, Ronald who had entered midway lacked confidence. Of course, this might also have to do with Leylin having too much power.

“Since this has happened, I’m not going to put the blame on anyone. I just hope we can solve it as soon as possible...” Leylin waved his arms. He’d already had some expectation that this might happen. However, as long as there were people around, the losses could be quickly replenished, which was not an issue.

“I’ve looked through the records in the meeting, and you aren’t in the wrong. You have no need to worry about it...” This was the main point. Otherwise, Ronald might not even be able to walk out of this room.

“My lord...” A warmth surged in Ronald’s heart, and his chest felt stuffy, yet he could not say anything.

“Enough. Who are you putting this show for?”

Leylin stopped Ronald and then spread out a huge sea map on the table. This was the most complete map of the areas the Scarlet Tigers’ had gathered. There were also some areas added in that had been explored by the Barbarians or other pirate groups. At a glance, the entire Dambrath outer seas could be seen vividly in his mind. This was a priceless treasure.

“Come, Ronald. Mark the route that Isabel has taken this time!” Leylin took a vernier caliper and moved it around, and then passed a red marker to Ronald.

“Yes, my lord!” Ronald took a deep breath and calmed himself down. Meanwhile, after recalling some memories, he drew a crooked red line on the map.

“As most of the outer sea native tribes have been wiped out, Lord Isabel’s hunting targets are now closer to the deep sea... In the previous sail, we communicated. Things had been normal up till this point!”

“The red coral sea? That’s rather close to the outer regions...”
Leylin glanced at the area Ronald had marked out on the map.

The red marking was the most southern part of the map, and extremely close to the boundaries of the outer seas. With a few days of sailing, she could sail away from the scope on the map.

“My cousin... I already reminded her not to go too far...”

Leylin sighed as he shook his head, “There are far too many native tribes in the south, and things are complicated. There are even rumours of the native empire there. She was trying to wipe them out with just one pirate fleet... sigh...”

Chapter 944 - Ritual

“Ready a ship and men. I’m going to leave immediately!” Since he had confirmed the location, Leylin would obviously go on a rescue mission immediately. Robin Hood and Ronald listened respectfully. Not long after, they had everything prepared...

A day later. Isabel had just met her life’s largest crisis in the rainforest.

“What... what the heck is this?” A powerful draconic aura spread out, and a few black monsters were burnt to ashes.

These black monsters had a strong, dark-red fog around them. They were shaped weirdly, as if formed of soil.

Rustle... Rustle... Even if it was burnt off by the flames, the dark red gas gathered once more to spawn more monsters/

“Damn it! They can’t die?” Karen used her dagger and pierced into a monster with three human heads, one each belonging to an elderly, a middle-aged man and a youth. However, the injuries quickly recovered and even swallowed her dagger. Sensing the immense danger, Karen could only abandon her weapon and leave.

“Only powerful attack spells or the explosion of qi from a high-ranked Professional can truly hurt them!” Isabel was now in her half-dragon form. Those fog creatures quickly evaded a powerful Dragon Breath, and that finally gave the two a path to retreat.

“I never thought that there would be such strange things in the forest!” Isabel gazed at the moon on the horizon. The moonlight, which should be bright, was now stained with a layer of purplish-red and looked incomparably evil.

Things had originally been going smoothly. After withdrawing from the rainforest, the attacks and searches of the natives had weakened, and she was even considering escape routes. But the night held a huge surprise for them.

“It’s like the whole forest turned into a ghost region!” Isabel looked alert. The danger here far exceeded her expectations.

“Hehe... play with me!” The forest seemed to change under the purplish-red moonlight, dark red fog filling the area. A large banyan tree twisted abruptly, and numerous vines turned into flexible arms that grabbed at Isabel. A baby’s face appeared on the trunk.

“Even my dragon aura is useless? What the hell is this?” The crimson Red Dragon Sword exploded with burning qi. The conical flames from Dragon’s Breath were launched unceasingly, causing the giant hands that formed webs to be ignited and fall off. This finally allowed Isabel to clear off an area to move into.

“Hehe... It doesn’t hurt at all!” The large banyan tree had pulled itself out of the soil, the many roots turned into countless tendrils. Dark red fog lingered, and the vines that had been cut off and burnt regrew.

“I won’t be able to hold on at this rate...” Glancing at the other side, where her subordinates were heavily injured, Isabel could not help but force a smile.

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Many natives were gathered outside the rainforest, looking solemn. At their centre was a tremendous altar.

Twisted and evil runes, dark red in colour, were present around the altar. Blood plasma was smeared on it, and the droplets of blood that rolled downwards along the cracks of the stone made it look exceedingly terrifying.

Many of the natives now wore fancy feathers and hide. They kept chanting and praying to the altar. On the altar was the face of a young female native who seemed pure and holy. However, her eyes had lost all signs of life, and there was a large wound on her wrist.

Evidently, an extremely evil sacrifice was being done here, and the target was no known god, devil or demon.

The chief looked like a worthless person in imposing clothing to Special Envoy Agikikro. He glanced at the man and suddenly asked, “I never thought the enemy would enter this forest, that’s a great help for us. I wonder if this will affect us from getting our offerings?”

“Please do not worry! Our ancestors have carried out the sacrifice numerous times. There won’t be errors...” The native head could do as he pleased in his tribe, but he did not dare show any sign of negligence to the envoy of the empire. Droplets of sweat even appeared on his forehead.

“I’ve even invited our tribe’s great priest for the sake of success. With a group of powerful followers of another religion being the sacrifices, the effects will be much better than before. The number of offerings might even be several times more than usual!”

The native head had a flattering smile in his eyes, “When the time comes, I can gift you a few extra!”

“Thank you very much then!” At the thought of the miraculous effects of the product, Agigikro immediately revealed a smile.

Meanwhile, however, scorn flashed in his mind, ‘These darned swines who only roll around in the mud all day! If not for the offerings only appearing here and needing to be extracted with specific talents found in their tribe, the empire would long since have occupied this place!’

“It’s beginning!” The head called out. He naturally had no idea about how the envoy of the empire was scorning them.

“Hm?” Agigikro focused on the altar.

A layer of murky dark red fog shrouded the top of the forest,

breaking through some boundary with the deaths of the pirates. It began to extend towards the altar, causing the chief to look delighted as the chants increased in volume.

Dark red fog continued to spread, like a huge beast that had opened its ferocious mouth. A lot of it gathered to form a large eight-clawed spider.

“Leave this place quickly!” The great priest was the first to run upon seeing this fog spider, fast and nimble. The other priests did the same.

“Ah...” “Save- ...”

A few native guards that ran a little too slowly were swallowed by the fog. Before they could even complete a sentence, they collapsed and died. Their bodies withered in an instant as if they had lost all life energy.

The fog spider grew more vivid after swallowing all this life. It came to the altar, its terrifying, ferocious, and ugly mouth making contact with the girl.

Ka-chak! Ka-chak! With the fog spider’s work, the young native girl’s body made a few strange movements, like a puppet controlled with strings.

Upon noticing this, the great priest halted and that focused his attention on the altar unblinkingly, “Alright. The mighty

Balulukulu has already taken in enough lives. It will no longer be dangerous.”

The purplish-red moon was at its most dazzling, practically a little sun. The fog spider seemed to have met its goal, and it dove into the orifices of the native girl.

Gulu! Gulu! The girl’s flat and smooth stomach strangely began to expand, and numerous warts began to move, as if a colony of mice was living under her skin.

“It’s a success!” The great priest cheered, and brought the other priests to the side of the altar. They flipped the girl over to reveal her stomach. She looked like a woman who was ten months pregnant, with a dark red tattoo in the shape of a spider on her fair back. It was like a living image, and very vivid.

“The grace of Balulukulu!” The great priest looked solemn as he took an obsidian knife from an apprentice and began some chants. After cutting his own forehead and thumb and smearing a few markings with blood, he placed the black blade at the swollen stomach of the girl. There was a cold glint in his eyes as blood spurted everywhere.

“Is this the sacrificial ceremony here? As heard from rumours, it’s very unusual!” After seeing something so bloody, Agigikro could still converse with the head next to him at ease.

“Hehe... this is the best method that my ancestors found after thousands of tries!” The head now had a prideful expression on his

face, “Well then, envoy! Please accept my gift!”

With the chief’s nod, a priest took a golden circular plate and brought it over. On it were a few blood-red crystals the size of chicken eggs, still stained with blood and pus on the surface.

“Balulukulu’s crystals!” Agigikro’s eyes were fixed on the item on the plate, and he looked intoxicated.

This crystal was a specialty of the natives, only found on this island. If someone strong swallowed this, they would gain extraordinary strength provided they survived the aftereffects.

That was not all. The higher classes in the native empire had even found that burning these crystals produced a unique gas. It would give rise to an incomparable ecstasy, and was a luxurious item that the higher class enjoyed. It was extremely expensive.

“Being able to obtain this on this trip makes it worth it!” Agigikro looked impatient and nodded to a warrior to take the golden plate.

At this moment, however, an abrupt voice interrupted them.

“This really is good stuff. Can I take a look?” It was as if an invisible force pulled at things in the air. The blood-red crystals flew from the golden plate, entering the hands of a noble youth.

“Hm? Who is it? Take him down!” Having had such an important item stolen, Agigikro roared hysterically. Immediately after, many

native warriors pounced forward.

Chapter 945 - Nightmare Island

As a special envoy from the native kingdom, Agigikro had also brought a batch elite fighters with him.

This included the Forest Hunters and Amazon Warriors. They were the ones who had attacked and held Isabel as well as her underlings back, and forced them into the dangerous forest.

Now, however, a youth had suddenly broken through all these people's defences and arrived at the core circle. He was even threatening the safety of the two leaders here, so how could they not be furious and terrified?

Along with Agigikro's enraged yell, countless Forest Hunters brandished the lances in their hands and, alongside the Amazon Warriors with strange tattoos on their bodies, immediately surrounded Leylin . The sharp weapons even formed a storm that aimed to tear Leylin to shreds.

However, Leylin's expression was rather interesting. He cared little for these enemies and instead stared unblinkingly at the crystal in his hands, as if it was the only thing that mattered.

"When I got onto the island, I already had a feeling that something was off. My instincts shouldn't be wrong. This power..." Leylin's eyes glinted with wisdom.

"Kill him!" At this moment, numerous natives roared as they pounced forward.

“Die, you weaklings!” Leylin, who was immersed in studying the crystals, waved his hand in annoyance.

Arcane spell— Missile Storm! Explosive Cloudkill!

With immense penetrative force, the arcane missile ruthlessly went through the neck of an Amazon Warrior, and then opened a gaping wound on one Forest Hunter’s chest.

Numerous spells were launched, giving rise to waves and waves of blood being spilt.

After the Cloudkill spell, it converged to form a black tornado that disintegrated all the natives that had fallen, and even caused the corpses to begin corroding.

In the blink of an eye, the native elite fighters surrounding Leylin turned into one corpse after another.

“How is it possible? Is– Is he a death god? Or a devil? Or demon?” Agigikro watched Leylin who was standing within the tornado, muttering in disbelief. He knew the strength of his subordinates very well.

The Amazon Warriors could use their bare hands and kill a Sawtooth Tiger, while the Forest Hunters could wrestle with pythons and alligators in the tropical rainforests. Now, however, they were falling in large numbers like grass being mowed, the

speed at which they were going down far exceeding his expectations.

“Go!” “Kill them!” Now, yells were sounding from all directions. The pirates that Leylin had brought along were beginning to make their move.

“Get here!” Leylin pointed, and Agigikro as well as the native head was grabbed by a huge stone hand, pushing them till they were before Leylin.

“Agubaba... Klagila...” At this moment, Leylin saw a native smeared with oil all over his body and feathers stuck on him. Like someone having epilepsy, he began to twitch while facing him.

“A spellcaster? Is this a curse? That’s so weak! This is just too weak...” He pointed lazily, and a ray of light struck the head of the great priest, white and red spilling everywhere.

Seeing the honourable great priest’s body falling headlessly, all the natives completely crumbled. Leylin, who was standing in front of them, was like an enemy that they would never be able to resist. He was as omnipotent as a god in the sky.

The voices of the pirates outside gradually drew closer. In no time, Robin Hood and Ronald arrived before him.

“Boss! There are approximately a few thousand people in this tribe, but those here should be their military. They’ve been

defeated...”

Robin Hood reported. Those who had come from Pirates’ Cove could be said to be the best of the best, and there were already a thousand powerful pirates. Compared to the natives, they had an absolute advantage.

“Mm, clean things up here. Try to catch them alive if possible. I have uses for them!” Afterwards, he sized up his own prisoners and the blood-red crystal in his hand. The crystal now emanated dazzling rays that gave rise to a look of intoxication in Leylin’s eyes.

‘My instincts can’t be wrong. This is dreamforce! While there are slight differences, this is power that belongs to Dreamscape!’ From the moment Leylin had gotten onto the island, he had sensed that the native island was enveloped by a layer of strange power. After seeing the dark red fog forest and the natives’ offerings, he could confirm that there was actually dreamforce here— a power that hailed from Dreamscape!

This discovery immediately aroused his interest.

“My– My lord, please forgive me. I am an envoy of the empire. You can’t...” At this moment, Agigikro who was being grabbed by the large hand suddenly spoke in the language of the continent. While he stammered, Leylin could somehow understand him.

Leylin came before Agigikro, and as if seeing hope, he began to speak with as much energy he could muster, “Let me... go. I can...

pay the price of ransom...”

“Seems like there really is a native empire!” Leylin’s palm landed on Agigikro’s forehead. “If it were me in the past, I might be very interested in this, but now... I think I’ll do it myself!”

Memory Retrieval! Leylin’s pupils were shrouded in white in that moment, and Agigikro looked to be incomparable pain, as if he was experiencing some torture.

“Grace of the Balulukulu? Using this as anesthesia? What a waste...”

Leylin, who moved his palm away, had a general understanding of what had transpired. Agigikro, who had experienced magic, had now turned into a drooling idiot.

“Envoy of the empire. The skills of the native races, and Nightmare Island...” Leylin arrived before the native head and did the same as before; he immediately found the information he wanted.

“So... that’s what it is?” The general context appeared in front of Leylin in its entirety.

During the dusk of the gods, not only was there the invasion from the Magus World, other powerful beings they had subdued had also entered this area as retinue. Amongst which was a powerful Magus who used dreamforce!

Of course, due to the unique laws of the World of Gods and the gods being unexpectedly stronger, the Magi of laws from the Magus World met with huge losses. Even the Magus who was proficient in dreamforce had fallen here.

It might be just a part of his body or some item he brought with him in battle that fell into the prime material plane. Coincidentally, it fell onto the island, causing such a unique environment here.

The powerful radiation from high-ranked Magi could easily modify an island. When it was the night of a full moon, the forest in the island would usually see strange events. The first to notice this were the native tribes. They could not explain this occurrence at all, and could only pray as if the reason for these happenings was a godly spirit.

After tens of thousands of years of exploration and bloody, unreasonable experiments, they finally had a better understanding of the laws of dreamforce, and attempted to extract and use it for themselves.

Perhaps it was because of the contamination from staying here long-term, but only the natives in the tribe had the ability to extract the dreamforce crystals. Of course, they called this grace from Balulukulu and tried to eat them in order to gain strength.

“They say the ignorant have no fear. So true!” Leylin stared at the crystal in his hand. In his eyes, this ‘refined’ item was still full

of many impurities. If swallowed directly, there was a 90% chance of death, while the survivors would obtain some specific ability after incitement from dreamforce. This efficiency was far too low.

“As for the ecstasy from burning the crystals? Dreamforce definitely can give people great mental joy, but that will also lead to contamination. The upper class in the native empire must be in a terrible state...” Leylin shook his head, and began to use the A.I. Chip and scan the crystals.

[Beep! Mission established. Beginning scan...]

A ray of blue light shot out from Leylin’s eyes, not letting off any corner of the crystal.

Soon enough, the A.I. Chip gave an answer.

[Beep! Scan completed. Determined to be Dreamscape Origin Force Crystals. Similarity to that in database at 98.77%. Discovered unknown mutated composition.]

‘Mutual complementation? That’s not a surprise. For the World of Gods, dreamforce is the most adaptable force. Regardless of where a being is, dreamscape can exist as long as they have intelligence. Hence, there’s a very high compatibility...’

Leylin observed the mutated composition chart that the A.I. Chip and sank into deep thought.

If it was some force from the Magus World, the World of Gods would definitely expel it. However, dreamforce's compatibility was rather high, and after modifying a portion, it could still live on here tenaciously.

‘Just from this, it's obvious that the Magus who had control over dreamforce had attained great power and was at least rank 8. He had probably even found his own path, and was a peak rank 8 existence that had already fused laws...’

This discovery had Leylin sighing in awe. The ancient times was truly the Magus World's golden period. Any Magus was incomparably powerful.

There had been the peak rank 8 Distorted Shadow, and now he'd discovered another powerful Magus who grasped dreamforce.

‘Dreamforce... is powerful. If I can tell the rhythm at which it weakens, then it's much more powerful than the average law... In addition, dreamforce can accommodate time and space, and it's very good choice!’

After all, in Dreamscape, all time and space could be warped. Using Dreamscape to sustain the power of time and space wouldn't be dangerous. For Leylin, this was like a pillow being presented to him while he was taking a nap.

‘The powerful Magus who could grasp dreamforce must have known the rhythm at which dreamforce weakened and made use of it. He found a way to evade that...’ Leylin’s eyes twinkled.

Chapter 946 - Fleeing

“With how powerful Magi who comprehend laws are, just a fragment should contain a portion of his conscient and memories. There might even be a chance of getting some inheritance...” Leylin muttered, “I must get that Nightmare Wizard’s inheritance!”

Dreamforce had always interested Leylin. The A.I. Chip stored the progress on his work the data from his continued experiments. He’d never given up studying it.

Rank 7 Magi needed to grasp powerful laws, while rank 8s needed to find their own path to fuse these laws, using a certain power as the base.

Leylin’s goal was immortality, and he had definitely considered the future properly. If possible, he definitely wanted to use the origin forces from the Magus World and World of Gods to fuse his own laws. It was a pity that this was impossible. He might alarm the two World Wills, and on top of that there were other existences that wouldn’t allow him to do so.

Dreamscape was the next greatest power. It surpassed big worlds like the Purgatory and Icy Worlds, and if not for its weakening phase the two strongest worlds in ancient times would have been joined by a third.

Dreamforce at its peak was the most powerful origin force beside those of the Magus World and World of Gods. Only a path that

fused laws with dreamforce would stand up to Leylin's ambition!

However, to completely analyse dreamforce and find ways to evade the weakening phase was still a huge and arduous task for him now. Even with help from the A.I. Chip, he estimated that it would require over ten thousand years.

Instead, a bright future was right before him. As long as he obtained the legacy of the Nightmare Wizard, then the issue with dreamforce could be immediately solved! With such a huge temptation, Leylin's inquiring footsteps were unhindered by the great dangers within the forest.

"Captain! We've interrogated the prisoners. Miss Isabel was forced into this forest. Every full moon, the forest will be filled with great danger, and nobody has ever survived!" Robin Hood was extremely glum, while the knife at Ronald's hip was stained with blood, his expression dark.

"I'm going in," Leylin suddenly spoke.

"Captain!" "My lord, let me go!" Robin Hood and Ronald immediately persuaded him not to. From their point of view, they had already lost Isabel to a trap, and if Leylin too were to disappear within it all that awaited them would be the ire of the Faulen Family.

"Don't worry, I'm confident in myself. Tell the pirates not to get close to the forest and the dark red fog. It's best they retreat close to the coastline..." Leylin waved his arms and spoke resolutely. He

inspired more fear than even Isabel in the older Scarlet Tigers, and his orders were carried out decisively.

“Is this contamination from a combination of mutated dreamforce and the laws of the World of Gods?” Leylin put on his wizard robes and wore his dragonhide armour. The Red Dragon Staff in hand roared, and the cries of the dragon soul inside could somewhat be heard from the crystal grabbed by the dragon claw.

As he had rejected the pleas of Robin Hood and the rest, he was now alone. That meant he could use his strength as he pleased. The pirates would only have been a burden in areas contaminated with dreamforce.

“A.I. Chip, begin transformation!” Standing at the side of the forest, Leylin immediately commanded.

[Beep! Transferring Dreamscape spell model, fusing with arcane spell information. Begin creation of arcane dreamforce spell model!]

The A.I. Chip loyally carried out Leylin’s order.

“Arcane dreamforce spell— Eternal Light!” Leylin pointed his right index finger forward, and a milky-white flame flew from the tip of his finger. It grew with the wind, reaching the size of a pumpkin in an instant.

The dark red fog dissipated under the pure white flames, revealing the original appearance of the forest.

“A.I. Chip, scan for energy undulations!” Leylin flipped his palm over, and the shattered alert rune appeared once more. A scan gave him the general direction, and he disappeared into the thick fog.

The moment any dark red fog entered his surroundings, it would be engulfed by his Eternal Light spell. It formed a strange isolated area around him.

Leylin’s decision to explore the area was naturally because he was confident in himself. He could rely on arcane dreamforce spells!

With his research in the Magus World, he possessed many spell models for dreamforce spells. Using his arcanist inheritance, he could easily convert them for use in the World of Gods. There was no issue at all given the A.I. Chip’s powerful analysis and calculation abilities.

“Dreamforce spells are the best way to deal with beings contaminated by dreamforce,” Leylin sighed.

A dark red fireball immediately burnt a strange ent up ahead to ashes. Unlike Isabel’s, his attacks left the monsters with no chance of revival.

‘I’m close... Over there!’ All of a sudden, Leylin’s brow twitched.

A large pair of wings instantly sprouted from his back, allowing him to soar into the sky...

Meanwhile, Isabel's crisis had reached its crescendo.

"Scram!" Angered cries and terrifying flames caused a large centipede to take several steps backwards.

"Keke... too weak... too weak..." Strange human faces were sticking out of this monster's outer shell. Amongst them were those belonging to the pirates under her, their eyes emitting a red lustre as they began to snicker.

Her draconic flames left not a trace on the monster's shell, as if it had a defensive power that made it hard to destroy.

"Become a part of me!" One of the faces opened its mouth, corrosive green liquid spraying out like rainwater.

Even the dragonscale defence sputtered upon contact, steam billowing out. The immense pain from the corrosion caused Isabel to frown hard.

"Quick, come!" Karen appeared at the side, pulling at Isabel's arm and running.

"I never thought it would just be the two of us left. I shouldn't have come in." Isabel now looked regretful.

“This is not the time to worry about that. Sister Isabel, I’ve taken a look around. The dark red fog wall seems to show signs of dissipating. As long as we hang on for a while longer, we can exit this place!” Karen encouraged her.

“Leave... haha...” Isabel now looked extremely pathetic, but much of the damage was to her mind. She had never thought she would see such strange things as she had this day. It was more than she had experienced in her lifetime.

After she had brought her subordinates and retreated into the forest, all sorts of weird things had appeared when night fell. At the beginning, she had thought it was some sick joke, but she soon found that she had to pay for that in blood.

Trees that could walk, flowers and grass that could sing, stones that had qi, the dead being able to revive, numerous clowns... All sorts of things she could not even name attacked them in succession. They were grotesque and variegated, almost causing her to think that she had gone insane.

The subordinates under her fell one by one, gulped down by either real or imaginary beings. Now, only she and Karen were left.

“That centipede monster is very strong and at least has legendary strength. Does that mean we can only evade... Hm? What is it, Karen? Are you hurt?”

Isabel looked at Karen beside her. The half-drow now had her

back to Isabel, shoulders trembling slightly.

A palm touched Isabel's shoulder, and her expression immediately changed, "There's no heat. You're not Karen!"

"Hehe... adorable little captain, if I'm not Karen, who else can I be?" Karen turned back, light shining on half her face. However, Isabel's pupils only shrunk. Her beautiful face had now split from the middle, revealing terrifying white razor-sharp teeth, as if her face had turned into a large mouth.

"Damn it, what the hell are you?" Isabel yelled. Terrifying flames formed rings of fire that were several metres long, managing to get 'Karen' to back off.

"Heehee... What could I be?"

Rumble! The earth split, and the human-faced centipede appeared once more. Karen snickered as she dug her hands into the centipede and fused with it. At the end, the monster that looked like Karen completely disappeared, its only remnant a pale face.

Chi! Chi! The huge centipede let out earth-shattering cries, cold air bursting forth from its mouth. The surrounding trees and soil were covered in a layer of ice.

"It has a clone with a power of ice, and can't die. Gods... Could this be some sort of special variant of god?" This was the only conclusion Isabel could come up with. The terrifying chilliness

began to freeze her body, causing even the dragonblood in her body to still.

“No, I can’t die here!” Isabel looked resolute as the red scales on her body exploded.

“Blood Explosion!” The bloody red fog blocked the ice off, finally giving Isabel a route of escape.

Chapter 947 - Rescue

Blood Explosion wasn't sorcery. It was an unknown spell recorded in Dragon King's Mystic Might that allowed a Dragon Warlock to burn their bloodline in exchange for ultimate strength. It was something used when left without choice, a decision to make when in complete despair.

While the blood fog hindering the chilly fog, Isabel now had a path of escape. However, she had now reverted to her human form and could no longer transform. On top of that, the areas that had been covered in dragon scales turned into a mass of bruises.

However, her desire to survive still pushed her to advance forth in the fog forest.

"So I can't hold on anymore?" The haemorrhaging blood and injuries caused everything to blur, and it all turned into darkness.

"Hm? Boss!" Before collapsing, the last thing she heard was a voice of surprise.

.....

"Ugh... I'm not dead yet?" Isabel raised her right arm and caressed the Red Dragon Sword, the burst of warmth from the sword sheath instantly making her feel relieved. While she felt just as weak as before, having a weapon in her hand would allow her to die with more dignity.

Isabel laughed wryly as she began to assess her surroundings, 'It's rather small here, and I seem to be in some enclosed environment. There was also that voice I heard before I fainted...'

"You're awake!" A muffled voice sounded by Isabel's ear, and her pupils widened slightly. It was Karen's voice!

"Where– Where am I now?" Isabel asked slowly, her eyes doing their best to adapt to the darkness as they looked for traces of light.

"We're inside a hollow tree. We haven't escaped danger yet!" Karen did not seem to be in the best state either, as she stumbled over her words, "He-Hehe, I'm guessing you saw a monster that looked a lot like me, right? I also met with great danger with someone I knew well!"

Isabel was not so easily convinced, "Who's the vice captain on our ship?"

"Three Ears, although he was struck a fatal blow and eventually crippled in the last naval battle. Karen especially pressed her lips to Isabel's ear, "Also... I know a lot more private information, such as what you hide under your pillow..."

"Enough! I believe you're the real thing!" A flush rose on Isabel's cheeks as she interrupted Karen.

"This is such a critical time, and that is what you decided to point

out?” Isabel’s low voice was filled with anger.

“We need to change our mentality,” Karen said solemnly, “Did you notice that these monsters have held back from killing us? It’s like... What’s an appropriate word... Teasing us. Yes!”

“You mean...” Isabel had the same thought.

“Exactly! I think those monsters feed on human emotions. They keep scaring us to cause despair...”

Karen sounded agitated, “Beings like this exist in the Underdark as well. That’s why I’m doing my best to hold in the fear and unease in my heart. Surprisingly, I haven’t bumped into any particularly powerful monster, and have managed to hold on till now...”

As a half-drow from the Underdark, Karen evidently had a better understanding of such evil monsters. It was a pity though. Her ideas may have been valid in the World of Gods, but dreamforce wasn’t as simple.

Still, Isabel now had no choice but to believe her, “In other words, I can deal with them easily if I suppress my emotions?”

“I can only say there’s a slight effect, since completely obliterating all emotions are things only legendary mind flayers can do...” Karen had a wry smile on her face.

“Also... be careful not to experience intense emotion. It will only attract more powerful monsters!”

“I understand...” Isabel nodded, “These things only seem to appear at night. As long as we can hold on till sunrise tomorrow, we might be safe...” Isabel now had no thoughts of bringing more men to explore the area. She only hoped to escape as far as possible.

Rumble! The surface of the ground trembled slightly, and a strange monstrous laughter sounded out. Isabel began to get nervous, “Be careful, something’s here!”

She could see the human centipede crawl over slowly through the hole in the tree, large amounts of saliva dripping from its head. The surrounding trees were pushed away, revealing the sinister and terrifying human faces on the shell.

“Relax, as long as we calm ourselves, it can’t find us...” Karen’s voice trembled, evidently still uneasy at this life and death gamble.

‘Don’t think too much. No! Don’t think about anything, and don’t have any emotions!’ Karen thought to herself as Isabel tightened her grasp on her sheath.

It seemed like their prayers had been answered. The giant centipede didn’t seem to discover them as it wandered past the large tree.

‘It really worked!’ ‘We did it!’ Isabel and Karen exchanged a glance, looking hopeful and excited.

Huala! The large trunk was split apart all of a sudden, revealing the two. They stared in shock as the giant centipede swayed back and forth.

“Keke, is this a game of catch?” The faces on the shell kept changing until a child’s face appeared, speaking in a young voice.

“What a pity... You thought calming your emotions would help you escape Zelos. How childish!” The human face warped, becoming that of a middle-aged pirate. The voice grew older as well.

“Hehe... the game’s over! Become a part of me!” The large centipede yelled, the numerous faces on its shell separating themselves and turning into white human silhouettes with masks. They moved slowly, looking blank as they surrounded the two.

“No, why did this happen? Did we guess wrong?”

“This is a nightmare. This has to be a nightmare! No... let me wake up! I want my mother...” Karen was the first to break under the immense pressure, seemingly laughing and crying at the same time.

“Damn it, I knew women aren’t dependable at critical moments!” Isabel cursed, her sword being thrust into a white figure to no

effect. They were still slowly surrounding her.

“There’s no way... There’s no way at all... I’ll really die here...” Isabel seemed bedazzled in that moment, her life flashing before her eyes. A hint of tenderness appearing in her gaze, “Unfortunately...”

“Arcane dreamforce spell— Flying Palm!” Just as the white figures were about to completely surround them, a black figure fell from above. Powerful spells shot out, pulling the dark red fog together to form a large palm.

Thud! The large palm pressed down abruptly, and countless white figures were crushed. With a swipe, the rest were sent flying.

“Thankfully, I got here in time!” Leylin turned back, glancing at Isabel’s expression as she looked shocked and elated, “Are you two alright?”

“We’re fine! I’ll leave this to...” Isabel felt very suffocated, and only managed to say this at the end before fainting.

“Has her stamina completely run out? And this one...” Leylin watched Karen on the ground, who had been scared stupid, “She looks like she was terrified. Not surprising; not everyone can bear the shock of experiencing dreamforce...”

“Keke... another one! Another one that will become a part of my

body!” The large centipede’s head now split open, revealing an old face filled with wrinkles. The other fragmented white figures were inhaled into its body, and masked faces appeared on the crust.

“Such a large being contaminated by dreamforce... it’s at least a legendary, hm?” Leylin looked up, elated, “Just the radiation alone can create a legendary being here... Whatever is here must be even more astonishing!”

“Kid, you dare ignore...” The centipede monster began to howl, and more cysts appeared on its body. They looked ready to explode.

“I have no time to play with you right now. See you next time!” Leylin was the absolute master of this region contaminated by dreamforce. He didn’t even frown, feeling no fear.

“Arcane dreamforce spell— Distract Dream!” Dark red undulations spread from his hands, and their surroundings strangely went silent.

“Let’s leave first!” Making use of this rare opportunity, Leylin grabbed Isabel and Karen as he spread his wings. He flew to the edges of the forest where the dark red fog converged like a cage.

“Open!” Leylin exclaimed, and arcane spell energy poured into the Red Dragon Staff, blazing flames breaking through the lock. With a few flashes of his body, he disappeared into the horizon.

He was still unable to deal with the large centipede and naturally would not waste his strength on that.

.....

It was now morning. Isabel, who had recovered most of her strength, arrived outside the tent. She then saw Leylin, who was studying the edges of the forest.

“I’m sorry... We were completely wiped out. I’m the one to blame for all this...” Isabel gritted her teeth and stammered.

“This was really an accident. Others would have had the same results.” Leylin was focused as he took samples of the soil, while Isabel looked fearfully at the forest. The lesson she was taught in there was etched into her mind, and she hoped that she would never return to this place in her life.

Chapter 948 - Faith Totem

“You’re just in time. I’ve given Karen a tranquilising potion, and she should be starting on the road to recovery. Bring them all back to Pirates’ Cove!” Leylin stowed a test tube into a box where things were carefully separated.

“We’re going back? Then what about you?” Isabel asked in surprise.

“This place is very interesting, I’m getting ready for some extended research. There needs to be someone overseeing things at Pirates’ Cove...” There was a fanatical expression in Leylin’s eyes. Most wizards liked to research all sorts of strange things, which was why Isabel was not the least bit suspicious.

Still, the danger she’d experienced before had made her rather anxious, “But things are too dangerous here...”

“Don’t worry, wizards always make preparations for this. I’ll also need you to send me some magic materials and daily essentials periodically.”

Whether it was the confidence in his tone or his successful rescue of her yesterday that moved her, Isabel finally agreed.

“Fine... You have to be careful. Perhaps I could stay here?”

“No. Nobody besides you has complete control of the Scarlet

Tiger. This period is very crucial..." Leylin told her seriously.

After spending a lot more time persuading her, Leylin finally let his cousin take most of the pirates and leave. Watching the ships sailing away in the distance, he could not help but sigh.

'Now, this Nightmare Island shall be mine...' He nodded, arriving at edges of what was now called Nightmare Forest. There were already a few pirates in wait.

"My lord, command us as you will." While they looked exceptionally ferocious, they could only withdraw all their fierceness in front of Leylin. They even had pleasing smiles, looking more harmless than little rabbits.

There was no way around this. Leylin's reputation had scared them out of their wits. This was their true leader, so how would they dare be careless now?

"Mm. Build me a house here, I'll be staying for a while." Leylin casually pointed at an empty area.

"No problem, you'll see a villa soon. Iron hook Calon is very honoured to serve you!" The pirate at the front bowed respectfully, and after Leylin nodded he brandished the whip at his waist, "Heard that? My lord wishes for a villa to be built here. Start work immediately!"

Pak! Pak! It had to be said that the pirates who were now foremen

were rather good talents. With their fiendish threats, the rest of the native slaves soon understood what they wanted and began to clear the base and start cutting down wood.

“Mm, not bad!” Leylin nodded in praise. After gaining his approval, Calon raised his head with more pride, as if he had obtained some incomparable honour.

‘Based on the memories of the native chief, the nightmarish phenomenon only appears during the full moon of every month. It is otherwise a normal forest...’ Leylin then looked towards the forest. The dark red fog had long since dissipated, and there was even a layer of white mist at the surface of the greenery. Nothing looked special about it.

‘I only get tens of hours for research every month. That’s just too short. Looks like I’ll have to stay here for a long time...’ Leylin thought, and he sighed.

If those who’d comprehended laws in the Magus World knew of his thoughts, they would definitely go green in envy. A chance to study dreamforce and obtain the legacy of the Nightmare Wizard was something they would scramble for even if it would take them tens of thousands of years.

Leylin’s regret only stayed for a moment. He then began his intense research.

Ruins from Magi were even more dangerous than the World of Gods’ wizard ruins. They were filled with unknown variables, and

with an existence dealing with dreamforce, there was now a higher difficulty in his exploration.

“Even the most surface layer of dreamforce contamination has created a legendary monster. Deeper down, it definitely gets more dangerous... Thankfully, I’ve already obtained firsthand information, so I’m not without direction...” Leylin glanced at the tremendous Nightmare Forest, a zealous look in his eyes.

.....

Spring left and autumn arrived. In the blink of an eye, a year had passed.

The island that Leylin had named Nightmare Island now looked completely different. The native tribe had completely disappeared, having been killed or sold as slaves.

There was now a two-storey villa next to the forest. The garden at its front had blooming golden tulips, and violet wisteria climbed all over the fence. A faint aroma lingered in the air.

By the flowerbed, Leylin now held a white watering can as he leisurely took care of the plants in his garden. The soil around the roots of his flowers quickly grew damp as they greedily absorbed the water. Sparkling droplets of water remained dazzling on the petals and stems.

‘Time passes so quickly. People at home and my cousin are very

dissatisfied with how long I've stayed here...' After finishing the work at hand, Leylin picked up a white towel and wiped his hands. He then sat on a rattan chair amongst the flowers as he began to admire the fruits of his labour.

However, the A.I. Chip's light didn't dim from within his eyes. It continued to conduct precise simulations, performing analysis and calculations.

"With all these years of study, there's finally results..." Leylin saw the map that the A.I. Chip projected. On the translucent viewport, Nightmare Island was now separated into three layers. Nightmare Forest was only on the first.

'The ancient Nightmare Wizard's inheritance has sunk underground. The forest here is a structure formed from some vaporised dreamforce that's similar to a secret lock?' Leylin looked grim.

The legacy of such a terrifying existence of laws was something even his main body had to approach cautiously. With his strength as a clone, every step had to be taken prudently, or he could just die too easily.

"Thankfully, with the information I had before on Dreamscape, as well as the mutations to dreamforce in the World of Gods, finding a few methods to break through the lock is still simple..."

"However, what's important now is to increase my strength..." Leylin headed into the villa and entered a secret room. He saw the

many strangely-shaped rock carvings, totems and the like, and looked deep in thought.

These sculptures and decorative figures all had a very boorish style, and were also extremely incredible. They were filled with primitive daydreams towards exemplary strength, but what was more similar was the power of faith on them. Golden rays shone brightly as they illuminated the room.

“Immature power of faith?” Leylin muttered to himself. All this was loot from the Scarlet Tigers’ attacks on the native tribes. They were items that those natives worshipped, filled with primitive power of faith. There even valiant spirits and some sort of nature spirits in there as well, albeit sealed.

‘While I avoided native tribes protected by the Ocean Goddess or nature spirits of legendary strength, the outer seas are boundless. There aren’t many of those...’

Leylin wandered aimlessly to a piece of blood-red animal skin. On the dark brown surface of the flag was a double-headed wolf totem, drawn in bright colours. Varied and dense power of faith spread from it, and the strange wolf seemed ready to pounce out at any moment, but was held back by the strong seal.

‘This one is halfway between a dark soul and a natural soul. It hasn’t even obtained divinity, so how can it go against Isabel, a Dragon Warlock?’ Leylin sensed the valiant spirit on the flag. It had already grown sharp teeth and pointy ears, and a wart began to bulge at its neck. Evidently, the soul of the ancestor of the natives was already turning into a double-headed wolf.

‘A poor guy who’s held by the power of faith...’ Leylin watched the confused valiant spirit, eyes not showing any pity.

This valiant spirit must have been some kind of hero in the original tribe. He had been worshipped extensively after death, and the faith of the tribe had intertwined with their worship of him. Had he completely transformed, a new god would have been born one day.

Unfortunately, Leylin’s path conflicted with his. In that case, what else was there to say?

‘Thankfully, these faith totems did not transmute divine force, or I might not have been able to absorb them...’ Leylin raised his right hand, a faint Targaryen figure emerging in his eyes as terrifying devouring power enveloped the animal-skin flag.

“Innate skill— Devour!”

Whoosh! It was like a long dragon drinking water as threads of golden light were pulled out of the flag with a formless force, disappearing into the dark hole. Immense power of faith, with souls and intense emotions mixed in, was devoured by the formless black hole, turning into the most pure origin force.

In the time of a few breaths, the dark golden lustre on the animal skin flag completely died down, and the wolf totem had now lost all life, turning into a dead item.

[Beep! Divine force absorbed, increased energy reserves by 3.8%. Total progress: 89.77%!]

The A.I. Chip prompted.

“As expected of the offering of a small tribe. It’s too little!” Leylin shook his head, looking dissatisfied. With a wave of his hands, the other statues and totems soared in the air.

The tremendous black hole devoured all these elementary sacrifices in an instant, turning them into the purest energy source. Afterwards, Leylin saw the numbers on the A.I. Chip’s screen beginning to rise steadily.

Chapter 949 - Probe

[Beep!] [Beep!] The value rose continuously, very soon reaching 100%.

Bang! Bang! The totems and primitive statues lost their lustre, and hairline cracks began to appear on their bodies.

‘These were all primitive gods. Did I just kill over a dozen deities?’ Leylin chuckled inwardly at the thought of it, and very soon he tossed this matter to the back of his mind.

Although these primitive totems hadn’t gained divinity, it was worth mentioning that the power of faith was extremely strong. The problem was that one god’s faith was another’s poison, and this faith was heterogeneous. Only someone like Leylin, who’d mastered the law of devouring, could easily expel the thoughts and conscients within them, turning them into the purest of energy that he could use.

After the reserves had reached 100%, the A.I. Chip’s voice sounded out. [Beep! Divine force reserves completed. Beginning to transfer energy to the main body, simulating divine grace!]

Leylin’s reserves depleted quickly, and soon he’d expended it all. Compared to the previous times when he had absorbed the energy, this time round it was much more powerful!

[Beep! The host has undergone a divine baptism. Spirit +1]

[Beep! The host's arcanist rank has increased to 18! Arcane Energy +10!]

[Beep! Obtained one rank 8 arcane spell slot, one rank 7 arcane spell slot, and one rank 6 arcane spell slot!]

Very soon, Leylin's stats had undergone changes too.

[Leylin Faulen, Age: 22. Race: Human, Rank 18 Arcanist. Strength: 15. Agility: 15. Vitality: 15. Spirit: 18. Arcane Energy: 180. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Intermediate Perfect Body. Specialties: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification.]

[Progress of Weave Analysis: Level 0 100%, Level 1 100%, Level

2 100%, Level 3 100%, Level 4 100%, Level 5 100%, Level 6 76.88%, Level 7 51.30%, Level 8 19.60%.]

[Spell Slots: Rank 8(2), Rank 7(4), Rank 6(7), Rank 5(???), Rank 4(???), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???).]

“This is the power... of divine grace?” A surge of power swelled through Leylin’s body, intoxicating him. It was only now that he learnt how powerful the gods here were.

“So all that matters is divine grace. If I ignore the divine force requirement, I can also turn a pig into a legendary?” Leylin’s improvement in strength right was akin to having received divine grace from a god, except that he obtain it through other means.

“It seems like Alustriel isn’t just a Chosen, she also has some of Mystra’s divinity. She is at least rank 25, and coming face to face with a legendary would not faze her one bit...” The situation in the north was still in a mess, especially the borders between the orc empire and the humans. That had turned into a place of unrest where darkness and chaos were prevalent.

“It seems like that queen has been devastated and is planning to live in seclusion?” Leylin rubbed his chin. He still held a hidden

card in the north; Tiff was living there in territory he owned. It was possible for him to intervene in the battles and tip the balance of the scale.

‘However this is also a blessing in disguise. The north has attracted the attention of the central continent and the gods, which makes it easier for me to carry out my plans in Dambrath...’ Leylin pondered before leaving the secret room, without casting another glance at these sacrificial items which were much too mundane to him now.

.....

Night fell, and the full moon appeared. A thin red fog had spread around Nightmare Forest starting at dusk.

A group of pirates and human slaves had retreated Immediately, as if the fog was their nemesis. Some of the human slaves even knelt in the direction of Nightmare Forest, praying loudly despite the whips of the foremen.

“Damn it! How many brothers has this cursed forest taken from us already?” Calon wiped the cold sweat off his body as he looked in apprehension at the forest enshrouded in the mist, his knees buckling weakly. His only thought now was to run away if something was off in the slightest.

Having served Leylin for the past year, he had seen the workings of this sinister forest. Despite repeated warnings, there were still foolhardy pirates who approached the forest on a full moon, and

they never appeared before him again.

The numerous events had etched the memories of this forest deep in Calon's mind. His fear of it had long surpassed what he held for those monsters lurking in the deep seas, and equalled what he felt for demons and devils.

‘Good heavens! Our Lord is actually conducting his research in this place, he really doesn't fear death! Almighty Goddess of the Ocean, I seek your blessing in leaving this cursed area at the next available chance...’ Looking at the maroon-coloured moon and the mist enshrouding the forest, Calon prayed towards the gods piously for the first time...

.....

“No matter how many times I've seen this, it still moves me...” Leylin stood at the edge of Nightmare Forest, fully armed. He stretched out his hand and grabbed a trace of the dark red mist, his eyes filled with emotion.

‘The dreamforce from another world seems to have reached an accord with the laws of the World of Gods, developing a mutual tolerance...’ Dreamforce was common in other worlds as well, and it underwent a necessary mutation to adapt to the laws of the World of Gods. If other beings who had comprehended laws learnt of this they would go insane over the discovery.

‘Without a doubt, this could be the reason why the Overgod's conscient fell into slumber. Otherwise, it absolutely would not

allow this sort of malignant tumour to smoothly grow...' Leylin stroked his chin, watching the dark red dreamforce in his hand twist into a variety of forms.

"A.I. Chip, establish mission: Investigate the feasibility of transmuting external powers into the World of Gods!"

[Beep! Mission established, added to secondary investigation list!]

The A.I. Chip loyally reported.

"Nightmare Island... What surprises will you bring me?" Leylin's lips curved into a smile as he slowly melded into the forest, his figure swallowed by the dark red mist.

"The dreamforce in this forest completely explodes outwards during the night of a full moon, but normally even ordinary creatures can pass through the forest." A milky white flame lit the path ahead of him, and all Leylin could see on either side were trees.

At this moment, the forest seemed to take on a life on its own and all the trees became ents. They hugged their shoulders, shying away from the bright light of the everlasting flame. They even spared to the time to whisper to each other, "Hurry! Look! That human came again..."

“Hey! Ouch! You stepped on me, it hurts! Don’t you know that it’s very rude to step on an old person’s head?” An aged voice came from beneath Leylin’s feet. Leylin soon discovered that the green rock that had originally been there had grown tiny little hands and feet, and was now uprooting itself from the soil. An elderly face even appeared on the surface of the rock.

‘Is this a Life Activation technique? It seems to have been corrupted.’

Under the influence of the World of Gods’ transmuted dreamforce, the entire forest seemed to have come to life. Various unimaginable things were running to and fro.

“Oh, human! You have returned. Are you looking for Zelos?” A squirrel greeted Leylin, perching onto the shoulder of a giant ent.

‘Zelos? Is it that giant centipede? Is it his turn to come out?’ Leylin nodded, “No, but could you tell me where it is?” He withdrew a pine nut from his pocket and tossed it to the squirrel as he spoke.

“Mm, my favourite!” The little squirrel immediately stuffed the pine nut into its cheeks, its teeth quickly gnawing through the thing. Its words were rendered rather unintelligible as it ate.

“Zelos has been looking for you all this time! It’s in the east... No! It’s already here, run!” The little squirrel immediately took the pine nut and left, the nearby ents following it in succession. The

area quickly emptied, leaving Leylin standing there alone.

‘How lucky! Every night of the full moon, a different creature becomes the strongest one each time. I’ve seen a Nightmare and a walking piano before. Compared to them, unravelling the mystery behind a giant centipede is much easier...’ Leylin had a relaxed smile on his face.

Bang! Bang! An enormous black shadow suddenly erupted through the soil. It had innumerable feet, and a humanoid face rose out of its shell. The face, that of a youth, turned its crimson eyes to gaze coldly at Leylin.

“We meet again, giant centipede!” The Red Dragon Staff in Leylin’s hands suddenly shout out a red light.

“No, I am Zelos the Third. What you met before was my father. You should not have trespassed here, intruder!” A droning voice came out of the youthful mask.

“Very well, this damnable dreamscape period has complicated everything significantly...” Leylin looked at this giant centipede with a serious expression. “Are you going to obediently get out of my way, or do I have to slaughter you?”

“Vile human!” It was clear that his attitude had infuriated the centipede. The giant monster roared loudly, bearing down quickly on Leylin with its entire body.

Chapter 950 - Memory

Bang! Rocks and soil were sent flying everywhere, and the place where Leylin had just stood immediately turned into a giant pit in the ground.

‘Extremely fast, with great strength. As expected of a defensive creature that was contaminated by dreamforce...’ Leylin assessed the centipede indifferently from the very edge of the pit.

“Human, you have provoked me! I, Zelos the Third, will make you pay the price!” The giant centipede shouted. Face after face separated from its body, each transforming into a strange, humanoid figure.

“I’ll be honest. You’re much easier to deal with than a Nightmare that can use dreamforce skillfully or a walking piano that can’t be dealt with via normal magic.” Finishing this earnest declaration, Leylin pointed the Red Dragon Staff at the centipede.

“Soul Burn!”

Roar! A powerful draconic aura erupted from the staff. The red dragon’s soul seemed to endure some torturous force on the staff’s tip. It shrunk as its spirit withered considerably.

A surging red energy glowed at the end of the staff, transforming into the upper body of a mature red dragon.

Roar! This monster which had appeared so abruptly had reached legendary strength, and a swipe from its enormous dragon claws sent the centipede flying. Afterwards, this legendary dragon spat out its dragon breath!

Bang! Bang! Bang! The ground trembled continuously, and even the dark red mist in the air was dispersed considerably. The enormous red dragon phantom dissipated, only leaving behind a giant imprint of a centipede monster on the ground.

The monster looked very miserable and the summoned mask creatures had been completely exterminated. Even the armour it wore seemed to be rather damaged.

“Ow... How could the power of the normal world harm Zelos the Third?” The centipede monster had been torn in half, its breastplate shattered to pieces. Its fiery red energy core was even exposed, but the mask on its skull did not show the slightest hint of suffering. It continued to absorb traces of dark red mist that repaired the damaged shell.

“Of course the power of the ordinary world cannot harm dreamscape creatures, but what if dreamforce was used as well?” Although he saw that the creature was being rapidly restored, a smile of success still flashed across Leylin’s eyes.

“Arcane dreamforce spell— Void Blade!” Some unknown force caused the dark red fog to condense, transforming it into an arc of light.

“If one wants to break through the first layer of the Nightmare Forest, you need to make a sacrifice to Sibyl!” After two years of slow and fumbling analysis, Leylin had developed an exceptional understanding of the Nightmare Forest’s surface layer.

“Giant centipede, become my sacrifice!” The dark red blade of light flew from his hands and streaked cleanly through the centipede creature’s exposed red core.

Enormous cracks appeared on the surface of the core. A crisp sound rang out as it exploded loudly, shattering like glass.

The whimpers and howls of many aggrieved spirits lingered in Leylin’s ear as confused souls poured out from the centipede monster’s wounds. These souls took the form of the natives of the forest, and there were a few familiar-looking pirates mixed in with them.

“Open the path with souls, Sibyl’s sacrifice!” Leylin’s hands sketched out numerous runes at lightning speed as he chanted ancient words out loud.

Bzzt! A layer of suffocating energy swept across the forest. Many souls were gathered together and became a gorgeously lit passageway.

“The blood of a witch, a dark raven’s wing, and the dark matter from Manter’s sacrificial rites... The conditions have all been fulfilled!”

A sound of muffled thunder came from above as Leylin's actions seemed to have given rise to some chain reaction. Violet lightning blanketed the sky!

Ka-cha! Bang! The passageway of souls rushed forward in a flash, and an enormous tunnel seemed to appear in the ground. The floor began to rumble as if an 8-point earthquake had been triggered.

“Was it a success?” Leylin's figure emerged from the smoke and dust. He waved a hand, and a dark red hurricane immediately swept away the dust to expose a devastated landscape.

The giant centipede monster and the spell array from before had vanished without a trace. The very earth seemed to have cracked apart, revealing a crevice that was unfathomably deep.

“The power of the lock has been broken, revealing the entrance to the lower layers,” Leylin jumped into the crevice without the slightest hesitation. The turbulent darkness below gobbled him up as if he had leapt into the mouth of some giant monster.

The air whistled past his ears loudly, and spots of fluorescence constantly flashed in the darkness like fireflies.

“My research indicates that the Nightmare Wizard's inheritance has three locks total. The higher locks are closer to the World of Gods...’

The creatures in Nightmare Forest were bigger than those of the

normal world. The deeper inside the forest one went, the greater the contamination of dreamforce. Even laws began to distort at a point.

Leylin had deduced that the third level of the lock would not have such constructs as time and space, instead being a mere assembly of thoughts and concepts. After all, it wasn't difficult for dreamforce to contort spacetime at its strongest.

“No matter what, I have to at least see the remnants of this ancient Nightmare Wizard...”

Thud! Thud! Leylin suddenly felt a strange sensation from the solid ground. He stood rooted in place.

“Not granite... but mahogany planks?” Leylin raised his head, and sunlight shone gently into the room he was in. Motes of dust could be seen floating in the air, making the place look hazy.

“Little Ardin! The great wizard Poffert is here to recruit an apprentice; you must succeed this time!” A lady with a kind and gentle expression stood before Leylin, and her husband sipped on coffee as he read the newspaper. She gave a red haired boy a poached egg as she instructed him.

‘What’s happening?’ Leylin’s brows furrowed and he felt a chill down his spine. He tried to react, but found that he had completely lost all energy. He was now only a spectral observer, forced to just stare at the scene.

‘Dreamscape! I’m in dreamscape! This is the second floor of the lock, countless fantasy dream worlds!’ Leylin was suddenly enlightened.

‘This must be the Nightmare Wizard’s memories of his youth...’ Leylin now looked at the little boy tucking in on a high seated chair and hastily wolfing down a meal. His legs were dangling off the ground as they shook, giving off a comical vibe.

“I know, mother!” The red haired boy promised and began to quickly finish eating his food.

“When I send you to the wizard later, you must remember to be polite at all times! Honey, why don’t you say a few things to him too?” The wife glared at her husband.

It was only then that the dead husband raised his head from the newspaper, revealing a perplexed expression, “Yea, you can do this!”

“Ah, the grace of gods! Someone save me, I can’t stand this any longer. Don’t you know how important today is for little Ardin?” The wife seemed to turn estranged.

“I know, I know! It’s just Poffert isn’t it? I once...” The middle aged man reminisced the past.

“Stop boasting of those adventures you claim to have had. No matter what, you’re just an inspector on the roads of the city...” It

was apparent that the wife did not believe a word that her husband said.

“I’m done eating!” Ardin pushed his plate away as he stood up.

“Oh! Wait... Milk! Your milk!” The woman called out behind him.

Ardin ran very quickly, soon leaving his mother in the distance as he left the simple house.

Boom! A fiery explosion suddenly occurred, and blazing flames filled the scene. Shrapnel grazed past Ardin’s face, leaving behind a cross shaped wound on it.

Leylin felt like he was watching a movie, unable to help in a time of tragedy.

‘No! If I go all out, I might be able to...’ The flames engulfed Leylin whole, but could not affect his body in any way. A phantom Targaryen appeared as terrifying devouring power took form in Leylin’s right palm. He grabbed a broken glass.

Boom! He felt an immense force immediately, as if he was clutching onto the claw of a dragon. The whole world began to shake as if rejecting his existence.

‘Even if it’s dreamscape, I cannot tamper with this... The memory is just too vivid...’ Leylin began to deliberate over the

situation.

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Soon after, the trembling of the world stopped and the void swirled.

“Hey kiddo! Are you awake now?” The scene changed as little Ardin opened his eyes and rubbed his face. The sharp pain from the touch caused him to inhale a deep breath.

“Don’t look anymore, you’re disfigured now... Hehe... Not bad, you’re to my liking...” An ancient voice spoke with a tinge of mockery, as if it contained all the evil in the world. It would cause one to cower in fear.

Little Ardin raised his head, and only saw darkness in front of him, just having taken on human form.

“Huehuehue... I’ll give you a chance because of your father. As long as you manage to survive, you will become the disciple of the Nightmare Wizard...” The darkness disappeared after the black figure spoke, revealing a pack of hungry grey wolves which eyed the little boy ravenously.

Leylin had learnt his lesson this time, and only watched on coldly at the struggle between little Ardin and the wolves. His gaze was indifferent, only with the occasional flickering of light from the A.I. Chip.

“This should be a small world close to Dreamscape. Also, the way this Magus chooses his students is rather savage...” Leylin knew that back when he was still a human, he had no chance of dealing with these creatures.

Chapter 951 - Transformation

The second layer of Nightmare Island was constructed of numerous dreams. Leylin now wandered through many dreams, looking for an opportunity to break through.

He felt weightless again, and found his surroundings changed once more. Ardin had now grown into a young man, but the scar on his cheek had not disappeared. He'd activated some sort of talent in that life or death fight to successfully survive the attack, and was now an apprentice of the Nightmare Wizard.

The Nightmare Wizard's method of teaching his apprentices was very crude, and he had several apprentices like Ardin who were treated almost inhumanely. Many died, and only Ardin's desire for revenge allowed him to persevere and strengthen himself rapidly.

Many of these dreams involved him with a female junior, creating some of his most tender memories.

"Next is a great darkness... That must be the reason he transformed..." Leylin muttered to himself, both hands waving to create strange runes as he broke through this dream, entering deeper levels.

What appeared in front of him was darkness was so dense that it could not dissipate. Endless malicious intent converged to its limit, attacking his senses and almost turning him insane.

'Nothing can hold me back!' Leylin looked indifferent as he took

a step forward.

Bzzt! Bzzt! The darkness separated, revealing orange dots of candlelight. There were many fragmented and incoherent scenes here.

“Keke... dear apprentices, your last test is to kill each other in this pocket dimension. Only one can survive, and that person will absorb all of your life forces and ingenuity, becoming my most outstanding disciple...” The Nightmare Wizard laughed wildly, sending all of his apprentices to a bloody pocket dimension.

Ardin clenched his fists, glancing at the female apprentice who was like a white lotus next to him. She now looked slightly pale, and while she at most could be considered graceful, she still had a unique aura that captured his heart.

‘No! There has to be another way! There has to!’ Ardin bit his lips till blood was spilt.

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‘The next dream should be in a bloody pocket dimension...’ This level of darkness was nothing to Leylin. With a slight caress with his right hand, he seemed to push a curtain aside.

However, the next scene surprised him. Torrential rain fell, and terrifying dreamforce spread everywhere. The area looked to be full of debris, and there had evidently been a great battle here.

“Haha... Ardin, my dearest disciple, are you going to betray me?” The Nightmare Wizard formed of numerous shadows watched the young Magus in front of him. This was obviously Ardin, who now only wished for his master’s death. He’d lost one of his eyes, and the other had turned purple.

“Do you not know that my nightmare clones have spread across the whole world? Without the determination to destroy the world, don’t you know you can’t kill me?” The Nightmare Wizard laughed madly, a dreamforce spell forming a three-headed helldog. Hellfire blazed as it ruthlessly pushed Ardin to the ground.

“I was the one who taught you all your magic, so what are you going to use against me?” He continued to snicker wildly as the bloody eyes of the figure stared at him, “Speak... how do you want to die?”

“I want you to die!” Ardin yelled, his arms surrounding the three-headed dog.

Awoo! Terrifying hurricanes formed at his forehead as a red eye opened up. Streaks of green veins protruded from it, shooting out rays that dissipated the fog and absorbed the dispelled dreamforce.

“Ah... Ah...” Ardin’s clothes burst bit by bit, and he turned into a monstrous giant of five metres, with a horn, red scales, and a third eye between his brows.

“This is... the physique to absorb nightmares! How is it possible?

I've already checked it before, you can't have this bloodline..."

"Nothing is impossible, old man. Die!" Ardin, who had turned into a giant, grabbed forward in the air. Dark phantoms were pulled out of the dreams of numerous intellectual beings, and then exterminated.

"So your true body was hidden in Dreamscape. I found you!" Ardin exclaimed, and then seemed to open a channel straight to Dreamscape. Powerful dreamforce forced the old Magus out.

After seeing the old man, the black figures from before pounced forth, the injuries they had transferring over to him. The old man's expression quickly changed as he coughed up black blood.

"Hehe... as expected of the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, the rumoured favourite of Dreamscape! Cough cough... He actually managed to link with Dreamscape and expel my true body... cough cough..."

Mouthfuls of black blood spurted out from his mouth, but his gaze as he watched Ardin was like he was seeing treasure.

"Cough cough... The Nightmare Absorbing Physique has the natural ability to link with Dreamscape and absorb its origin. What I've been pursuing all my life has finally appeared before me..." The old man's eyes were filled with fervour, like a devout follower finally meeting his god.

“Are you done yet?” The giant walked over to him, the scar from the knife wound now seeming more jagged and obvious.

“I ensure you that even your true soul will be crushed, and I won’t give you the chance to enter the astral plane!” Tremendous Dreamscape origin force poured into Ardin, to the point that he could even somewhat sense laws.

Rumble! After the powerful tremors, Ardin returned to his original state. Traces of black blood still flowed from his right fist.

“Henceforth... I am the Nightmare King!”

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Light flashed, and the scene changed.

“Little Ardin! The great wizard Poffert is here to recruit an apprentice; you must succeed this time!”

Ardin’s mother urged him repeatedly...

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‘As expected, the dreams are repeating themselves. Is this a maze formed of the life experiences of that Nightmare King? If I can’t break the seal and find the entrance to the third level, I might be trapped to death here...’

Leylin watched the scenes a second time, feeling like a movie was being replayed.

‘But...the Nightmare Absorbing Physique! I never thought it actually existed! Ancient records say that those with such a physique are the darlings of Dreamscape, and can even have Dreamscape origin force poured into their bodies. They are treated even better than the children of planes... This physique can absorb a large amount of dreamforce and compensate for its weak phase, the Nightmare King must be incomparably close to rank 9...’

“But... How do I get out of this dream maze?” The A.I. Chip’s light shone in Leylin’s eyes,

“Based on the A.I. Chip’s observations and calculations, there were 38 key points in the dreams just now that could have changed his fate. There are 34198 chances to indirectly change it... but most important is probably the lost memory of the battle in the pocket dimension... I’ll try them one by one first...”

“Plan 1...” Leylin pushed at the milk on the table, causing a large cup of milk to splatter onto Ardin’s clothes.

“Ah! What’s going on, Ardin? Your clothes!” The housewife cried, “Are you going to meet that esteemed wizard in this state?”

“I’m sorry, Mama! I’m going to change now!” Little Ardin ran into the next room and began to change his clothes.

As expected, his efforts had led to Ardin staying inside the house. Immediately after, a huge explosion burst out and enveloped the building...

Lights flashed, and the scene changed again.

“Little Ardin! The great wizard Poffert is here to recruit an apprentice; you must succeed this time!” Ardin’s mother urged him repeatedly...

“Alright! Looks like killing Ardin won’t work. I need to try something else...” Leylin had no choice but to watch this scene unfold again, and he began more tests...

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‘Getting him to escape and then study under the Nightmare Wizard... fail!’

‘Saving his parents and having the whole family move to another city... fail!’

‘Accident during experiment, finding a new strength system... fail!’

“It’s already the 17,862nd time... My spiritual energy can’t hold on much longer... But I’ve already found the key to proceed to the

key memory region!” Leylin now looked resolute. The scene had changed to the time when the Nightmare Wizard had wanted the apprentices to kill each other.

“After so many experiments, I finally found the key point. Dreamforce, stop!” The scene froze with Leylin’s will. Be it the crazy laughter of the Nightmare Wizard or the worried apprentices and Ardin biting his lips, everything stopped like a statue.

The world lost all its colour in that instant, turning monochrome like a photograph.

Leylin headed to the female apprentice that Ardin had feelings for, staring at the jade pendant on her chest. It had a white lotus on it.

“Break!” Concentrated dreamforce passed through the pendant like a needle, and the entire scene seemed to shatter like porcelain. The dream no longer repeated, and everything descended into darkness.

Two paths flickering with dark red light appeared in front of Leylin, and there were even strange eyes on him from the back of the paths.

“One of these two should lead to the third layer, and the other should be the sealed memories...” Leylin stroked his chin, “If I were the Nightmare King, finding out that an outsider dared peep on my sealed memories would make me...”

Chapter 952 - Present

Leylin had a critical decision to make. At one end was heaven, and the other hell. He could enter the third layer of the island to find the legacy of the Nightmare King. On the other hand, the consequences could be dire for entering the hidden memories.

Of course, Leylin was unsure of the way this king thought. Perhaps he wanted to share his memories with other Magi, and wanted to slaughter those who wanted to get the legacy.

‘Most importantly... all detection methods are useless. I have no idea what’s at the end of the paths...’ Leylin’s scalp began to tingle.

He was a fairly conservative person. While he’d braved many dangers, he only did things when he had a 70-80% assurance of success. This half and half situation caused him to hesitate.

“I hate things that are so difficult to grasp like luck. It kills me...” Leylin complained. His luck was average, but he hated having to do things like following the will of the heavens.

Right now, however, the choice wasn’t in his hands. The surrounding dreams began to shatter and would soon affect him. They wouldn’t pull him into another cycle, but rather, twist and crush him into powder without leaving even his true soul behind.

“What do I do? Do I choose one at random? With this probability, it’s too...” Leylin began to get nervous. This was a rather new feeling, and he was somewhat savouring it.

“Left... I sense large amounts of chaotic concepts and coordinates on the left. This should be the third layer!” After a lot of analysis, Leylin gritted his teeth and made his decision.

Whoosh! At this moment, however, something sounded in his body, causing his expression to change. He looked down abruptly to find that it was from his bag of holding.

‘It’s that thing!’ Silver light flashed, and an ancient animal-hide scroll appeared in front of Leylin. Fresh blood still dripped from stains on it, and sound, light, and even the shattered time and space began to distort in front of the scroll.

“This is... the power of distortion! The might of Distorted Shadow!” Leylin muttered, “As ancient Magi or even allies, Distorted Shadow’s remains alarmed the Nightmare King?”

Boundless distorting power took shape, and the two dark red paths were affected as they twisted and fused under this energy.

Bzzt! Bzzt! After the light dissipated, the two paths had become one, forming an even larger spatial gate. Blood red dreamforce runes flickered on it.

‘What a sly Nightmare King. He even had this planned!’ Now, Leylin didn’t even have a choice. He rubbed his nose and turned grim, glancing at the scroll before stowing it away.

The surface of the scroll was now very soft. It squeezed under pressure from Leylin's fingers, no longer having the power it once did. It was like an ordinary magic scroll. However, he did not dare underestimate this thing.

‘This scroll has Distorted Shadow's strength and even conscient sealed inside?’ Seeing that this item was adamant on following him, Leylin could only roll his shoulders back and accept it.

This body was a mere clone after all. At worst, he could abandon it even if it caused grievous injuries to his main body. With enough strength to protect himself, he naturally feared nothing and had the guts to try everything!

“No matter what it is you want me to do, you have to give me benefits first!” Leylin's eyes glinted with intelligence as he placed the scroll away, streaking into the spatial gate.

The third layer of Nightmare Island.

“As expected... The extent of dreamforce contamination here is even worse. This place has only the purest intent...” Leylin now found himself unable to sense his own body, only able to exist as the most fundamental form of his soul and conscient.

He was surrounded by a boundless universe, filled with the feeling of weightlessness. Leylin seemed to be a lonesome boat in the turbulent seas.

There was no concept of another existence around, and only nothingness. Leylin had no qualms in believing that he would stay like this until the world was destroyed if he did not make the first move.

Having lost his body, his sense of time began to slow. He had no idea whether seconds had passed or tens of millennia. All he felt was that the sense of self he had was gradually vanishing.

‘No, this won’t do! I have to persevere. Once my sense of self disappears, my true soul will also disappear...’ Leylin abruptly burst forth with strength, and his willpower took control all his thoughts. His body suddenly condensed and became distinct.

“Hah... How is this third layer of defence constructed? Even the essence of Magus concepts are dissipating...” Having reinforced his sense of self, Leylin glanced fearfully at his arms that had formed once more.

“This is the lost land... And also the place where the Nightmare King lost his self...” A few black feathers fell, and Leylin found a black crow was ‘flying’ towards him.

In this void with only concepts and no matter, a crow was something very strange. What caused Leylin even more astonishment was that it could move about freely in this void.

“We meet again, Mister!” The black crow combed its feathers and greeted him happily.

“Have we met before?” Leylin asked, confused.

“Hm. To me it’s in the future but for you it’s in your past. My future form is a single-eyed owl.” The crow was a chatterbox.

‘Single-eyed owl!’ Leylin immediately recalled the time after he’d advanced to rank 5, when he’d been afflicted with a Dreamscape curse. He’d obtained a present from the owl within a dream then, allowing him to come into contact with dreamforce.

“My apologies, but may I know who you are?” Leylin asked the question he wanted to.

“Me? I’m just a mass of concepts. I shall exist as long as Dreamscape survives...” Leylin had a feeling that this crow or owl or whatever it was wasn’t speaking the truth, but he did not fixate himself on that.

“You’re saying this is the place the Nightmare King lost his sense of self? What does that mean? Has he fallen? Who did it?”

“As long as the Nightmare King did not want to die, nobody could make it happen. Here, however, he abandoned his sense of self. This means he’s completely dead, without even a fragment of his truesoul left behind...” The crow seemed to know about matters of ancient times very well.

‘If he’s abandoned his sense of self, doesn’t that mean he’s committed suicide? So when the Nightmare King invaded the

World of Gods, he was already determined to die?’ Leylin had a feeling that perhaps the Nightmare King Ardin had died long before. After the bloody battle in the pocket dimension, the Ardin that still existed had only been a walking piece of flesh.

However, he was far too powerful, to the point that he could not even kill himself. Was that why he needed help from the gods?

‘As expected... High-ranked Magi mostly have mental issues. It’s too serious with the Nightmare King. I can’t become like him in the future...’ The example this senior set gave Leylin a good warning.

A real peak rank 8 Magus would never be able to fall if they did not want to die. This was the case with Distorted Shadow. He had already died for tens of thousands of years, and yet could still create trouble. The Nightmare King was bent on dying, which is why he had truly died...

“Well then... Magus, tell me your intent in coming here!” The crow opened its beak, its two black beady eyes looking mischievous.

“I...” Leylin gritted his teeth and spoke anyway, “I hope to obtain the legacy of the Nightmare King. At the very least, I want to find a method to evade the weakening of dreamforce!”

“Grasping dreamforce? Caw caw... that’s not very easy. Are you sure you want to do that?” The crow asked.

“I’m very sure.” Leylin answered seriously, eyes filled with resolution from his pursuit of truth. There was no fear of death.

“Caw caw, good! I see Ardin’s shadow on you...” The crow cawed, and its body started changing.

Whoosh! It suddenly swelled, turning from the size of a dove to that of a large evil dragon, jet-black neck showing dense black scales. Its beak widened to reveal sharp teeth like those of sharks.

Ka-cha! A strike of blood-red lightning fell right on the forehead of the strange black dragon, turning into a bloody third eye!

“This... this...” Such a tremendous change had Leylin stunned.

“Accept it! This is a gift from Dreamscape!” The strange black dragon howled, the bloody third eye turning into a ray of light and disappearing into Leylin’s forehead.

Agony! Leylin felt everything go black as he felt himself being torn into, collapsing into a dead faint. Large amounts of dreamforce flooded into him like a tsunami, enveloping his body completely in a huge crimson cocoon.

When the tide of Dreamscape weakened, the crimson cocoon had disappeared. Only the black crow was still around.

“Old friend... After helping you this time, I’ve repaid all my debts to you...” The crow murmured to the air, its body becoming less

corporeal as it disappeared into the vast nothingness.

Chapter 953 - Rank 19

Rumble! The pirates witnessed a marvellous scene outside the forest. The thick red fog that shrouded the forest transformed continuously, dissipating to reveal the original lay of the land.

The earth trembled as numerous small cracks and even pits appeared in the ground. At the very center of the island, the bare mountain peaks issued a wrathful roar. Fiery lava shone faintly as it flowed over with agitation.

“This is bad. Earthquake! The island is about to erupt... My Lord! Where is the lord?” Calon didn’t care at all about those worried native slaves and pirates. He rushed to the border of the forest in search of Leylin’s figure. This wasn’t due to loyalty; he knew that if he dared to abandon Leylin and flee in secret, the enrage Scarlet Witch would flay him alive!

The island was flooded with an aura of death and despair. Many creatures fled from the thickets, the small cracks in the rocks, and through underground caves to escape. It became an exodus, and even the little ants had bored out from their tunnels beneath the ground.

“Damn... Damn! How could these natives have settled their tribe on a volcanic island? Why weren’t there any signs before?” Large droplets of sweat beaded on Calon’s forehead.

However, the gods above seemed to hear his prayers. Just when Calon was prepared to abandon everything and flee, he finally

spotted Leylin's silhouette near the forest border.

“Oh, thanks to the Ocean Goddess! My lord, you've finally appeared, let's quickly leave this place!”

Leylin seemed rather distracted however, and he caressed his forehead as if he didn't hear a single word that Calon said. Just when Calon was considering carrying this lord's body away, Leylin's eyes finally regained their vigour, “This place is now useless, let's go!”

“Yes Sir!” Calon's eyes were overflowing with hot tears. He felt as if he had just heard the most pleasant words he would ever experience in his life.

The pirates were masters of handling ships. Although they had wasted quite a bit of time, they still managed to leave Nightmare Island before the volcano fully erupted.

Rumble! Strong black flames rose into the skies, covering the bright white moon. Only in the skies of Nightmare Island would the moonlight become purple on the light of the full moon, and now it would never happen again.

The fiery red lava flowed in streams resembling human arteries as they snaked across the entire volcano. It even spread relentlessly to the area outside of it.

‘I never thought that the island was on a fire ley line. Once the

dreamforce suppressing it was gone, the volcano immediately erupted... Perhaps this eruption was even more berserk because of the long suppression. This entire Nightmare Island probably won't exist any longer...' Leylin looked expressionlessly at the distant island, which was now engulfed in lava. Right now, all his attention was captured by the A.I. Chip's information records.

[Beep! Sustained unknown influence, scanning has suffered interference. Effect has been temporarily lost!]

[Beep! Intense interference... Currently...]

'The third level of the lock relates to memory. It made the A.I. Chip unstable for a while too... Really terrifying...'

However Leylin shifted his attention to the densely packed prompts below it:

[Beep! Host's truesoul has suffered unknown interference, probability of radiation to the body in the Magus World is 98.77%! Initiating separation! Experiencing interference... Separation has failed, unable to complete the task!]

‘Ah...’ Leylin breathed in a lungful of cold air, ‘So even my main body’s truesoul was affected. Dreamforce is truly nefarious and frightening.’ After displaying this record, the A.I. Chip’s information seemed to flow even more smoothly. It seemed as if the earlier interference had completely disappeared.

[Beep! Host has absorbed a great amount of energy essence! Determined to be mutated dreamforce! Initiating absorption!]

[Beep! Host has absorbed mutated dreamforce! Spirit+1!]

[Beep! Host’s arcanist ranking has increased, currently rank 19. Arcane Energy+10. Obtained Feat: Dreamscape View, Obtained Specialty: Illusions]

[Beep! Host’s soul has advanced. Level 6 Weave fully analysed. Host has obtained all rank 6 spell models and is immune to forgetting them. No materials are required to cast rank 6 spells.]

[Beep! Host has advanced to rank 19. Spell slots obtained: rank

9: 1, rank 8: 1, rank 7: 1.]

Below these messages were introductions to the two feats.

[Dreamscape View: Host possesses the ability to see through Dreamscape, can now look straight at the souls of other people. Any concealment will be rendered immaterial, and nothing can hide from the host's eyes.]

[Illusions: Host automatically grasps illusions, granting an additional 20% to the power of illusory spells.]

The A.I. Chip once again refreshed Leylin's stat window:

[Leylin Faulen, Age: 24. Race: Human, Rank 19 Arcanist. Strength: 15. Agility: 15. Vitality: 15. Spirit: 19. Arcane Energy: 190. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Intermediate Perfect Body, Dreamscape View. Specialties: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification, Illusions]

[Progress of Weave Analysis: Level 0 100%, Level 1 100%, Level 2 100%, Level 3 100%, Level 4 100%, Level 5 100%, Level 6 100%, Level 7 77.99%, Level 8 38.21%, Level 9 0.11%.]

[Spell Slots: Rank 9(1), Rank 8(3), Rank 7(5), Rank 6(???), Rank 5(???), Rank 4(???), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)]

‘I’ve finally reached rank 9 of the Weave. Is this the limit of the Weave’s casting ability?’ Leylin shut his eyes and sensed the Weave’s network across the entire World of Gods. After the first 10 levels of the Weave, after rank 0 to rank 9, there seemed to be an even more vast world out there. However their souls were tightly shackled, unable to continue connecting to the Weave.

“It looks like the forbidden domain of the gods exists past rank 9,” Leylin muttered to himself.

He had his own hypotheses on what came after the ninth level of the Weave. It could very well be the gods’ divine spell network, the ‘personal’ network that the gods had made for themselves.

‘Using the Weave to transmit divine spells? It could very well reduce the consumption of the gods considerably, and make it easier for them to cultivate followers. Ha, these gods have calculated it all very well, however...’ Leylin controlled himself from speaking any further, as it was not something he could deal with at his current level.

‘I’m close to becoming legendary now. Being rank 19, I’m only half a step away. I should refine my own power as quickly as possible, stepping into the domain of legendaries. Only true legendaries have a say in the continent.’

A rank 20 only had a few extra spell slots, not much different from a rank 19. The difference came in the refinement of their power, something that allowed them to perfect their theory.

Leylin thought of records chronicling the advancement of wizards. Although every legendary could still advance further, they had all walked to the peak of their own paths. Their theoretical knowledge was extremely rich.

‘It’s even more complicated to become a legendary arcanist. I need to condense my theories into a skill tree or a circulating energy loop. However, this won’t be a problem for me. All that’s left is the work on refining energy...’ Leylin touched his forehead, a puzzled expression on his face.

The previous situation with the third level of the dreamscape lock surfaced before his eyes once again. Only now, his forehead gleamed pure white, as if there were no abnormalities.

‘The final gift, what on earth did it mean?’ His visit to the nightmare world had allowed him to absorb a great deal of dreamforce, and pushed his ranking to rank 19. However, Leylin was not granted his greatest wish of obtaining the Nightmare King’s inheritance, and the method to avoid the exhaustion of dreamforce.

‘Was this created by Dreamscape?’ Leylin looked at his hands. The white palms contained unyielding power, but Leylin felt that his corporeal body had already been perfected to its limits.

However, at every day and in every moment, he still tirelessly absorbed the nearby light and electromagnetic waves to refine his power. This was all to break through his bottleneck.

‘After walking out of Nightmare Island, I keep feeling that I have changed greatly. Yet I can’t place my finger on how exactly I’ve changed...’ Leylin’s eyes held a trace of suspicion.

“Where are we headed, milord?”

“Mm, let’s go to Pirates’ Cove first!” Leylin replied. When he turned his head however, all he saw was Calon who had fallen to his knees in shock, his complexion deathly pale.

“What’s the matter?”

“Nothing! There’s nothing wrong! Your humble servant has bad eyesight!” Calon had a flattering smile on his face. He left at lightning speed while murmuring to himself, ‘I must have drunk too much rum, how can Lord Leylin have three eyes? And those blood-coloured patterns on his face, ha... Haha...’

Calon shook his head with all his strength, as if trying to shake the memory of Leylin out from his head. However, he discovered that no matter what he did, his arms and legs still involuntarily trembled. He could only crawl his way back to his bedroom with the support of the wall.

“Three eyes and blood-coloured runes?” What Calon did not

know was that his mutterings in the ship's hold had all been heard by Leylin. After he left, Leylin conjured up a water mirror with a wave of his hand.

What appeared in the mirror was the appearance of a young noble. His complexion was a little wan, with sky blue eyes as deep as the ocean. His golden curls fit with his thin lips, and he was handsome, without any abnormalities whatsoever.

Chapter 954 - Nightmare Form

What Leylin saw in his reflection did not put him at ease. He instead grew even more grim, “Is this an evolution of the truesoul?”

He touched his forehead, and all of a sudden he felt an intense pain that caused him to close his eyes. The next time he opened them, he found a red streak at the middle of it.

Whoosh! Water droplets dispersed to reveal Leylin’s serious expression.

“The physique to absorb the energy from nightmares... from a bloodline?” Leylin rubbed at his forehead, now at a loss...

.....

“A.I. Chip, check my bloodline!”

All sorts of scanning runes were activated within the wizard tower, and scanning light immediately gathered upon Leylin’s body. He was back on Faulen Island.

He’d met up with Isabel for a bit at Pirates’ Cove. He’d decided on the next path for the Scarlet Tigers, and was then at ease to solve his own issues.

He'd already given control of the tower to the A.I. Chip. He was using its power to check the abnormalities on his body.

[Beep! Mission established. Scanning... Host's blood is 99.99999% pure-blooded human.]

“So nothing can be found? Use the atomic microscope, and level 2 antimatter observation. Continue scan.” Leylin sounded grim.

[Beep! Obtained host's blood. Magnifying specimen...]

The A.I. Chip immediately showed a screen with Leylin's blood sample. 100,000x, 1,000,000x... The image was magnified ten million times.

Leylin had to reach the smallest unit of his previous world, the limits of the sub-atomic level, to find the problem.

“This...” Leylin's eyes widened. He saw a few strange black dots amongst wandering photons.

“Lock on to that. Enlarge it!” The black dot moved extremely quickly, but at the end, it was still successfully caught by the A.I. Chip. Slowly, the appearance of the dark shadow appeared in front of Leylin. This was a hexagonal structure with strange patterns on it.

The patterns were rather complicated, in the shape of dark red flowers that gradually evolved into a scaly giant with three eyes. The bloody third eye at the middle seemed to have a will of its own as it stared at Leylin indifferently.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Leylin took several steps backwards, the surprise on his face more evident.

“As expected... my body was implanted with a portion of the Nightmare Absorbing Body’s bloodline abilities at the third level...” With his main body imbued with the power nearly equal to a rank 7 Warlock, Leylin was definitely no stranger to bloodline power.

“I just wanted some information. What are you giving me bloodline strength for?” Leylin now felt himself growing dizzy. It was like a beggar asking for some humble pie being given a mountain of gold.

What kind of physique was this Nightmare Absorbing Body? It was one of the most powerful bloodline abilities, something that allowed the Nightmare King to immediately start a massacre the moment he activated it. With the origin force of Dreamscape, he’d shot up to become a peak Magus of the ancient world in one go!

Leylin was very vigilant of such good luck.

‘It’s too impractical. There has to be something off about a strange event like this. Even if Distorted Shadow was giving me

benefits in exchange for making use of me, this is a little too much!’

Leylin was never afraid to expect the worst of his enemies. These sudden benefits implied a huge danger was to come!

‘But... I never thought this Nightmare Absorbing Body wasn’t a physical thing. It can even affect the truesoul, including my main soul in the Magus World...’ As an outstanding bloodline Warlock, Leylin knew that sort of bloodline ability would fuse inseparably with his soul. It would also radiate into his main body in the Magus World through strange channels.

‘The power of Dreamscape can bypass the crystal sphere? Just a temporary energy transmission path alone would be terrifying... I must definitely grasp this strength!’ The ability of dreamforce to pass through two large worlds caused determination to rise in Leylin’s heart.

‘I’m going to take the bait and toss the hook back. How’s that?’ Leylin stroked his chin, a slight smile appearing on his lips. Even Distorted Shadow could not guess that he had the A.I. Chip, and could find any issues.

This would be the greatest misstep in the plan Distorted Shadow had in store for him! Of course, he might have been thinking too much. All this could be a opportunity for him, but he had always liked to be prepared for the worst.

‘A.I. Chip! Begin task: study this bloodline force!’ Leylin looked

ruthless. Even if this would interfere with his analysis of the Weave, he would not find it a pity!

.....

Months passed in the blink of an eye.

Leylin was sitting cross-legged within the wizard tower, the doors and windows tightly closed as isolation runes flickered inside. If an outsider saw him as he was now, they would be scared stupid or treat him like a monster.

Leylin was now nearly a giant at almost three metres tall. His body had red scales and strange patterns on it, his face so sinister that it could drive children to tears. There was a slight crack on his forehead, shining blood red.

Formless power was attracted to this lustre, transforming into a dark red fog as it seeped into Leylin's skin and became something more powerful.

“This strength is...” Leylin's mind followed the path of the undulations and found the source, followed by scenes:

–The old butler Leon looked proud in Port Venus, “Our young master Leylin is...”

–In Pirate's Cove, an old pirate was teaching a few new pirates a lesson, “When you come out here, foresight is the most important.

There's someone more frightening than the Scarlet Witch in our crew..."

There were even more, though they were all scenes within the north and Dambrath Kingdom. The large batch of devil worshippers that Leylin had gathered as Kukulkan were now transmitting an unending amount of fear.

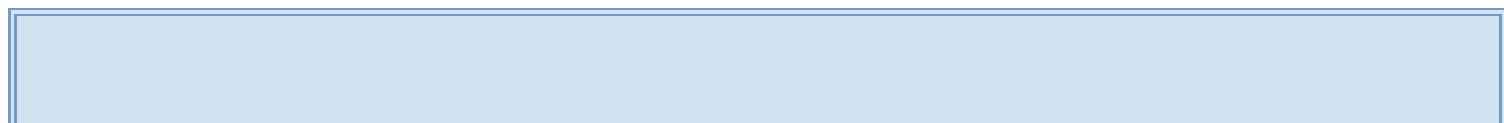
'This isn't faith, but some emotional force one level lower than faith... What's going on? Why can I take this power in now?' One could only absorb faith after becoming legendary, much less this sort of low-level emotional force.

However, Leylin soon found that he could easily absorb this emotional force in nightmare form, boosting his strength.

"Could it be that..." Leylin muttered to himself, closing the third eye between his brows. The numerous scenes disappeared, and the channel for emotional force closed.

"As expected... The power of the Nightmare Absorbing Body can take in all emotional forces aimed at me. The effectiveness and rate of conversion is even better than gods, and most importantly... I'm not even half a god yet..." At this moment, Leylin realised the terror of this ancient physique.

'A.I. Chip, has anything been found?'



[Beep! Statistical model of host's bloodline force has been established, running with no abnormalities. Found no remnant spiritual brands.]

The A.I. Chip answered loyally.

“There’s still no problem? There’s nothing left in my bloodline? Is this a real gift?” Leylin shook his head, dispelling the nightmare form. He shrunk once more, returning to his original appearance.

With the A.I. Chip’s help, his grasp of bloodline force far exceeded the expectations of everyone else. Now, he could basically switch between the two forms smoothly.

“The Nightmare Absorbing Body is a special physique from Dreamscape. Seems like I’ll have to head over to that world a few times in the future...” Leylin muttered to himself, “In addition, with the rate the physique absorbs emotional force, I might be able to raise my arcanist ranking very soon...”

At this moment, the tower genie’s clear voice interrupted his thoughts, “Master! Gold Priest Xena has come to pay a visit!”

“Xena? Get her to wait for me at the drawing room!” Leylin shook his head, draping a white bathrobe around himself.

“But my form after the second transformation might lead to

some associations. It's best to use it as little as possible in the World of Gods..." A moment later, Leylin had tidied everything up and met the priestess of the Goddess of Wealth in the drawing room.

"Wizard Leylin truly is great at making me wait. It's already been two years since the last time..." Xena glared at him, looking annoyed.

"Ahaha... my apologies! I've been immersed in an experiment. Anyway, hasn't Master Ernest continued the trade of the devil and demon detectors?" Leylin laughed and then changed the topic, "May I know what you're here for today?"

"You're in great trouble!" Xena took a deep breath and spoke cautiously.

"Oh! Have the people from the God of Murder's church made their move?" Leylin got it right in one go, since there were few large organisations he had offended.

"Yes! One of their legendaries, Cadaver Collector Soros, has completed his experiments and is about to come to the outer seas..." No matter where it was, a legendary was a big shot. Xena was worried that this genius wizard would not be able to pass this hurdle.

"But... from how he's been acting, we know he's inclined towards attacking devils and demons. Our church has dealt with him, and the intel we got is proof of that. Unfortunately, we don't know

what he'll do..."

Actually, Xena did not think well of Leylin's future. After all, that person was a legendary! There wasn't even a half-step legendary in the outer seas, so a true legendary would be able to suppress everything.

The existence of a legendary was an important standard for the prime material plane to judge the size of an organisation!

Chapter 955 - Soros

“Legendary?” Unexpectedly, Leylin did not panic at all after hearing the news. He instead asked with interest, “Please tell me what you know. We have our deal on sharing information.”

Xena rolled her eyes at him. “Cadaver Collector Soros is the honorary executioner of Cyric’s church. He likes to torture his target’s mind, causing them to crumble and commit suicide before he takes their body. He shot to fame 281 years ago...”

She spoke as if she was making a report, expressionlessly introducing this person generally. Still, she couldn’t keep up the facade and ended up staring at Leylin.

“Lord Leylin! You’re still young and possess such astounding talent. It isn’t a mere dream to become a legendary, but you need to accept reality. Pledge to join Goddess Waukeen’s church and hide in the mainland. Our goddess will shield you...”

Xena was sure Leylin would understand, even though he would have to abandon the outer seas, including Port Venus and all other industries.

After all, the church of wealth was more conducive to Leylin’s potential than all the organisations in the outer seas. With the value he was showing and how he was steadily raising his strength, he seemed to have more than a 50% chance to become a legendary. This was definitely an investment worth making for the church of wealth.

However, Leylin's answer did not match up to her expectations. "Thank you very much for your kind intentions, but I won't give up my work here..."

She frowned slightly, watching Leylin discontentedly, "Do you know what a legendary is? Cadaver Collector Soros is an infamous assassin. Even if we sent out a legendary to protect you ourselves, you could still be killed, much less..."

"I know all that!" Leylin interrupted her, looking apologetic, "I saw Her Highness Alustriel at Silverymoon. I read and studied about legendary wizards, and I know that numbers are nothing to a legendary..."

Leylin knew the terror of a legendary better than anyone else. They grasped the power of domains, similar to what a dragon's aura cast. No matter how many low-ranked Professionals were pit against one, it was useless.

In addition, legendaries had refined their life essence, and could absorb and control divine force, walking the path of godhood.

However, the path that Leylin had chosen was entirely different from Xena, which was why he reacted differently.

"Are you trying to face off against a legendary head-on? Just with a wizard tower? You'd probably be destroyed within seconds..." Xena felt insulted by Leylin's arrogant tone, and especially by that resolute gaze that said he didn't need charity.

“You...” She felt humiliated and discontent, but all that soon faded away into shock. “The– The spell rays on your body...”

“My rank rose a little during these past two years of experiments.” Leylin sounded calm, as if he were describing something insignificant, yet Xena almost choked in surprise.

While they were both high-ranked wizards, rank 15s were nowhere close to rank 19s. One had just entered this grade, while the other had reached the peak of wizardry, beginning to step into the domain of legendaries.

‘Two years! In less than two years, he’s already become a rank 19 wizard!’ Xena froze as she watched the spell rays that Leylin intentionally leaked.

‘A genius. A genius of the World of Gods! No, this is more than just a genius, he’s probably a monster! Outside of Chosen, he’s even faster than close combat Professionals as a wizard!’ Xena zoned out slightly. With his aptitude, she was now sure that he would definitely become a legendary if he didn’t die this time!

“Apologies! I was too harsh with my words...” Now treating Leylin as a to-be legendary, Xena’s tone became more respectful.

“Actually, Mister Leylin, I still stand by my previous suggestion. With your talent, there really is no need to tackle your enemies head-on in the outer sea. The church of wealth shall forever be your shield...” Leylin naturally showed his gratitude towards

Xena's kindness, but he did not relent on his decision not to dodge this, leaving Xena helpless.

After sending her away, Leylin returned to the training room alone, looking deep in thought.

'Cyric's counterattack is later than I expected...' The presence of a legendary meant nothing to Leylin. After all, Tiff had become a legendary long ago, and he'd personally led a team to kill a legendary dragon. Normal legendaries did not terrify him at all.

"However, I can't disclose Tiff's identity or transfer him here. This makes things complicated..." Leylin stroked his chin, eyes brightening, "I should use this opportunity and try that..."

"Tower genie!"

"Master!" The female form of the tower genie emerged, bright eyes full of anticipation.

"Seal the place off. Nobody is to bother me for now, not even Ernest. Is that understood?"

"Yes!" The tower genie's primary objective was to carry out Leylin's orders. She obviously had no objections to this. With Leylin's will, the apprentices and even Ernest were moved out of the tower, emptying it out.

"Sigh... I don't know if this kid can do it..." Ernest naturally

knew something only higher-ups did here. While things were calm in Port Venus, he could tell that this was the calm before a storm.

The pressure that a legendary could cause was far too immense. Leylin's operation was thus misunderstood to be a dangerous action to raise his strength quickly. Ernest was naturally worried.

He definitely knew how intelligent his student was. There were a few materials to raise strength quickly in the research of ancient wizards. However, there was a steep price to pay.

"I hope he doesn't go too far..." Ernest had a helpless smile on his lips. Ever since Leylin reached adulthood, he could no longer persuade Leylin even as his master.

While he was still Leylin's teacher in name, Ernest knew that there was nothing he had taught Leylin other than foundational skills. Yet, he had obtained even more than he'd given.

"I believe in him. Sometimes, he's someone who can create miracles!" Ernest kept encouraging himself, "It'll be fine! It'll definitely be fine..."

Meanwhile, the wizard who Ernest was worried about was not conducting any taboo experiments within the tower. However, in some sense the method Leylin was using to gain strength was more dangerous than the methods of ancient wizards.

"There aren't any living beings in the tower any more. I don't

have to worry about my secret being discovered or leaked... begin!"

Whoosh! A layer of dark red patterns appeared on Leylin's skin. He swelled strangely, and broke through his casual clothes in an instant. His forehead also split vertically to reveal the third eye.

Nightmare form! Leylin was now demonstrating the Nightmare King's Nightmare Absorbing Body.

"Absorb the wandering emotional force..." The vertical eye on Leylin's forehead opened slightly, emitting red light that broke through space to connect to all emotions related to him. It was like a spider web.

Reverence, fear, love, hatred...

Dense emotional force was originally formless and therefore useless. However, the vertical eye turned it into a dark red fog that was then devoured by the Nightmare Absorbing Body. This force was intensified, and the blood-red runes on his body grew more dazzling.

"In essence, faith is just extremely dense emotion. It contains energy dispelled from soul undulations. The Nightmare Absorbing Body is terrifying. As long as it has to do with the host body, any emotional force, no matter how meagre, can be used..."

Leylin's eyes were now completely blood red, and a large serpent appeared behind him. This was the Targaryen, big as the world,

with black scales, devilish wings, terrifying claws, and a single horn at the top of its head.

“Hss!” The Targaryen had now transformed slightly. Traces of dark red fog shrouded its body, causing its scales to begin turning dark red.

A strange vertical eye appeared between the two snake eyes, splitting open.

“Ahh... Devouring power, erupt!” With Leylin’s control, the power of devouring and dreamforce worked together flawlessly. The Nightmare Absorbing Body took in the vast jumble of emotional force, and Devour transformed it into the purest energy.

After who knew how long, the A.I. Chip’s robotic voice sounded, like the sweetest melody he had ever heard.

[Beep! Energy reserves at 100%, sending to main body...]

A warm surge spread throughout his body, extending to his very soul. The sound of a crystal shattering sounded, and Leylin sensed his soul go through another evolution. His very essence was baptised.

Chapter 956 - Dream Eater

[Beep! Spirit+1.] The A.I. Chip sent another prompt as many stats began to change.

[Beep! Host’s arcanist ranking has advanced. Host is now a rank 20 arcanist! Arcane Energy +10.]

[Beep! Host has advanced to rank 20. Spell slots obtained: Rank 9(1), Rank 8(1), Rank 7(1).]

[Beep! Host’s stats have changed.]

[Leylin Faulen, Age: 24. Race: Human, Rank 20 Arcanist. Strength: 15. Agility: 15. Vitality: 15. Spirit: 20. Arcane Value: 200. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Intermediate Perfect Body, Dreamscape View. Specialties: Arcane Detection, Arcane Amplification, Illusions]

[Progress of Weave Analysis: Level 0 100%, Level 1 100%, Level 2 100%, Level 3 100%, Level 4 100%, Level 5 100%, Level 6 100%, Level 7 81.23%, Level 8 38.86%, Level 9 11.29%.]

[Spell slots: Rank 9(2), Rank 8(4), Rank 7(6), Rank 6(???), Rank 5(???), Rank 4(???), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)]

‘I’m finally rank 20. All that’s left is becoming legendary.’ Leylin shut his eyes. He felt an enormous wall blocking him at this moment, the boundary of the legendary realm.

As a non-religious Professional, he would enter the legendary realm at rank 21. This was the greatest power in the central continent, giving one the ability to determine the state of any region and absorb divinity itself.

‘I still have one rank left to become a legendary... If I wasn’t worried about the contamination from the power of emotions, I could use the law of devouring to absorb most of the energy. Perhaps it would’ve been possible to become a legendary directly...’

Although he thought this, Leylin did not have the slightest regret. The foundation was the most important thing. A lot of emphasis was placed on one’s foundation in the legendary realm, and Leylin did not want to advance without caution. It could lead to detours in his future path.

[Beep! Nightmare Absorption abilities have been activated! Host has obtained a bloodline ability— Dream Eater!]

The A.I. Chip sent yet another prompt.

“Is this the bloodline magic ability by any chance? With Nightmare Absorption’s power, the power of this magic technique should be incredibly terrifying, shouldn’t it?” Leylin muttered to himself irresolutely. He could be said to be an expert in exploring bloodline magic and putting it to use.

Once the abilities of a Warlock were combined with the power of this ancient bloodline, the results would be sure to surprise him.

“Bloodline ability— Dream Eater!” Leylin looked at the A.I. Chip’s window on the skill, and discovered nothing besides the name.

‘Even the A.I. Chip has no records of it in the database. Seems like it’s an entirely new magic ability. I can only rely on myself to explore it and perfect it...’

.....

Soros the Cadaver Collector was an expert wanted by the church of justice. His extensive criminal record was difficult to chronicle; he’d even massacred an entire town before. However, the man himself was someone who’d always been shrouded in a dark robe.

Nobody knew that under this cloak, the church of murder’s legendary ‘honorary executioner’ was a boy with a warm and sunny aura.

“Many thanks, Uncle Newman!” Soros slid down from an ox cart

piled high with foraged grass, thanking the old man in front of him.

“Ah, it’s nothing much. No one would reject a polite and obedient child like you a ride. Is this your destination, young fellow?” The driver of the cart was a wizened old man. His arms were lean muscle, beaten by the weather. His face was wreathed in a carefree smile, revealing his sparse teeth. He had a scattered beard that looked like iron wool.

“Mm! I want to go to Port Venus, I heard it is the most prosperous port in the outer seas,” The tall youth’s expression was a little bashful, but his eyes were filled with determination, “I want to earn money there, and then I can... Oh! This is my gift for letting me take your cart.”

Looking at the pretty little shell in the youth’s hand, the old man’s smile bloomed even more happily, “Haha! Well work hard, youngster. I wish you the best!”

‘The spiritual influence of despair held within that shell, I wonder how long it’ll take to kill him off?’ After leaving the cart, Soros lowered his head. His eyes held a trace of darkness as he laughed demonically.

If that old man saw how he looked now, he definitely wouldn’t have let Soros hitchhike on his cart.

“I still need to keep this identity a secret... Such a pity,” Soros licked his lips. When he lifted his head again, his expression had

already changed into that docile and harmless smile he had shown before. His youthful appearance easily gave others a favourable impression.

“Big Sis, could you please give me...” Soros chose a random inn to stay in. His words caused the middle-aged woman who was the proprietor of the inn to light up brightly. The village woman gave him a room for half the price.

Soros’ face only darkened after he entered the room and made sure he was alone. “Damn it, that disgusting hog had actually dared to provoke me... If not for this mission... Oh right!”

The tall boy clasped his hands, “After this mission ends, I’ll give this town a bloodbath. It seems that our revered god likes sacrificial rites like this anyway... Hehe...”

As a legendary, and a criminal wanted by many of the good churches, Soros knew how much his identity weighed on their minds. Powerful beings definitely had their own set of perverse fetishes, and Soros’ was to put on an innocent image and wait for the very last moment to reveal his true self. He would watch as his target broke down.

He felt more twisted joy from this sorrow than any divine grace could give him. Of course, Soros himself would not explicitly admit this point.

.....

Soros moved towards Port Venus the next day, having gotten ample rest. He headed for Leylin's wizard tower.

‘This defense system is well thought out. The detection spell formations are activated constantly... Something like this is pretty good for a place like the outer seas.’

A look of pity flashed across Soros' face. ‘Leylin is extremely wary, he'd see through any disguise straight away. Well, it isn't a big deal. I have many other skills, and this will be a good time to test them out.’

Sudden Strike! Soros' body floated up into the sky, and an illusory gold claw struck the wizard tower. Red alarms flashed immediately.

“Warning! Detected energy waves with legendary power. Tower has taken 35.99% damage!”

“Found it! So it was here all along?” Soros' pupils contracted as he merged into the shadows.

He followed the energy pathways of the tower, and arrived at a laboratory before he emerged once more. This place was likely where the core of the tower resided, and he looked at the frightened noble wizard in front of him.

“Le... Legendary! You are waging a holy war...” The young wizard seemed to be frightened silly, and his teeth clacked when he

spoke.

“Only a legendary-ranked wizard tower could hold me back!” Soros’ face was full of mockery, the same way a golden lion would look at a rabbit. As if in accompaniment to Soros’ voice, the tower genie gave off a high pitched tone, “Intruder alert! Current location: Core Laboratory. Deploying magic gargoyles... bzzt!”

Soros made a slicing motion with his finger, cutting the image of the tower genie into pieces.

“You don’t have to take out these toy gargoyles...”

Bang! He immediately turned into countless black figures, and the gargoyles that surged from the defense mechanism were all destroyed, with no life left in them.

“Tower core 87.99% destroyed, operations ceased!” At this point, the tower genie could not even muster a hologram of itself. Only its voice rang out, as if coming from an old gramophone.

“How... how is this possible?” The young wizard’s legs buckled as he sat on the floor, staring listlessly at the ceiling, “But I’d spent...”

“This place is just like a backyard for someone in the legendary realm.”

Soros enjoyed the process of toying with his prey. The young wizard cried out, his eyes bloodshot as if he was a gambler who had

lost everything. “No! I still have...”

Roar! The young wizard’s robes tore apart into pieces, releasing a mighty draconic aura. He’d become half-dragon, and his skin was topped by scales. He spewed flames from his mouth, destroying all the glass apparatus in the laboratory.

“A half-dragon? The bloodline of a dragon species? This is your trump card?” Soros’ brows furrowed, before he released his own aura. The air in the vicinity was blasted away, giving rise to a vacuum. “What a pity, everything you do is in vain. The only thing left for you is death...”

.....

“Rumble!” The mighty tower collapsed, sending smoke and dust billowed high up into the sky. Soros walked out of the rubble, carrying a freshly severed head that still had blood trickling down it.

The draconic scales faded, revealing the pale visage of the late wizard. His eyes no longer had any trace of life, glazed like that of a dead fish.

Chapter 957 - Death

“Something seems off...” Soros raised his right hand as he stared into the aggrieved eyes of the incapacitated young wizard. Still, his sense of touch and various detection techniques confirmed that he was already dead.

However, even Soros had to admit that this wizard was extremely talented. He’d become a near-legendary at such a young age, possessing a powerful dragon bloodline. His battle might was already greater than that of some rank 20s.

“You were a genius... It’s a pity, mortals should never provoke god...” Soros seemed to lament in pity as he gently closed the eyes of the wizard.

At this moment, multiple figures from Port Venus had already discovered that something was amiss. They ran over, while some high-ranking priests chose to fly there directly.

“The Goddess of Wealth’s church huh...” Soros shook his head in disdain, but did not choose to engage. He disappeared without a trace.

.....

Within the God of Murder’s church, the bishop looked at Soros with a pleased smile, “Well done, my child. Now, let us offer this sinner’s head to our revered god...”

Buzz! Cyric's statue let out a loud rumble once it received the sacrifice, golden divine force rippling out into the air. The sculpture soon seemed to come to life, taking the shape of a man with a wicked face.

“Worshipper Soros, you’ve done well. You shall get the rewards you deserve!” The voice of his god’s incarnation was extremely deep and magnetic. Soros felt an immense amount of divine force descend on his head as it sounded.

“This...This is divine grace! And of the highest grade!” The bishop cried out hoarsely from the side. Seeing the traces of dark gold light falling on Soros’ head, he couldn’t maintain a neutral expression any more. The ancient scripture detailing the sacrificial rite fell to the ground.

“And divinity too?”

“Are you questioning our revered Lord’s decision?” Accepting copious amounts of divine force and divinity, Soros now looked like a golden statue. Lightning occasionally streaked within his eyes. The benefits he had observed this time was extremely huge. The God of Murder had actually raised him by a rank and even granted him divinity!

“No, I wouldn’t dare. Our god has chosen you, and you shall be his emissary on the continent!” A trace of fear arose in the bishop’s eyes, but his reply was still clear and distinct.

The foremost authority in any church was the god themselves. Directly under them would be the Bishop or Chosen, and from one standpoint Soros' status was now equal to that of the the bishop. The difference between the two was merely the amount of divine grace they had!

“Haha...” Being able to look at his former superior squarely in the face, Soros laughed in a carefree manner, forgetting the uneasiness that he had felt despite finishing the mission.

He disappeared into the void without a trace, and a single vertical eye appeared.

.....

30 years later, Soros slammed an old wizard into the ground as he laughed, “Haha, Madrid, you have never believed that you would land in my hands one day huh!”

“No...This is not possible. Why are you this strong? Your progression is too fast!” Madrid's body was littered with injuries, and his voice was barely audible.

“This is all the grace of the god!” Soros grabbed the collar of this wizard, “Back then you were stronger than me in every way, and even managed to become a legendary and steal Vanessa's heart. But now, you're as weak as a dog...”

“Kill me... Kill me...” The helpless wizard mumbled.

“I won’t you off this easily! You’ll be repaid the suffering and anguish I felt all these years...” Soros carried the wizard away. The vertical eye appeared once more, forming a crack in the void to reveal crimson light...

.....

200 year later, in the church of the God of Murder.

“Cough cough...” The lord bishop looked at the dagger lodged in his chest, and the high ranking officials across him. He turned his head around in disbelief, and saw the sinister look on Soros’ face.

“You...you actually...”

“Old fool, the cardinals and the honour guard have chosen to abandon and betray you. You’re past your time now!” Soros’ smile was even more malevolent than before.

“Our god... Will never forgive...” The bishop clenched these last words out of his teeth before his body combusted.

An immense conscient descended to the planet, “Soros!”

“My Lord, you are the emissary of death, the supreme amongst the stars...” Soros knelt onto the ground.

“You have successfully conspired to kill the previous bishop. Well done! I hereby appoint you the next bishop of my church!”

“I will dedicate my life to walking the path you’ve chosen. I shall throw the entire continent into chaos and conduct many massacres...” Soros affirmed, his eyes turning slightly bloodshot.

The vertical eye behind him was now more than half open, yet nobody could discover its presence.

.....

Time trickled by, and the church of murder grew under Soros’ charge, spreading across the World of Gods. Soros himself had managed to ascent to godhood, becoming a lesser god under Cyric.

Several thousand years later, he grew increasingly dissatisfied with Cyric. He waged a holy war, managing to defeat and absorb his former master, becoming the Greater God of Murder, Massacre, and Death.

Soros continued these wars after, building a system of faith where he was the one and only deity. Finally, he usurped the Overgod’s throne. He now sat on the highest pedestal of the World of Gods’ divine hall, his gaze passing across the rivers of time and into eternity.

At this moment, the vertical eye behind him fully opened its eyes!

“Hmm? Who is it?” Soros felt an immediate threat to his life. It was a warning that came from the depths of his soul, a feeling that this attacker could consign him to eternal damnation.

“Why is there someone else in the highest of realms, is there something that can transcend the entire world?” The throne split into half as Soros turned around with a look of disbelief.

At this moment, the giant vertical eye was omnipotent, its gaze crystal clear, as if nothing in the world could escape its eyes. A trace of crimson mist appeared, gnawing at the corners of the World of Gods.

Soros felt his hair stand on end once he saw this vertical eye. It was like this eye had been observing his every moment in life.

“What are you? A devil?” This feeling of being pried on caused immense fury to arise in this sovereign.

“Hah!” Divine force gathered in Soros’ hands, turning into a purple lightning that could split the world in half. This lightning formed a spear that landed in his grasp.

The spear was thrown, and it tore the void apart as it moved, carrying the various blessings of the gods.

Boom! An attack which could annihilate gods struck the vertical eye, yet not a single sound was produced. It was as if a speck of

dust had come into contact with a rock, dissipating just like that.

“How...is this possible? I am the sovereign! The world origin force is at my fingertips!” Soros staggered backwards, the fear in his heart growing stronger.

“I’ve seen the creation and annihilation of the world, the rise and fall of many tribes. Only the foolishness of mortals is eternal in the rivers of time!” The information struck Soros at the deepest part of his soul, and he understood the underlying meaning within.

“A mortal? How can I be a mortal...” Soros let out a hollow laughter, before his face contorted. He discovered that he had turned a mortal, mere flesh and blood. This feeling of falling from heaven caused him to suffer a mental breakdown.

However, the vertical eye did not give him any chances for a mental recovery. It opened up and gazed at Soros.

Rumble! The whole world was devoured by the red vertical pupil, and Soros was but a struggling speck of dust, screaming in anguish before finally disappearing into the pupil of the eye.

.....

In the room of an inn, Soros’ sleeping head was sharply twisted to one side. He was dead.

Leylin rubbed his temples outside the inn, seemingly exhausted.

“The power of this Dream Eater spell is really terrifying. To construct a complex world, even if it’s fake, is just too difficult for me right now...

“But it was all worth it...” Leylin’s face could not help but change at the pleasure of devouring Soros’ entire dream. This ability to devour dreams also allowed him to absorb the target’s memories, experiences, and even more. It caused him to feel full from the essence of his very soul, and Leylin knew that he had fulfilled all conditions to become legendary. He only needed to digest what he’d absorbed.

“If not for using Dreamscape Vision and entering Soros’ dream, I might not have had it this easy... It seems that the best way to use this Dream Eater skill is to first lure the enemy into a dream and combine with a spell. Distract Dream could do it...”

Having acquired what he wanted, Leylin disappeared from the inn without a trace. The outer seas basically belonged to the Faulens right now, and although it wasn’t easy to conquer the entire territory, the pirate forces would pave the way for them to expand their territory.

Leylin had sorted the information to identify suspicious activity and targets. He would personally confirm it all with his eyes.

Soros had just been unlucky this time, like a beautiful butterfly having flown into an intricate spider web. Caught by Leylin’s Dreamscape Vision, all attempts to conceal himself were to no avail.

Chapter 958 - Spear Crusader

The tranquility of dawn was broken by an ear-piercing scream. With two buckets by her side, the innkeeper looked at a lifeless youth on the bed. This boy, who'd made her heart flutter yesterday, had now lost all traces of life.

“No external injuries nor any traces of spells. His identity certificate is forged...” The public security officer felt a headache coming on as he hurried over to inspect the scene. His many years of experience had told him that this case was going to be very troublesome.

“Can it be some acute illness?” The public security officer spoke in an imposing manner to mask the nervousness that he felt.

“Find a priest to come and pray over him, then send the corpse to the burial mound...” Seeing this officer unwilling to let things get out of hand, the plump lady didn't hesitate to agree.

They downplayed this death through various procedures, and finally invited someone to bless the burial. However, this person wasn't an official priest. It was an acolyte handling the menial tasks of a church.

The acolyte did not even have the cultivation to cast a rank 1 holy spell, let alone find out what was wrong with Soros' corpse. After a quick blessing, he let the the men in charge of burying the corpse carry it away.

The one in charge of burying the legendary-ranked Soros' corpse was a filthy, skinny, middle-aged white man who reeked of alcohol. His blackened teeth carried a putrid odour, and he thoroughly searched through the corpse once he was outside the city. He was looking for little valuables that the corrupt official hadn't discovered.

“Hehehe... What a fair skinned boy. A pity that the officer already squirreled away his purse and other things...” Soros' corpse had been stripped even of its shoes. Every inch of his body that could have contained gold was looked at by this man.

Soros was a legendary however, and his priceless bag of holding, spatial ring, magic artifacts, and other items had been taken away by Leylin. The officer had grabbed the gold that was left, leaving nothing for this man to take.

However, just the set of clothes and shoes alone was enough to satisfy him.

“Hehe... This kiddo is rather rich. All these clothes are worth at least 30 bronze pieces. I can visit Mary once or go to the pub and drink all night...” The man looked at the stark naked corpse, nodding his head in satisfaction.

“Since you've given me this much, I'll dig your grave bigger than the rest.”

“This is the outcome of a legendary like Soros, huh? What a sorrowful scene!” A sinister voice mocked throughout the

surroundings, scaring the man away. “Who, who is there?”

Zip! An icy blade flashed, and the man dropped to the floor with blood gushing from his body.

“A legendary who was among the top ten experts of the church couldn’t even escape death...” The void warped as a the figure of a high-ranked thief appeared. He masterfully picked up Soros’ corpse, and the expression on his face grew darker.

“No... this isn’t right! How can his body only be as resilient as a regular human’s? He was a legendary!” The high-ranked thief cried out, “If not for the top secret information I received from our bishop, I would have treated him as a regular human as well!”

“What’s more... The most important thing is that the soul has disappeared completely... Such ruthless measures...” The pupils of the thief narrowed, and he felt that a terrifying presence was in the vicinity. He did not dare tarry longer, and immediately vanished with Soros’ corpse.

He was only a high-ranked thief in the church, nowhere close to being legendary. If even Soros had died here, wiping him off the face of the earth wouldn’t be a major issue either. The thief knew this clearly, and there was no way he would stay another moment.

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Church of Cyric, within the gloomy valley.

The bishop had received this news as well.

“I have already contacted our god. It seems like Soros’ soul did not enter his divine realm, instead vanishing mysteriously.”

“Was it some sort of confinement spell?” A high ranked thief chimed in from the side.

“No, not confinement. It’s completely missing! Even... Even our god’s imprint had completely vanished...” The bishop grew extremely solemn. Legendaries were the foundation of a church, yet one of theirs had died just like that. It was an enormous blow even to an organisation like theirs.

Furthermore, the ability to wipe out a legendary without a trace left the others extremely uneasy. The bishop closed his eyes and pondered before speaking in an icy tone, “Find out everything for me! Everything!”

“Yes!” The thief bowed respectfully and left to pass on the orders.

Although there was no evidence, he was very clear in his heart that all of this was linked to Soros’ primary target, the noble wizard of Faulen Island.

‘An expert who managed to kill a legendary! Having me investigate this monster... Aren’t you asking me to go and die?’ The high-ranked thief lamented to himself, ‘Luckily this is just an

investigation mission. It looks like even the Lord Bishop himself won't carelessly go against this person...'

"Faulen Island's Leylin?" The high-ranked thief had a premonition that this wizard was the man of the moment in the World of Gods. No! Having showcased this power, this wizard was now a powerful player who could shake the entire continent!

.....

Leylin did not pay the slightest attention to these conjectures and the dark clouds looming in his future. After he quietly murdered Soros, he peacefully returned to the wizard tower without alerting a single person.

What was truly terrifying was the unknown. If he revealed his ability to kill legendaries, it could lead to excessive fear of him. He needed to slowly digest the power he had devoured.

"The Dream Eater ability is truly the most terrifying bloodline power. The bloodline abilities it gives are also extremely demonic and powerful..." Leylin sighed.

He was a rank 20 wizard, while Soros was a legendary expert. Using an analogy in the Magus World, it was like a Crystal Phase Magus squaring off against a Morning Star. The gap between the two was as wide as that between heaven and earth.

And still, the Dream Eater ability acquired through his bloodline

had allowed Leylin to kill Soros easily. Nothing as insane as this had ever happened even in the ancient times.

The barrier between ranks 3 and 4 was one of a qualitative change from spiritual force to soul force. Even an army of rank 3s would be slaughtered by a Morning Star, yet Leylin had managed to win across this gap!

“A.I. Chip!” Leylin commanded. The A.I. Chip had already collated all the previously collected data, and it displayed the information on this bloodline ability.

[Nightmare Absorption bloodline ability: Dream Eater: Allows host to infiltrate the target's dream world, constructing an illusion and causing their true soul to degenerate. The host can then devour the target's dream world and absorb everything. Warning: If the target's soul force is too powerful, or they see through the dream world, it may injure the host in an unpredictable manner! As the host's bloodline concentration is limited, it can only be used once every 10 days.]

“So it's a battle between souls using an illusory technique. However, with my main body's experiences perhaps nobody except a god coming in person can best me in that regard...” Leylin had a premonition that this bloodline ability would be his most important hidden killer move.

“Besides, using Dream Eater to devour energy seems to be even

more effective than before. I can gain everything that belonged to my opponent, and even walk down their path to power once for myself. The benefits from that will be immeasurable..." Leylin felt that he seemed to have found the reason why that Nightmare King was incomparably powerful.

The legendary body of Soros the Cadaver Collector comprised of all his experiences as an honorary executioner. Leylin had effortlessly obtained all of this, and all that had been left was a decaying corpse.

After devouring the soul of a legendary and obtaining all his experiences, Leylin had reached the threshold of the legendary realm.

"Ascending to become a legendary! Refining my power is the first step, and the next is to cultivate my spiritual conscient and construct an inner circulatory system... I have already fulfilled all of these criteria." Leylin's eyes flashed brightly. His aura began to dampen as he entered deep meditation.

Just at this moment, a visitor had arrived at Faulen Island.

"Lord Jeffries!" Xena, the Gold Priest of Waukeen's church, bowed deeply with respect at a middle-aged man.

"My lord has travelled a long way. I have already prepared accommodations and everything else, I entreat my lord to..." Xena's voice was humble as she spoke. This person was Jeffries, the Spear Crusader! He was a legendary expert of the church of

wealth, and his status and reputation was far above that of a Gold Priest like her.

“There is no need of that for now. I didn’t come here to seek pleasure. You had better hurry and take me to see that wizard. It’s difficult to protect a person being targeted by the Cadaver Collector...” Jeffries the Spear Crusader had a head of long silver hair, an aquiline nose, and thick lips. He gave off a resilient and ascetic aura, and his eagle-like eyes revealed the endless turmoil within him.

Although he did not intentionally release his aura, the elemental energy particles in the surroundings continuously swirled around him. This was a legendary, the goal of all Professionals in the prime material plane!

Chapter 959 - Legend

“Understood. I’ll have it done immediately!” Xena lowered her head to show respect, while she sighed on the inside. ‘They’ve even sent this lord over. Looks like the church thinks very highly of Baron Leylin...’

She could tell the favour the church had for this baron. After all, he’d created two great sources of revenue and improved their methods of detecting demons and devils. She hadn’t had much hope with her proposal, but the fact that they’d immediately sent over the legendary Spear Crusader showed his value!

‘It’s not just his talent, but also the possibility of him becoming a legendary.’ Only a future legendary was worthy of the church’s investment. Thinking of this, Xena couldn’t help but envy Leylin.

“I heard that he’s created many magic items to detect devils, and even our church can’t make sense of them. That wizard has left us all pleasant surprised...” While he was annoyed at being dispatched so urgently to deal with an ordinary human, Jeffries was rather curious about this young wizard.

“He’s really a rather interesting person...” Xena could only continue speaking as Jeffries asked questions, but she soon discovered a strange expression on his face.

“What’s wrong, my lord?”

“These undulations? Perhaps...” Jeffries stared at the hill outside

Port Venus, focusing on the wizard tower that stood tall and grim.

“Where is this Leylin right now?” he suddenly asked.

“He’s inside the tower. I heard he’s been conducting some important research. This child really doesn’t know his priorities...” Xena spoke without thinking.

After which, she was stunned to find that Jeffries was hurrying towards the tower, “Wa-Wait! My lord, are you planning to meet the wizard right now? At the very least, you should...”

Jeffries seemed to have no plans of listening to her. He only proceeded forward, looking to be in disbelief.

“His expression... Did something happen at the wizard tower?” Xena seemed confused, and she glanced at the tower in the distance.

.....

At this very moment, Leylin was indeed experiencing a transformation within the wizard tower.

Normal Professionals on the continent entered the legendary realm at rank 21. This involved a refining of strength, and it was as difficult as it was for rank 3 Magi to advance to Morning Star. It was a sort of qualitative change, an upgrade to the very soul.

Having experienced this once before, and with Soros' own experiences of advancing this stage wouldn't pose any difficulty to him. The A.I. Chip was working furiously, and large amounts of data flashed by Leylin's eyes to form a few prompts.

[Beep! Arcane spell network construct completed. Host's internal cyclic foundation constructed.]

[Beep! Host's spiritual force has reached the limit, breaking through and solidifying. Host is advancing to the legendary realm!]

At this moment, Leylin felt his soul and the Weave growing chaotic. It felt as if his soul was being attacked by the Weave.

'If I was an ordinary wizard, it would be exceedingly difficult for me to advance under such circumstances. Thankfully, I have long since become an arcanist, so my relationship with the Weave isn't as close as it was before...' Leylin manipulated his spiritual force with his powerful will, allowing everything to progress steadily.

Finally, under immense pressure from the outside world, the misty spiritual force in his sea of consciousness abruptly gathered at the centre, forming a rainbow-coloured crystal. It felt as if some invisible bottleneck had exploded, and Leylin's entire soul seemed to be soaked in a hot spring. It left him feeling very comfortable.

[Beep! Host's spiritual force has experienced a qualitative change. Spirit +1.]

The A.I. Chip prompted.

[Host has advanced to rank 21 and has become a legendary.]

A huge shock seemed to impact Leylin's very soul, to the point that he grew slightly absent-minded.

[Beep! Host has become a legendary arcanist, and has broken through the outer Weave. Contact with the inner Weave initiated.]

Leylin's spiritual force broke through some restraints at that moment, moving past the surface levels of the Weave into a deeper domain.

"Is this... the inner Weave?" From his broad perspective, Leylin could see that the Weave was a network that surrounded the

World of Gods. It had layers like an electrical network, and he'd gotten access to a golden network within.

This was a channel for divine spells, numerous instances of which descended from their respective divine realms like stars. They were sent down in exchange for faith.

‘With control over the inner Weave, the gods treat it as a channel for divine spells?’ Leylin immediately thought back to the arcanist records, ‘Some arcanists who break through the restrictions of the Weave attempted to steal divine spell slots from priests. This remote power system, the profaning of priests. While this caused discontent and a death sentence from the gods and churches, arcanists were poorly regarded to begin with. One more issue meant nothing...’

The benefits of breaking past the outer Weave weren't limited to being able to observe and channel divine spells. Leylin could now cast legendary spells.

Leylin was already as strong as the legendary arcanists of the Netheril Empire. Once he grew familiar with and recorded down the legendary arcane spells he had, even gods' avatars wouldn't be able to frighten him.

The A.I. Chip continued to flash its prompts..

[Beep! Advancing to the legendary realm has strengthened feats. Sturdy has become Legendary Sturdiness. Erudite has

become Scholarly.]

[Beep! Host has obtained legendary specialty: Origin Force Detection, replacing Arcane Energy Detection.]

More information about the feats and specialty was shown below.

[Legendary Sturdiness: Rigorous tempering and advancement has rendered your body comparable to that of a legendary beast. Regeneration has been strengthened.]

[Scholarly: Having accumulated a tremendous amount of knowledge, including many secret inheritances, you have explored many of the secrets of the World of Gods. Appraisal has reached the maximum level, allowing you to appraise any material from the World of Gods.]

[Origin Force Detection: Legendary arcanists were not satisfied with casting spells using elemental energy. They set their sights on the deeper secrets of the world, discovering the existence of the world origin force. They named it origin energy and tried to control it, engendering the ire of the gods with their deep research.]

“Origin Force Detection? Making use of the origin force? This is something only beings who have comprehended laws can do...” Leylin sensed the majestic origin force sea of the World of Gods, feeling slightly disconcerted.

The Magus World only gave him an opportunity to absorb origin force once every century as a near rank 7. And this was after he made a compromise with other beings of laws. It was evident how precious world origin force was. No wonder the gods eliminated the arcanists, they were trying to steal their ‘meat’.

“Even if I can use it, I definitely can’t make it obvious, or the gods won’t let me off...” A legendary wizard with research into arcane spells wasn’t much. However, one who could make use of the world origin force would definitely force the gods to act and crush him.

Leylin felt that there was an increasing number of secrets he possessed. Revealing any one of them would leave him consigned to eternal damnation.

“In any case, I already have a lot to worry about. What’s one more? Let it be!” Leylin easily come to terms with this.

[Beep! Host’s stats have been refreshed. Stat box refreshing.]

The A.I. Chip projected a 3D image of Leylin, the numbers having

gone through some changes.

[Leylin Faulen. Race: Human, Legendary Rank 21 Arcanist. Strength: 15. Agility: 15. Vitality: 15. Spirit: 21. Arcane Energy: 210 Status: Healthy. Feats: Legendary Sturdiness, Scholarly, Intermediate Perfect Body, Dreamscape Vision. Specialties: Origin Force Detection, Arcane Amplification, Illusions.]

[Analysis of Weave: Level 0 100%, Level 1 100%, Level 2 100%, Level 3 100%, Level 4 100%, Level 5 100%, Level 6 100%, Level 7 97.83%, Level 8 66.56%, Level 9 34.55%.]

[Spell slots possessed: Rank 9 (3), Rank 8 (5), rank 7 (7), rank 6 (???), rank 5(???), rank 4 (???), rank 3 (???), rank 2 (???), rank 1 (???), rank 0 (???)]

“Hah... It’s been over twenty years since my soul split and entered the World of Gods. Am I finally at the peak of the mortal world?” Sensing the boundless strength within his body, Leylin sighed in relief.

He had finally reached the domain of a legendary! This was not just the peak strength that a mortal could achieve, but the beginning of an exemplary road!

In order to digest divinity, ignite godfire, and become a god, being a legendary was a definite prerequisite.

In addition, after becoming a legendary, the chance of dying was small as long as he was not too reckless, since the gods could not send their main bodies down.

Now that his safety was covered, Leylin focused on something else.

“Now, I need to obtain as much divinity as possible and digest it, and then ignite my godfire before becoming a god. I’ll then get my main body to descend... Yes! Only about a year is left till the floating city appears. I could try to obtain it...”

Leylin’s movements were never hindered by anything. What he pursued was only truth and eternity! Everything else was like passing clouds to him.

Chapter 960 - Great Waves

“I already contacted him via magic. He should come out immediately...” Xena stood behind Jeffries, looking puzzled, “With my lord’s status, is there a need to stand on ceremony?”

However, Jeffries had no intentions of explaining himself. On the contrary, he stood even taller, like a pike that could pierce through the heavens, eyes fixed on the main entrance of the wizard tower.

“He’s here!” Jeffries exclaimed softly.

Rumble! The main entrance opened to reveal Leylin, looking apologetic in his golden-purple wizard robes, “I never thought Lord Jeffries would come himself...”

‘Hmm? Why does it feel like Leylin has changed...’ Xena sized up the young wizard in front of her, bewildered. While he looked just as young and handsome as before, she had a feeling that he had undergone a huge transformation.

‘It’s his aura! He’s giving me the feeling of being on equal terms with Lord Jeffries... How is that possible, when Jeffries is a legendary? Oh!’ Xena seemed to think of something, and then vigorously shook her head, as if trying to shake the thought out of her mind. ‘What am I thinking? How is this possible?’

“Indeed, my Lord. You have entered the realm of legendary.” The moment Jeffries said this, the entire group broke out in a ruckus.

‘So... So he’s really entered the legendary realm. How long has it been since we last met?’ Xena covered her little mouth, looking stunned. She wasn’t the only one to forget herself in the moment, the others began to create a disturbance as well.

This was a legendary wizard! The Faulen Family would now shake the outer seas!

Legendaries held peak strength in the World of Gods. They could influence the change of rulership, and were even more important to a kingdom than the king. A kingdom without protection from a legendary could not last long.

“Although I did sense the energy from your breakthrough, I never thought it would be you. Your age, it’s...” Jeffries smiled wryly, “... Actually, even us old folks find it hard to believe...”

“Age!” It was only at this moment that Xena and the others reacted, “Right, Lord Leylin is not even 25 yet! Gods! A 25 year-old legendary, and a wizard at that! It’s the hardest profession to advance in!”

There was too much shocking news, and the entire area turned mute, as if everyone had been shocked stupid by Leylin’s miracle.

“Heavens... Gods... this...” Xena now had no idea how to describe Leylin’s aptitude, ‘I’m very sure that he must be some miracle in the wizarding world! He’ll definitely be written down in the records for eternity, and his achievements will be narrated to our

later generations...’

“I was just lucky!” Leylin had a good-natured smile on his face. Whatever it was, since the Goddess of Wealth dispatched a legendary to protect him, he definitely had sensed their goodwill.

“Come, let’s go in and discuss this further!” Leylin seemed to only have Jeffries in his sights.

“Let’s go!” Jeffries appeared amiable to someone of similar rank, and Xena and the rest only found this natural. A legendary would only take another of the same level seriously. Similar strength was the prerequisite to associating with one another, this was the law everywhere!

.....

The God of Murder’s church.

An old bishop was reading the information in his hand as he muttered to himself, “Legendary might and also a secret trump card that can kill other legendaries... seems like the rise of the Faulen Family in the outer seas can no longer be stopped...

“Make it known that our men have to be very cautious while investigating! Try not to be discovered by him!”

“Understood, Lord Bishop!” A black-robed priest quickly bowed and left, knowing that they would give up their plans of revenge

for now.

There weren't all that many legendaries even in Cyric's church. The fall of Soros had already dealt them a huge blow, and before knowing what Leylin had up his sleeve it was not a good idea to take such a risk.

The God of Murder never cared about honour anyway, and he was the best at conspiracies. With enough time, they could definitely bribe someone and break in, finding out all the secrets of this young legendary wizard!

.....

Within the Dambrath Kingdom. The aging king had abandoned his afternoon entertainment for a report from a trusted aide.

Hearing what was said, the king went silent for a long while before speaking in a low voice, "So that wizard has already become a legendary?"

"Yes, your majesty! Lord Jeffries of the church of wealth has proof of it." The person speaking was the king's trusted aide, as well as the leader of the court wizards.

There was a tartness in this silver-eyed wizard's smile. He was only a high-ranked wizard himself, and Leylin advancing at such a young age was a huge blow for him.

“You’re a wizard yourself. You should know this best, speak without reservations and I’ll trust in you.” The king rubbed his temples in distress, and then waved his arms.

“Understood, Your Majesty!” The high-ranked wizard thought for a while, and then spoke, “Legendary strength is the peak in the secular world. It can even...”

“I know, I know. Get to the point,” The king answered in annoyance.

“Alright!” The high-ranked wizard took a deep breath.

“Our first priority should be to avoid angering him. Thankfully, our information shows that he has good intentions towards us. He is a court wizard himself, and that status is something Your Majesty granted him... I believe we can also do what Marquis Gold Thornblossom proposed... Actually, a legendary wizard in our kingdom will surely be helpful in our diplomacy...”

“Granting a title?” The king took a deep breath and made his decision, “Then let’s do that. Take care of it for me!”

.....

In a city near the north, the God of Justice’s church. A slender knight was piously praying to a god’s statue.

Divine force that was bright and full of righteousness rippled

about her body, causing the young female knight's face to glow.

At this moment, a benevolent old priest walked over, "Rafiniya, the church has a mission for you to complete!"

"Grandma Maria!" Rafiniya immediately helped this priest who was so old she would pant with a few steps, "I am also a member of this church. On top of that, you saved my life. If there's anything I can do, please tell me!"

"Good..." Maria gave a summary of what had happened at Faulen Island, and then said, "The church wants you to be the envoy. After all, you are friends with him..."

"Leylin? I'll need to think about it..." Rafiniya bit at her lips.

After the priest left, the image of the young wizard appeared before Rafiniya's eyes, and all that she had experienced with him appeared vividly in her mind. Sulking after her attempt to get Leylin to help Silverymoon had failed, she'd headed to the battlefield on her own, arriving at the broken city.

Gravely injured in the war, she was saved by the paladins of the God of Justice and accepted their call. She grew faith in the God of Justice, and joined Tyr's church. Perhaps from the attraction from her very nature, she improved very quickly and was now already a formal paladin!

With her training going well, she'd assumed her past was no

longer important. Yet, such a thing was happening now.

“You... You’ve already become a legendary?” Rafiniya muttered to herself, and then recalled the hot-blooded knights that had backed her up at Silverymoon. Their bones had all turned into ash.

“Those that chose to help are mostly dead, while you who chose rationale became a legendary. Are you trying to mock me?” Rafiniya suddenly began to chuckle, the glimmering rays on her body now more distorted than ever.

“God! Please forgive me for my lack of resolution before. I promise to stand by justice, and even death will not make me feel fear!” Rafiniya immediately knelt by the statue and began to pray, looking decisive and cold.

‘Even if you’ve become a legendary, I won’t give up on my dreams and my path. At the end, I’ll definitely prove to you that your decision was wrong! The only things in the world worthy of protection are love and justice!’

.....

As news of Leylin’s advancement spread, an increasing number of envoys from various organisations arrived at Faulen Island, causing Port Venus to be even more prosperous.

Along with the envoys came large merchant groups, and all the merchants in the surrounding seas now chose to trade here. After

all, the protection of a legendary was a considerable boon in the World of Gods.

Ordinary merchants only needed a fair and safe trading environment. This was only possible with enough strength! What was more persuasive to them than a legendary?

Chapter 961 - Preparations For Ascension

The vacant manor on Faulen Island was opened up once to welcome the honoured guests from the continent.

Baron Jonas had sent all the manpower he had, but he was still a little undermanned for the guests that were still pouring in. What's more, guests from the western desert and the northern lands were still on their way to the island. These organisations had to travel far and wide to reach them. Even if they had received the news by magic, the emissaries would reach Faulen Island later than the other guests.

Very soon, the guests had no choice but to seek lodging in the inns of Port Venus, which was a huge opportunity for the merchants here. The prices for various items had increased manifold.

As Baron Jonas scurried around to tend to the guests, he was also suspended in a state of disbelief. Fortunately, butler Leon was around to tend to things, so order could still be maintained.

‘My son has already become a legendary?’ Baron Jonas and his wife felt as if they were on an emotional rollercoaster. While they weren't at the peak of nobility, they still had a certain understanding towards the power system in the world of gods.

A legendary was a powerful entity that could influence an entire kingdom! Bards would forever sing hymns of their tales, the tales of these beings at the apex of power! Right now, their son Leylin

had achieved such an accomplishment too!

Right now, the esteemed guests were also fervently discussing this youth who had become legendary.

“Hehe... A legendary who has yet to reach the age of 25! Lord Leylin has broken the record in the continent!”

“There are rumours that he is a favoured soul of the Goddess of Wealth, there are no other plausible explanations....”

“A favoured soul can only advance quickly as a cleric, and even that would require a large amount of divine force....” Evidently, this emissary was more privy than the others to the powers of the extraordinary and rankings in the power system. “From my observation, this Leylin must have had some sort of extraordinary talent, which would explain his progress...:”

“Rumour has it that he’s taken up piracy in the past, and he’s even conducted taboo research relating to Netheril!” A voice filled with annoyance and hostility sounded, apparently belonging to someone who treated Leylin as his enemy.

“That’s indeed a problem before one becomes legendary, but almost all legendaries engage in such dark research. To use this to condemn him is just... Also, for his past as a pirate, haven’t you seen that even the Dambrath court’s chief wizard is here?” This deep voice spoke with a very logical stance, which stumped even the hostile emissary.

Only a while later did someone lament, “This is a legendary we’re talking about...” The voice reverberated throughout the room.

Amidst the fervent discussion between the forces, Leylin chose to hole up inside the wizard tower, seldom seen by the public eye. He was draped in comfortable robes within his chambers, his golden hair gently resting on his shoulders.

A dark red light glowed under this golden hair, making him look extremely sinister. Leylin hadn’t taken on the nightmare form completely, but his body was covered in dark red runes. A red line appeared on forehead, radiating a light of dreams.

In this state, he was able to grasp the power of faith and emotions much easier. Using dreamforce as a catalyst, he could see the actions of each and every person that he chanted his name, their joys and sorrows, and everything else...

After entering the legendary realm, his body and soul had achieved a quintessential upgrade, the beginning of his journey to godhood.

A legendary could already sense the faith of any worshippers, and even respond in return. If one was able to amass a following of devout worshippers, they could accumulate faith over a long period of time, progressing in their own strength and giving rise to divinity. They could even ignite their godfire, becoming a demigod.

However, the churches all suppressed the worshippers of anyone

who hadn't become a complete god. Forget legendaries, even divine beings and demigods weren't spared.

This unspoken rule showed Leylin the hostility the gods had towards someone joining their ranks. Unless one could become a god immediately, or had the backing of a powerful god themselves, it was very difficult for a being from the material plane to attain godhood. This was a perilous path riddled with danger.

The divine hall was now extremely packed, and they did not wish to see any other newcomers joining them.

'Even without this restriction, legendaries, divine beings and demigods would still find it difficult to compete with the churches of true gods...' Leylin sighed.

Legendary experts could only vaguely respond to prayers, and divine beings could only respond somewhat more clearly. Demigods could bestow divine spells, but only up to rank 5. Only those true gods who had their divine spark were able to bestow rank 1 to rank 9 divine spells.

The ordinary people of the prime material plane were not fools. It was obvious who they would choose in this competition. The gods had leveraged many restrictions on the powerful mortals, all for the sake of protecting the source of their faith.

'Although I'm still only a newly advanced legendary, my sensitivity to the power of faith is greater than some weaker gods thanks to Dreamscape Vision. Apart from not being able to bestow

divine spells, I'm much different compared than a true god. The most crucial point is that Nightmare Absorption can even absorb the power of emotions. This source of strength is greater than what those true gods have...' Leylin assessed his strengths and advantages.

A legendary's response to their followers' prayers was like that of an old handphone with a bad signal. Nightmare Absorption was like an extra antenna, greatly amplifying Leylin's sensitivity to the signals he received.

Although the power of emotions was weaker than that of faith, there were more sources of it. The quality may not be equal, but emotions far exceeded faith in quantity. This was too crude and complex for gods to use, but Nightmare Absorption disregarded such things, allowing Leylin to make effective use of that power.

It increased Leylin's probability of ascension more than fivefold.

And indeed, this was what Leylin was looking at now. Having become a legendary, he'd placed his sights on godhood. He could not halt his steps because of a little bit of praise and admiration from those in the secular world. He always had to look up at the stars above.

"To become a true god, one must not lack godfire or divine rank. Godfire is just a transformation of divinity once it has accumulated to a certain level. To attain divine rank, the legendary first has to comprehend laws, combining them with the power of faith from their worshippers..." Leylin already had a great deal of experience in all the aspects required for his ascension to godhood.

‘The faith of their worshippers and the power from their prayers can help gods comprehend laws, allowing them to form a special structure called the divine rank... The laws of the World of Gods are really quite bizarre...’ Leylin thought. As for the divine spark, it was an emblem of a god’s strength. Only those who had ascended to become a true god could possess this.

A divine realm was also something that only true gods possessed. It was an external plane used to accommodate the souls of their worshippers, and it also served as a hideout for themselves.

In their divine realms, gods could wield amazing power. The ancient Magi had not understood this during the last war, and some had even died to that mistake.

‘The divine spark and divine realm aren’t too far off in the future. The most crucial point is to accept some potential worshippers and try to obtain divinity. I can then continue to accumulate worshippers, soon igniting my godfire to become a demigod.

‘I need to select my first worshippers carefully. Their prayers and philosophy will affect my domain and my divine realm. Clerics will be the most important, they help raise gods.’

Leylin began to feel rather vexed as he thought of this point. Although the seas around the Dambrath Kingdom were at his disposal, this was a developing area. There weren’t many cultured and civilised people here.

Beelzebub's worshippers weren't even worth thinking about, it wouldn't be wise to let a group of devils function as priests and clerics. Leylin seriously suspected that those worshipers would pray their way into Beelzebub's stomach in the end.

One reason Leylin had accepted Beelzebub's worshippers was that they were an established power. Another was to quickly raise his own strength. After advancing to the legendary realm, he was certain that he could take over Beelzebub's entire worshiper network, and obtain a secret church whose members could be found all over the continent.

This framework would only nurture clerics the next generation. This was a worrying delay. He'd already put his plans into action though, having his followers in Dambrath accept orphans and the like, sending them to Viscount Tim for secret training and instruction.

He also had a few plans to migrate people to the outer seas.

'I need to pay more attention to the race of the worshipers. Although racial gods are very powerful, it's far too limiting...'

Chapter 962 - Friend

Leylin was inside his secret chambers in the wizard tower, using a portion of his Nightmare Absorbing Physique powers. Many dreamforce runes had appeared along with his vertical eye.

This state allowed him to sense the prayers of his worshippers extremely clearly, and also pulled tremendous amounts of energy from their emotions. It then allowed him to absorb it, which served to strengthen him.

It was exceedingly difficult to advance once one entered the legendary realm. However, to Leylin it was like walking a level road. He was enjoying the feeling of constantly gaining strength, and he continued to make his plans for ascending to godhood.

‘It would take too much time to move somewhere else, and spreading faith is a problem as well... While the quality of the worshippers would be high, there’ll be too few of them... It’s better to turn the devil worshippers, and have the natives of the outer seas worship me as well...’

Leylin’s eyes closed, and the blood-red eye between his brows cracked open. He continued to think as dark red patterns covered his body.

Worshippers were a very important resource for a god. They provided an unending amount of faith while alive, and became petitioners in death, similarly continuing to support their god. They could even turn into valiant souls or holy spirits, comparable

to rank 5 and rank 6 Magi!

This was why all gods took good care of their worshippers. The faith of evil gods wasn't allowed to spread.

There was even a specialised God of Protection known as Helm, and he dealt specifically with these matters. Verifying a true god's qualifications and deal with belief in false gods were all within the scope of his divine powers.

As the continent was so vast, worshippers of devils and demons could develop in secret. A new legendary like Leylin would not be the target of much attention.

Inside the prime material plane itself, Leylin now had enough status and strength to protect himself. Even so, a few churches could band together, sending high-ranked and legendary Professionals along with an avatar to kill him in mere minutes.

'I should work in the shadows and be more careful. I can't arouse suspicions... It's best that I amass strength quietly and become a true god. I wouldn't have anything to worry about then...' While deep in thought, Leylin completed his meditation and absorption of the power of emotions for the day. He transformed back into the youth.

"Master! The Spear Crusader Jeffries has come to visit you. He's already been waiting outside for half an hour..." the tower genie appeared and reported, "Additionally, the Dambrath Kingdom and church of justice have sent special envoys to you, requesting

private meetings.”

“God of Justice?” Leylin frowned. Nobody inclined towards evil had a good opinion of this person. “I haven’t dealt with them often enough... Could they have found out that I killed a paladin before? No, that’s too trivial... Whatever, all will be clear once I meet them...”

With enough might to protect himself, Leylin was no longer as cautious as before. After all, as long as he did not collude with devils and demons, plot to bring chaos to the continent, or spread his own faith and try to become a god, no large organisations would willingly offend him.

However, out of politeness and his status, Leylin still met with Jeffries.

“My sincerest apologies! I was stuck in meditation...” Leylin looked apologetic.

“Hehe... It’s nothing at all. Only a wizard as meticulous as that can achieve the results you have, Lord Leylin...” Jeffries revealed a sincere smile. Truth be told, he admired Leylin’s hard work. He’d seen many talented geniuses, but never one as disciplined as this wizard.

The puppets served a scented tea along with snacks. After some idle conversation, Leylin asked in puzzlement, “I wonder what my lord is here for...”

“Oh! Actually...” Jeffries slapped his forehead, looking flustered as if he had only just recalled this.

“Legendaries are already at the peak of the mortal world. For this reason, there are a few established rules we need to follow. Since I’m the one who first witnessed your advancement, it’s my duty to explain them.”

“Ah, yes.” Leylin nodded. Any world with extreme powers had a concept similar to no first use. If not for that, constant wars would destroy the world no matter how large it was. “I obviously won’t refuse. Do I need to sign some sort of contract?”

“No, not at all! They’re just conventions that you need to obey...”

Jeffries’ waved his hands while he smiled more warmly. He began to go through the rules one by one, and Leylin listened attentively.

“We don’t really have many restrictions. We shouldn’t initiate battles in densely populated areas, collude with devils and demons, spread our own faith privately, and things like that... Also, since you’re a legendary wizard you can’t cast legendary spells or conduct experiments that could pollute a large area.”

In general, the restrictions weren’t too stringent, but what surprised him the most was that he didn’t have to sign any magic contract.

‘Then again... These are all restrictions in their own right. No legendary would be willing to attach such an act to themselves unless they’re masochistic. Also... the fact that legendary wizards study material on arcane spells is an open secret...’ Leylin suddenly understood.

“Cough cough...” Jeffries’ smiling face seemed to be saying ‘good that you know.’ He continued seriously, “Alright then. Lord Leylin, I welcome you to to the continent’s alliance of legendaries. We hold meetings every year, and all new members are welcome to join. It’s taking place at...”

“I will attend, if time permits.” Leylin still planned to obtain the floating city, but he didn’t reject Jeffries outright. Having obtained what he wanted, the Spear Crusader left in delight. Waukeen’s church had given him a valuable gift as well.

After he left, Leylin then met the special envoy from the Dambrath Kingdom. This person was supposedly the court’s chief wizard. This envoy’s ranking meant nothing to Leylin, though, and thankfully the other party understood this. He was rather courteous, and did not put on any airs.

At the least, Leylin knew why this court wizard had come here.

First was title. His father Jonas was made a Marquis, and a word from the king rendered the barren islands around Faulen Island a part of his fief. In reality, these islands had already come under Faulen influence, effectively being their land anyway. The king was just formalising this, but it still made Leylin elated.

Even if these islands made up a tiny area, the sea region that he had control over far exceeded the lands of any Marquis, the size of half a kingdom. In actuality, the king had basically given them half of the outer seas.

Of course, this was his right as a legendary wizard. Leylin's own title had been upgraded as well. He was now an honorary duke, similar in status to this chief wizard in front of him. While they were indirect, Leylin understood these kind intentions.

Leylin chatted with the wizard for a while after he happily accepted it all. It was more like he was giving the court wizard some tips, and when the time came the wizard left reluctant yet satisfied. A legendary wizard's lessons weren't an easy thing to come by.

"Tower genie... Send over the envoy from the church of justice." Leylin had spent most of his time as a legendary training and strengthening himself. He also met with envoys from various organisations, and although it was somewhat annoying he had to do it anyway for the sake of expansion.

Seeing the projection of the tower genie disappearing, Leylin stroked his chin, "Hmm... I should put upgrading the wizard tower in my schedule. There's so much to do..."

.....

Leylin had never had a good impression of the God of Justice's

church. This was obvious from the order of the people he was meeting. However, the envoy left Leylin slightly surprised.

“Long time no see, wizard Leylin!” A female knight bowed politely, “On behalf of the God of Justice’s church, I sincerely congratulate Lord Leylin on your advancement to the legendary realm. We hope to be able to work together to safeguard the justice in the continent.”

“I shall accept your blessings then!” Leylin watched the long-legged female knight in front of him as he recalled the past, “It’s truly been a long time, Rafiniya...”

“Come to think of it, I haven’t asked you about what happened after you left. When did you enter the God of Justice’s church?” Leylin first got Rafiniya to take a seat with an enthusiastic smile like a good host, and commanded a puppet to send over a plate of tropical fruits.

“Come! Try some special produce from the south. It’s rarely seen in the north...”

“Thank you...” Rafiniya had a complex expression on her face as she picked up a purple fruit similar to a longan. While she had fantasised about meeting Leylin, she’d never thought it’d be in this situation. For some reason, Leylin’s nonchalant expression caused fury to erupt in her heart.

Chapter 963 - Plea For Help

At the thought of the task that the church had entrusted to her, Rafiniya suppressed her emotions and forced a smile. “This is pretty good! The captain mentioned it before in the north...”

‘Not bad. It looks like you’ve matured a little after entering the church, though it’s a pity that it’s not much use.’ Sensing her emotions, Leylin snickered inside. ‘Unfortunately, She’s far too naive.’

“Right, I still don’t know what happened to you...” Leylin now held a cup of hot tea like a child wanting to hear a story.

“Once we separated, I returned to Silverymoon and met Her Highness. Then, I took part in the city’s final defense...” Rafiniya laughed wryly, eyes glazed over as she immersed herself in her memories, “... Well, that’s what happened. That paladin saved me, and after I recovered, I joined the God of Justice’s church and have been working hard to protect the refugees in the north...”

“Right...” Leylin nodded gravely. He could sense that the devil mark he’d planted on her had already formed a perfect balance with the God of Justice’s strength.

‘A soul that’s balancing on a dangerous path? That’s even more interesting...’ Leylin’s thoughts didn’t make their way to his face. “I’ve heard of the God of Justice’s blessings. Is there anything else?”

Leylin looked unhurried as he held his cup, and Rafiniya wanted to sigh deeply. However, she thought back to her orders and spoke gravely, “I’m also here to ask my lord for help.”

“Help? What help?” The rising steam blocked the teasing look in Leylin’s eyes.

“It’s related to the north. We’ve already made contact with Queen Alustriel, and we’re trying all we can to help her restore the country. However, we currently lack strength and manpower, especially in terms of legendaries. While the church is doing all it can to help, there also similar problems in other areas...”

Tears began to well up in her eyes, “On account of those innocent commoners who are suffering in the north, I hope you can help us. After all, you were once helped by Silverymoon...”

‘How naive,’ Leylin shook his head, ‘You’re trying to invite a legendary without any form of payment?’

While he had gotten a lot of knowledge from Silverymoon, it was all earned from battle achievements and many other things. He didn’t feel like he owed the city anything.

In addition, he’d have to fight the orc empire if he joined this war. Even if Gruumsh was being suppressed by Mystra and Tyr, their emperor Saladin alone was a huge problem.

“I have something very important to do for now, I’ll be in the

west for a while..." Leylin answered, causing the light in Rafiniya's eyes to dim.

"However..." Just as she felt complete despair, Leylin changed his words, "I might be able to come to the north if you wait a while."

"It won't be a problem at all! We're only preparing right now, and it'll be years before we begin. I can wait!" Rafiniya stood up, looking emotional, "Whatever it is, thank you very much. The commoners who are being trampled upon by the orcs in the north will never forget your contributions..."

"Mm," Leylin answered speechlessly, rolling his eyes inside. 'If I didn't have to go to the north for a bit to get something, do you think I would agree to this?'

Watching Rafiniya leave, Leylin stroked his chin as he sunk into deep thought. 'I never expected this. Tyr's church has already made contact with Alustriel, and they're even trying to help her rebuild her kingdom. It seems like the God of Justice has plans for the north...

'It is surprising that Alustriel agreed to this. Either Mystra and Tyr came to some sort of compromise, or she was moved by the refugees in the north. With her personality, it's probably the latter...'

Tiff had informed Leylin that the humans in the north weren't faring well. Other than the few lucky ones who'd managed to make

it into the southern human nations, everyone was dead, exiled, or enslaved by the orcs. After all, the brutish creatures did not know agriculture, and needed human help in that department.

However, the feeling of a master becoming a slave felt terrible, and they were definitely treated worse than before. While Saladin was a wise emperor, he was still an orc. He needed to consider things from the orcs' point of view.

In addition, even if the orc empire sent down order after order about it, slaves were still abused or killed for entertainment. The humans in the north were in a living hell right now.

After seeing this situation, Alustriel, who had been living in hiding, had probably changed her mind. After all she was the type that was soft-hearted and unable to watch the weak plead for help. Were it not for Mystra's backing and her own strength, such a personality would have killed her countless times over by now.

'How many gods are gambling on the turbulence in the north? Mystra will definitely want to make a comeback. Tyr has made his stance clear, but his true intentions are still unknown. What do the other gods think?' Leylin's brows furrowed slightly.

He'd been small fry in the past. No matter what he did, he would not attract attention from the gods. However, things were different now. Legendaries could affect battles with avatars, and his own stand would be important.

Leylin now had to consider every move carefully, else he might

immediately form enmity.

‘Whatever it is, the moment I help Alustriel rebuild Silverymoon I’ll become an enemy of all orcish gods. The human gods have a questionable stand themselves...’ Leylin rubbed his eyebrows and sighed deeply, ‘But there is something I must get my hands on in the north. Even if it’s dangerous, I’ll need to give it a try!’

‘In order to get out of this uninjured, my strength will be key!’ Leylin’s target had never changed. No matter what the future held, he would never be wrong in working hard to increase his own strength.

‘I won’t be able to advance in rank significantly in just one or two years...’ It took centuries to increase in ranking after entering the legendary realm. Leylin was already extremely fast. Still, he was weak compared to avatars and the better-known legends.

‘Raising my own rank is too slow a way to strengthen myself in the short term. I can only rely on other items...’

The rules in the World of Gods were very stringent. Legends with high-ranked legendary items or divine weapons evidently surpassed all ordinary legends in terms of strength. Leylin now placed his focus on this aspect.

What divine weapons existed that could amplify one’s strength more than a floating city? A floating city was the most suitable artifact for a legendary arcanist in Netheril’s era. The two combined could even match a lesser god!

Besides Netheril's greatest accomplishment in the Mire energy core, every floating city needed to merge with a semi-plane. This made every complete floating city equivalent to a divine realm. It was basically an impregnable stronghold!

'If I obtain that floating city, I can do whatever I want in the prime material plane. I needn't even be afraid of the gods' avatars!' Leylin himself was already a legendary arcanist. If he obtained that floating city, he could probably become even stronger than the legendary arcanists of Netheril's time!

After all, the depth of Leylin's research as a near rank 7 Warlock in the Magus World far surpassed that of ancient arcanists.

'The first order of business is to deal with matters in the outer seas. I'll then head for the western desert.' Leylin's eyes twinkled as he made his mind.

In the following days, Leylin met different envoys with great statuses. They had come from huge organisations in different parts of the continent, all offering Leylin their blessings on his advancement as well as gifts. However, they didn't know him very well so there weren't any deep conversations.

Leylin was glad to see this happen. Without conflicts of interest, he mixed well with the many envoys, and everyone was happy.

Afterwards, Leylin hosted a huge ceremony. He officially accepted the congratulations of other small groups as the edict

from Dambrath's king was announced.

The Faulen Family were now a lineage of Marquises, and were basically free to do anything in the outer seas. With a legendary wizard like Leylin there, the family's glory and honour would last a long time. After all, wizards had long life spans.

The outer seas would count on this legendary to maintain this freedom. With all the small organisations nearby joining the Faulens, the entire outer seas had basically separated from Dambrath. The Faulen Family's glory was only just beginning...

Chapter 964 - West Desert

The World of Gods was vast and boundless, with the prime material plane being the core foundation. It had many other planes above and below it, and between them were an unimaginable number of scattered semi-planes. The combination of all this formed the mysterious ecology of the World of Gods.

All sorts of elementals, fleshly beings, angels, devils, and demons led to joys and sorrows, intense emotions and all forms of beautiful and bloody battles over race.

With its location and other advantages, the prime material plane had become the area with the most intense competition. Be it the gods up above or the devils and demons down below, everyone cast their greedy eyes on this place. Even the most barren western desert was contested.

Because some secret information had leaked, a few special existences had already placed their focus on this place.

.....

The western desert was at the edge of the continent. It was huge and barren, containing parts of numerous empires. The occasional black sandstorm made it a forbidden region for all life, and only a few desert races managed to survive near oases.

Living in such harsh conditions, the natives of the western desert were fierce fighters, and everyone the place produced was

extremely ambitious and terrifying. They were widely known for their bloodthirst.

While the western desert was extremely barren and there were few signs of human inhabitation, there were still a few merchants who would come to purchase its specialities, and there were some who especially came here to experience this environment. They would use the harsh environment of the desert to discipline themselves in their faith, breaking through the limits of life. Some even attempted walking through the desert, reaching an unimaginable realm upon success. Of course, most people died.

Most bodies were buried by the sands, while some became food for the desert's creatures.

It was now the prime season again, and merchants and adventurers headed towards the place. The traders went annually, while the adventurers dreamt of gold. There were also mercenaries, and those seeking to temper themselves once again in the severe environment of the desert.

Everyone headed west, towards wealth, power, passion, and sexy dancers...

The town called Narwick was in the outer regions of the desert, formed around a little oasis. Its name translated to corner or edge, and it prospered as the entrance to the western desert as well as a point of service.

Various merchant groups and tourists from all over the world

entered this place in the trading season, practically filling the entire city. Beings of all races and alignments walked the streets, and there were goods from everywhere in this place.

Some individual merchants chose to sell their goods here, getting more time to head deeper into the desert. It also attracted more business.

Scimitars made of refined ore from the depths of the desert, female slaves who were so flexible they were said to be boneless, those slaves from the native tribes... There were many items from ruins here as well, both originals and fakes filling the market.

A white-robed wizard entered Narwick in this prosperous time.

“It’s the annual opening day? How lively!” Leylin nonchalantly watched the passersby and the many stalls, his footsteps never halting as he glanced past what were said to be treasures from the ruins found deep in the desert.

With his foresight, he could definitely tell that most were fake, and the rest weren’t valuable enough for him. He would definitely have to pay a terrible price for those.

The entire city was filled with people of various races and all walks of life, which helped him widen his perspective. Warriors, thieves, assassins, bards... There were even rare wizards and swordsmen who were unique to the desert. These people were guarding merchant groups or forming parties for adventure. There were even some lone wolves who gave off a very dangerous aura.

‘These people should be hoping to make some wealth while the black sandstorm’s dissipated...’ Leylin shook his head inside. This desert was rumoured to be formed during a great battle amongst the gods. It had once been beautiful and fertile land, with numerous powerful civilisations.

Astounding ruins now hid beneath the yellow sands, and some people were lucky enough to uncover some and strike it rich overnight. This motivated generation after generation of adventurers and explorers to enter the ends of the desert, fearless of death as they looked for traces of the past.

Leylin too needed a guide to bring him into the desert, until he reached the Frostfall Valleys.

‘Even if I’ve bought a map, it’s too vague. A mere piece of paper can’t explain the dangers along the way either...’ While thinking this, Leylin entered a bar.

His senses were flooded by the clamour the moment he pushed the door open, the smells of alcohol, meat, and perfume entering his nose.

This place was evidently a combined bar, inn, and stage. It was loud, and a musician in strange clothing was beating the drum at his waist. A dozen passionate women danced to this vulgar beat, wearing clothing that revealed their belly buttons. Their eyes were tender, and red veils covered the lower halves of their faces, only making them seem more mysterious and tempting.

Gold hoops moved across fair legs that stamped to vigorous moves as bodies swayed. The bells and tassels intertwined smoothly.

The guests cheered endlessly as they watched this graceful dance. The occasional merchant was so intoxicated they threw silver and gold coins on the stage, causing the atmosphere to grow more heated.

“Not bad...” Leylin nodded slightly. He could sense the aura of a few powerful beings in the inn. A few merchants were evidently being guarded by high-ranked Professionals.

He then glanced past them and focused on a large round table on the right. A swordsman decked in white took up the entire thing, yet nobody protested it.

He wore a veil and white turban unique to the natives, and his long narrow eyes gave off a sense of coldness. A black scabbard for a scimitar lay at his waist, the shaft having no ornaments but still giving Leylin a slight sense of danger.

‘A near legendary swordsman? He’s probably the strongest in the inn...’ With Leylin’s current rank, he’d not caught the attention of this man after spying on him. Casually throwing a gold krona at the attendant in front of him, he was respectfully invited to a seat at a table.

“Give me lamb chop, vegetable soup and fruit juice...”

Compared to steak that was tender and full of fat, lamb chop had a unique fragrance. With the seasoning that was similar to pepper as well as the unique meaty texture, it was drool-worthy.

Once his stomach was filled, the attendant came over to tidy up. A golden lustre flickered between Leylin's fingers, "Tell me where I can find the best guide, and this gold krona is yours..."

"You wish to enter the desert alone?" There was a trace of greed in the attendant's eyes, but he seemed to be put on the spot as he spoke, "The best guides have been hired by the large merchant groups. The rest are probably not better than me in terms of knowledge of the desert... It's very dangerous to enter the deserts alone. It's best that you join a group or form a group with other mercenaries..."

While he really wanted to earn this gold krona, the attendant still advised him tactfully.

"Is that so... Whatever it is, I like people who aren't led by their greed. This is yours." Leylin had never hoped for much anyway, so he nodded and put the coin on the table.

"May the gods protect you, esteemed customer!" Not expecting anything, the attendant was pleasantly surprised, "If you don't mind, I could help you contact a few adventuring groups..."

"There's no need for that!" Leylin waved his arms. Low-ranked Professionals would just burden him now. Besides, he had a clear

goal, and entering a group would only cause strife.

After sending him away, Leylin picked up a glass of dark red wine, as if slowly appreciating it. In actuality, the A.I. Chip's detection was operating at its limit as it gathered information from around him and tidied it up.

This sort of place was where information circulated best. With the A.I. Chip's unusual abilities of gathering and sorting information, Leylin soon had a general idea of the identities of the people in the hall and the organisations they belonged to.

“... A month later... Frostfall Valleys...” At this moment, a conversation conducted in hushed whispers could be heard, causing him to freeze.

Making use of the movements of drinking his wine, he nonchalantly glanced to the side at the swordsman he'd taken note of. There were now a few others seated around him, whispering to each other as they discussed matters.

One of them was evidently a wizard, and she drank some clear water as her right arm secretly created a noise barrier. Unfortunately, this much was the same to Leylin as not doing anything at all.

‘A month later... Isn't that the time that the floating city will appear? The location's right as well!’ Leylin then turned grim, “It looks like I'm not the only one with information about the floating city. This is going to be troublesome...”

Fortunately, Leylin had somewhat expected this. There were many arcanists interested in the floating city after all, and it was hard to guarantee that others hadn't found this secret in historical records and deduced the time and location of its appearance.

Chapter 965 - News

‘My luck is still pretty good. A guide appeared of their own accord...’ Leylin glanced at the white-robed swordsman and his group, a hint of blue shining in his eyes before he left immediately.

The wizard of the group watched their swordsman freeze. She asked with surprise, “What is it?”

“Nothing much. Something felt off for a moment.” The swordsman looked slightly baffled, his right hand on his scabbard as he took a look around. He sat down once more, looking puzzled.

He’d felt a chill up his spine that moment, as if death was right before him. However, that sense of danger had disappeared before he could take stock of the situation.

“You’re being paranoid. We can’t leak news of our mission...” A black-robed person spoke in a low voice.

“Perhaps that’s it,” he said as he sat down. His hand was still on his scimitar, though, and his frown didn’t dissipate.

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Leylin had already left the area, and was now strolling along the bustling streets.

‘His senses are good. Even if it was only for an instant, the ability to sense my intent is quite impressive. He’ll probably become legendary in a few years’ time, but that’s only if he can survive this...’

His noble attire, rosy cheeks, and extravagant accessories were signs of wealth, and they caused many small peddlers to pay attention to him.

“Take a look at this, esteemed customer. Old Jafar has the best things here...” One in particular held a golden scepter up for Leylin to see. It was an old white man with golden hair, “Take a look at these patterns and decorations... I unearthed this while I was still an adventurer, braving deadly danger in an ancient ruin. It’s said to hold the secrets of the ancient Sun Dynasty within, and it can be yours for just one hundred kronas...”

“Ancient Sun Dynasty?” Leylin halted his footsteps, a teasing smile on his face. He watched this Old Jafar do all he could to introduce the item.

“Indeed! It was a dynasty from a time before this place became a desert. Legends talk of a large golden river, flowing not with water but honey and milk. The land was filled with golden words in that era, and this scepter contains a secret of theirs...”

“Your name is Jafar, yes?” Leylin stopped in front of the stall, watching this old man who was evidently not a human from the deserts, “Why did you settle here?”

“Sigh... I met the mother of my children during my life as an adventurer. I naturally can’t leave...” Jafar chuckled. Although he seemed honest, there was still a sly look in his eyes that could not be concealed.

“So? Since we’re both from the south, I can sell it ten kronas cheaper. The Goddess of Luck is smiling down on you...”

“I’ll take a look...” Leylin seemed interested, and he crouched down in front of the booth.

“All these things are from ruins?” Jafar had placed decorative ornaments on a greasy black cloth, and some of them still had a layer of rust on them. It gave the illusion that he was speaking the truth.

Unfortunately, Leylin had acquired the Scholarly feat when he’d advanced to the legendary realm. His appraisal skill had hit its limit, and he used the A.I. Chip to immediately see through these fakes.

“This looks pretty good. It’ll look good on my wall...” Leylin ‘appraised’ a dark gold mask that was carved in the likeness of a cobra.

“Of course! How can there be nothing decent from the ancient ruins for an esteemed guest like you?” Jafar’s face wrinkled in his delight.

“This, this, and this. I want it all...” Leylin acted like a deceived noble, buying seven to eight items. Jafar’s smile was so wide he couldn’t close his mouth.

“This too, and these...” Leylin continued to point at things with both hands, basically buying everything in the stall.

“Old Jafar is going to get rich at this rate...” The surrounding peddlers all stared hard at Jafar in envy.

“I’ll buy all of this... Hmm... there seems to be an issue with carrying them...” Leylin looked troubled.

“No issue, there’s no issue at all!” Jafar quickly discarded the items Leylin didn’t want, his movement faster than a high-ranked thief. He placed the four ends of the cloth together and bundled the items up. “How about that? So easy. I can even send this to your inn...”

Old Jafar had a cajoling smile on his face, “That comes up to 1372 gold kronas, and I’ve already given you a discount...”

“Umm...” Leylin appeared like those generous guests that were easily cheated, “Fine! Do you accept bills from the church of wealth, or will you come with me as I withdraw the gold?”

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Every market had a church of wealth, and a huge market like the

western desert obviously wouldn't miss out. The small town had one to serve the merchants.

Leylin sent the extremely thankful Jafar away once they exited the church, turning a corner on the street.

'I never thought I'd find something great from a peddler...' Leylin flung the bundle in his hands, and all the fake gold items clattered to the ground like trash.

'A legendary magic beast hide with some information on it...' Leylin stared at the greasy cloth, blue light flickering in his eyes. This was what he'd set his sights on, the cloth Jafar used to display his goods.

'I wonder how he managed to get this hide. Could he really have been an adventurer?' Leylin stroked his chin, but didn't linger on the thought. He'd paid for the items, so this was his now. He couldn't be bothered with how Jafar had gotten his hands on it.

'Just the material alone is worth the price. I'll need to have the A.I. Chip decipher the information on it.'

Leylin knew the history of the west desert well. It had once been the core of Netheril, and in its days of glory been filled with fertile land and a huge population. Unfortunately, with Netheril fading away and wars involving gods occurring in the place, the west had become a desert.

If not for that, why would an arcanist who leapt through dimensions keep his floating city here?

‘This encryption... It doesn’t seem like an arcanist’s, but there’s still some exemplary strength... It even contains the secrets of a lost civilisation...’ Leylin’s eyes glinted. If Jafar learnt of the secrets of this hide, he’d probably grow so annoyed with himself he’d just commit suicide.

Leylin was in a great mood now that he’d obtained a treasure. He walked out of the corner and then glanced through the items in the stall with more focus. With his foresight and experience, no treasures escaped his sights.

Unfortunately, that had been the only one. Nothing stuck out to him after that.

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“Boohoo... Please help us. Please help us...”

Some cries attracted Leylin’s attention at this moment, leading him forward. A large crowd had formed a huge circle up ahead, and caused a disturbance that Leylin took notice of as he drew closer.

In the middle of a circle was an adventurer and a crying little girl.

The adventurer had fallen down, looking like he’d met with great

hardships in life. He was no longer young, and his lips were blue. It looked like some sickness had acted up all of a sudden.

“Uncle, uncle! Please wake up...” With such a huge crowd watching, the girl’s cries made her seem even more helpless.

“He must have gotten poisoned. There are many dangerous beings in the desert nearby...” An experienced mercenary went up, touching the adventurer’s neck and pulling up his eyelids to check, “Unless I have a specific antidote, I can’t do anything. Do you know what poison it was?”

The little girl froze after hearing this, and began to bawl more sorrowfully, “I-I don’t know. Vivian is so useless, sniff... uncle...”

“Sigh... Unless a high-ranked priest is here to cast Neutralise Poison, he’s...” The mercenary looked around, “Who amongst you is a high-ranked priest?”

The crowd avoided his gaze, evidently not wanting to be involved in this. A death would cause the guards to come here, and the interrogations and the like would be very time-consuming. They could even be blackmailed by shameless jailors and officials, which caused most of the crowd to leave.

The area was bustling with activity, yet they pretended not to see the little girl and the adventurer who seemed to be breathing his last. There was a great sense of detachment in this place.

“Little girl, we need to look for other methods... At the very least, we’ll need an inn...” The mercenary looked troubled, obviously seeing the impatient urging from his companions. He halted midway his speech, realising that no inn would take in an adventurer on the brink of death, and he was only making things difficult for himself.

“Sigh...” With this thought, the mercenary too looked agonised and placed a small bag of copper coins in front of the wailing girl, “Take these and bury your uncle well!”

He then left quickly in large strides, as if afraid of something.

Chapter 966 - Implantation

The streets were bustling with life, starkly contrasted by the sorrowful cries of a young girl. The bystanders dissipated quickly, death something they'd seen all too often in the desert. They were all in a hurry to strike it rich, so who would care for something like this? A few thugs even eyed the coin pouch in front of the girl.

They were also looking at her person. Even though she was very young, beauty shone through her crying face. There would probably be many people who'd want someone like her. Selling her to child traffickers would be profitable.

‘Interesting... How will things progress from here?’ Leylin watched on with his arms in front of his chest, apathetic like a god up above. He wouldn't be moved by the lives of these individuals.

His focus suddenly shifted in another direction, at a monk that headed over slowly. He had a pugilistic aura, with short brown hair, thick eyebrows and a weak-looking gaze. He only wore coarse sack clothing, with patches all over it making it look tattered. He only wore one shoe.

The monk even had a putrid smile, causing the crowd to distance themselves from him.

‘A monk!?’ A trace of fear shone in Leylin's eyes. This person was powerful, already at the legendary realm.

Monks were people devils did not want to meet at all. They

rejected the pleasures of life, their staunch souls not corroded by anything. Meeting a legendary monk was like hitting a jackpot.

‘There’s a monk here at this time... Does it have anything to do with the floating city?’ Leylin frowned. That adventuring team with near-legendary strength wasn’t worthy of his attention, but he’d have to focus on this monk’s actions. Were their targets the same, another variable would be added to his plan.

“Let me try...” The monk approached the crying girl and spoke with a hoarse voice, as if he had not drunk water in a long time.

“Boohoo... It’s not use. The mercenary just now already said that unless you’re a high-ranked priest...” Vivian wept, but still passed the coin pouch filled with copper to him, evidently treating him as a beggar.

“Thank you, kind-hearted young lady, but I can’t accept any gifts or money...” He smiled gently, and then moved closer to the unconscious adventurer. “It’s the Hellthorn Flower, a common and very poisonous flower seen at the edges of the desert. But it’s already mutated a few times... This will be difficult.”

A bundle of warm light emanated from the monk, and seeped into the body of the adventurer on the ground. The healing light caused the adventurer to improve visibly.

The spell naturally attracted the attention of bystanders, and someone with good eyesight soon exclaimed, “Poison Removal? No, that’s True Resurrection!”

“A rank 9 divine spell that one has to be rank 19 to cast...” Everyone froze, their eyes trained on the monk with reverence. It was a respect for strength. Seeing the situation changing, the thugs disappeared into the corners of the streets, leaving in the blink of an eye.

“Ugh...” The bruising on the adventurer’s lips dissipated, and he blinked before opening his eyes completely. He looked at the little lady in front of him. “What’s wrong, Vivian? Where am I now?”

“Uncle! Uncle, you’re awake!” Teardrops sparkled on Vivian’s face as she threw herself into his embrace.

“Uncle, you fainted on the road. It scared me so much! This grandpa saved you,” Vivian said as she pointed to the monk.

“Thank you very much, grandmaster!” The adventurer knew his adventures much better than the girl did, and therefore understood the strength and abilities of the person who had healed him. Upon hearing this, he immediately got up to thank the monk, and then reached for his coin pouch.

Priests required a fee to cast spells on their believers. A high-ranked divine spell was very expensive.

“There’s no need for that... We clerics are duty-bound to help the injured and dead...” The monk shook his head and rejected the man with a smile, and then swaggered into the market. However, nobody dared to underestimate him this time.

As he left, the monk's dark eyes scanned the area Leylin had been in. Seeing nobody there, he looked puzzled.

Only after the monk's figure disappeared from the streets did the adventurer leave with the girl. It was then that Leylin walked out from the shadows.

“Tsk tsk... as expected of a legendary. His senses are better than that swordsman...” Leylin sighed, heart heavy. If this man was also here to contest for the floating city, things would be very troublesome for him. And his instincts told him that this was almost certainly the case.

‘Ugh... It seems like more than one organisation knows about the appearance of the floating city...’ Leylin looked grim, ‘Looks like I’ll need to make my move as soon as possible...’

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Night soon fell. Lights and fire emerged everywhere in the market, illuminating the dark area.

The market bustled with activity even at night. However, once the moon crawled halfway across the sky, the shops that had been boisterous before turned completely silent. The merchants and the rest entered their dreams after a long day.

‘Dreamscape View!’ Leylin currently stood at the top of a tower,

eyes flickering with strange red lights as a red crack appeared on his forehead. Scattered spots appeared all over the town in his vision, twinkling like the stars in the sky.

These various starlike spots were actually the dreams of different people. Those that were whitish in colour belonged to the weakest commoners. Professionals were much more dazzling, while high-ranked ones were bright as torches. The legendaries were like pillars of light reaching into the skies, obvious in an instant.

‘The dreams of regular humans are far too weak. If I’m not careful, I could kill a whole bunch...’

These dreams showed Leylin things that hadn’t been revealed in the day.

‘First is Jafar... Hmm, that beast hide was something you picked up by accident. No wonder you didn’t know its true value...’ Shifting his attention from a dim speck, Leylin glanced towards the west, looking serious.

‘As expected of a legendary monk. I can’t see through him, nor his dreams... Not like I intend to deal with him anyway. Dream Eater is a trump card, and I’d be foolish to cast it even before I see the floating city...’

Without alarming him, Leylin found his main target. There were dazzling dreams in the inn, like pillars of light. Leylin could see them through Dreamscape, and almost visualise a young man who’d been practising his sword skills from a young age.

‘Here you are...’ Leylin smiled slightly, launching dark red dreamforce that formed a winged eyeball.

“Go!” With Leylin’s command, the eyeball flapped its wings and flew into one of the dreams.

With the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, Leylin’s grasp of dreamforce had reached great heights. With the different system of power being applied on him, the target didn’t even notice the eyeball.

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Many merchants aimed to make use of the cool weather in the morning, walking the path of hopes and dreams. The high-ranked Professionals began their journey as well.

“What’s wrong, Allerie?” The white-robed swordsman asked the wizard journeying with them, puzzled.

“It’s nothing much. I just recalled my dream last night, and it was a little disgusting...” The wizard had a terrible look on her face, and she retched. There were dark circles under her eyes, as if she hadn’t had a good rest the whole night.

“Dream? Disgusting?” The swordsman was startled, but he didn’t ask further.

“Yes, it was just a dream!” she repeated, as if trying to encourage herself. However, at the thought of the vivid dream, the wizard couldn’t help but tremble, even as a high-ranked spell caster.

She’d actually swallowed a winged eyeball whole in her dreams! It had been exceedingly vivid, to the point that her throat still remembered that disgusting and greasy feeling.

“Could this be some specific curse... No, no, I’ve already checked properly. There’s nothing strange. That was just a nightmare. But... why did I dream of that...” She looked confused and touched her forehead, “Looks like I’ll need to get something to soothe my nerves tonight...”

Within the town, Leylin glanced at the map in his hands while looking deep in thought. The situation of the little group appeared in a crystal ball next to him, the point of view that of the wizard.

“The implantation was successful. Now that I have their position, they won’t be able to escape...” Leylin was rather satisfied with his work. These guides would make his own journey more convenient.

Having them show the way, he could follow their path at a distance. There was no danger or trouble whatsoever. Watching them from such a large distance, it was impossible for him to be discovered.

Chapter 967 - Skeleton Lich

Berserk energy from the four elements roared in a large semi-plane outside the prime material plane, causing ripples in the sky. The sky seemed to distort and shatter.

There was no sun nor moonlight here, only a sparkling ambient light. Layers of ashen-white bones littered the ground, their height unknown. There were some little white flowers growing out of eye sockets, the most beautiful flower buds blooming. Numerous vines crawled over the bones, as if subsisting on them.

A gale blew past the area, and it was like a rain of flowers as the plants dispersed to reveal bones on the ground. This plane was actually formed of all sorts of bones piled together.

These bones were about the same size as those of humans. Some were exceptionally small but thick, likely coming from halflings and dwarves. There were even some extremely large animal bones scattered in the area, forming little hills.

This semi-plane was one of bones, on the verge of being smashed into pieces. It was hidden in the gaps between numerous dimensions, unvisited for a long time.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! At this moment, a slight cracking sound could be heard from underground, followed by some shaking.

Gulu! Gulu! A hill of bones gave way, and large amounts of smoke and dust were sent flying. Meanwhile, a protruding round head

rolled out of a crevice in the ground.

This was a dazzling human skull. The eye sockets flickered with two still flames, and dead black soul force lingered around the area, emitting powerful undulations. The skull's teeth chattered and its jaws creaked, seemingly shaking in confusion.

“I’ve been asleep for a thousand years...” The skull spoke in a desolate voice, its tone ancient. Only a scholar who had researched the past would be able to understand it.

Crunch! The skull meshed its teeth together and seemed to spit out something similar to parchment paper. A layer of light flickered, and letterings as well as a map were projected in the air.

“The year where the elemental tides streak through, when the black crows cry out to the blood moon... The Simoshel Canyon... east of Cygnus!” A fire blazed in the skull's eyes as it found a few sparkling bones, slowly recreating its body.

“The floating city. The best achievement of the arcanist era, able to match up to the gods' divine realms...” The skull spoke as if it was chanting, an aura of despair from the very soul covering the area like a cloak.

“That floating city is definitely mine! The Skeleton Lich, Illyrio Paxlude!” A staff of bones automatically moved its way to the lich, a blood red gem at its top emitting crimson light.

Roar! The lich tapped the ground with his staff, and it split apart to reveal the head of an enormous creature.

This creature was tens of metres tall, with large bony wings and two heads that looked abnormally sinister. A brilliant soul energy could be seen within the thing's skull. This was evidently the necromancer's favourite pet— A two-headed bone dragon!

“Keke... Let's go, darling...” Strong winds blew, and the double-headed bone dragon flapped its wings, carrying the skeleton lich on its back and entering the terrifying elemental storm. The violent storm seemed to quiet under their might, forming a pitch-dark channel.

The bone dragon roared and disappeared at the end of the plane...

People had gotten wind of this at several other places.

“Abnormal movements from the bone kingdom? Seems like that lich has awoken...”

“Illyrio... It's really been a long time. I have yet to settle that grudge with him...”

“The envoy of death, the skeleton lich? How interesting...”

All sorts of mysterious godly conscients flickered all over the world, and then all focused on the bone kingdom without prior

agreement.

A few gazes seemed to have their own goals, heading towards the western desert.

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Scorching sunlight fell on the sand dunes, causing heat waves that distorted the air. Practically all moisture had evaporated, and each breath one took in this place was like breathing in fire.

The desert's surface was reaching the limits of temperature, and could practically roast a person alive! The entire desert looked like a place disallowing of life. Even the scattered cacti around the area had disappeared, and there was not even a hint of greenery.

The leading swordsman looked at the map in his hands, beginning to check the distance, "We're already very deep into the desert, so we have to do our best to retain our strength. We'll also need to plan for our items and water... What's wrong, Allerie? Still thinking about the dream that night?"

Upon looking up, he found the wizard in his group had grown absent-minded once more, and his question revealed a slight annoyance.

"No, I'm feeling better now... it's just this weather..." Allerie gathered hair behind her ear and felt her dry skin while sighing inside. That dream no longer disturbed her, but the terrible

environment in the desert was now giving her a vivid lesson. Even with the protection of magic, she felt this difficult to endure.

Seeing this, the swordsman could only curse in his mind at the nonexistent stamina of wizards. Still, there was nothing that could be done. He encouraged her, “Hang on for a while. We’ll reach the dream oasis soon enough, so you can get some rest there...”

The mention of the dream oasis perked up everyone in the group. They were currently deep inside the western desert, and it was exceedingly dangerous. Terrifying black sandstorms could erupt at any moment.

Even if they were near legendary adventurers, there was nothing they could do in the face of nature; there would still be dangers.

The dream oasis was the only source of water in the depths of the western desert. It was said that this was a moving crescent lake and shrub forest, as well as the only hope for survival that lost travellers had.

“My most recent information, and this map, all indicate the dream oasis is up ahead. We can’t be wrong!” The swordsman yelled to raise the morale. With that hope, the group sped up quite a bit.

However, none of them realised that someone had noticed all their actions from behind them.

“The dream oasis... That place is very close to Frostfall Valley... I might not even have found it if not for these guides...” Leylin was riding a sand scorpion, a winged eyeball flapping in front of him. It showed him scenes of those people.

With the group of adventurers showing the way, he did not need to take detours. As long as he followed the safe path they did, everything would generally be fine. With the distance limiting them, normal detection spells wouldn't be able to find him.

“Once here... How do I say this... their value is decreasing...” Leylin stroked his chin. In his opinion, this group was the weakest wave of those eyeing the floating city. “But they seem to have a leader. I'll just put them ahead and see what they attract...”

Leylin patted the scorpion he was riding, and the large beast immediately cried out. It's eight legs alternating in motion as it sped up its advance through the desert...

There was nothing to see along the way in the desert but sand, except the bones of all the monks that had died. Leylin had even noticed a withered corpse with no moisture, one that looked like a mummy.

Monks trained by toying with their lives. Without clear water, they would end up dead, and there were few who would be saved by kind-hearted merchant groups.

“But... it seems too calm...” No longer bothering with the many corpses buried by sand, Leylin urged the sand scorpion to keep

moving forward.

The western desert definitely had many dangers. However, there was a group of elite high-ranked Professionals ahead. Besides natural disasters like the black sandstorms, they could deal with anything. Their numbers hadn't even dropped yet.

While it seemed normal, Leylin found something strange. The path to the floating city shouldn't have been so clear.

It was at this point that Leylin's face showed a sudden understanding, 'It appeared... I never thought that there would be natives deep within the western desert. Could these people be remnants of Netheril?'

At this thought, he gave up his ride and cast a flight spell, soaring into the air while flapping his wings.

Once he passed countless sand dunes, a deep green entered his eyes. In a place where the only thing on the horizon was yellow sand, there was a sparkling crescent lake and a large oasis. Seeing this in an area void of life could move someone emotionally.

However, there were signs of disharmony here. A vigorous fight had already begun near the oasis.

"No wonder I felt something was off. This was the place!" Leylin looked like he realised something all of a sudden.

Chapter 968 - Desert Tribe

A gruesome massacre unfolded by the oasis. A group of men in strange clothing attacked the adventurers from camelback. They wore the trademark attire of the desert people, loose white robes with a scarf wrapped thickly around their heads to reveal nothing but a pair of wolf-like eyes.

Their leader whistled, and the men encircled the adventurers. Some of them drew their bows.

The expressions of these adventurers turned worse. They were already at a numerical disadvantage, and now high-grade equipment was being used against them.

“What are they saying?” Allerie asked the assassin after casting a few defensive spells on herself.

“They say we’ve intruded on their lands, and they will use our blood and lives to wash away our sins...” the leader explained in a hurry, his face dark. “We’re in deep trouble. This is a desert tribe, the western desert is their home. They also possess a strange ability to cast curses!”

“Hacaree! Hacaree!” The desert warriors shouted, some rushing forwards as others released the nocked arrows.

A few bamboo-thin warriors leapt into the sky, brandishing jewelled sabres in a beautiful arc.

“Good timing!” The assassin leader shouted, striking out with the dagger in his hand. Any icy streak felled many of the desert warriors, and the sabres in their hands shattered apart into pieces, looking like dancing butterflies.

“Captain! How could you strike first, and fatally at that?” The other adventurers looked on in disbelief at their leader.

“We don’t have a choice,” the assassin smiled wryly, “The word ‘Hacaree’ means leave none alive...”

They didn’t have the leisure to converse for long. The desert tribe leader hopped off their camel, dashing towards the assassin. A thick, bulky sabre whistled through the air, just the wind it formed making the assassin apprehensive.

“Howling Moon Art!” the assassin howled. His dagger met the sabre with a clang as qi surged into the surroundings. Countless pits were formed in the desert sands.

“Secret technique— Dual Serpentes!” Just as the two blades were about to clash, the desert leader burst forth with a second weapon. A small dagger appeared in their hand, and it was thrust directly at the assassin’s eye.

“Captain!” The female wizard cried out. She pointed forward with her index finger, “Mage Sword!”

An illusory blade appeared in mid air, deflecting the fatal blow from the desert leader.

“Damn it, get lost!” The assassin unleashed all his strength on the brink of life and death. The muscles in his body began to bulge, and he’d soon turned into a miniature giant. His dagger thrust forth with greater force, sending his opponent straggling backwards.

The tribe leader cried out before hopping away like a nimble swallow.

“A woman?” This assassin felt the back of his neck tingling. The cry had been high-pitched, and his opponent’s eyes were as clear as water. In his carelessness, he’d almost had his eyes gouged out by a woman.

“What now, captain?” A rain of arrows had thrown the rest of the party into disarray.

The assassin gave his orders. “Gather beside Awar, we’ll break through the encirclement. Allerie, concentrate. Support those who need it!”

“Hah! Berserk!” Awar was their group’s berserker, their meat shield. He grunted in a low voice, and the muscles on his body bulged.

“Bull’s Strength! Bear’s Endurance!” Allerie had cast multiple

buffs on him from the side.

“Kill!” Awar seemed like a human tank in this mode, the shield in his hand causing blood to spurt as he knocked many desert warriors away.

“Wodarnike! Arberdoniya!” The female desert leader gave a few commands and directed her men in rows of defence. It seemed like she wouldn’t stop until these adventurers were dead.

The assassin inhaled deeply, imbuing a layer of qi in his rusty dagger.

“I’m your opponent!” He was showing tenaciousness in the face of danger, choosing to engage directly with the enemy to buy time for his party.

Shing! The female desert warrior did not say a word. Instead, she crossed her blades and unleashed explosive force. Her body seemed to leave behind an afterimage as she dashed towards the assassin. Her attacks came from all directions, so flexible she seemed boneless.

“Hng! Scorching Gale Blade!” The assassin shouted coldly. His eyes blazed as the dagger in his hand unleashed a storm of attacks. He parried the tribe leader’s attacks with the power of a sandstorm.

“Ooh... This place actually has martial arts techniques...” Leylin

leisurely watched on from the air, a layer of illusion magic around him. “The female warrior isn’t at the legendary realm yet, but her techniques are. The desert tribes do have some talents... This group of adventurers is in danger...”

Leylin’s estimates were extremely accurate. The party was in unfamiliar lands and at a numerical disadvantage. It couldn’t be made up for with just a sudden burst of strength.

Thud! Thud! Yellow sand flew into the sky. The desert warriors didn’t engage Awar head on, instead dragging multiple metal chains from camelback to trap him.

Peng! Peng! The berserker continued to roar furiously, but he was still trapped like a bug in a spiderweb, and couldn’t resist at all. His roars grew softer over time, and he turned dispirited as his body shrunk back to normal.

“Not good, his berserk mode has ended!” Looking on, Allerie went forward and shove a spiritual force potion down Awar’s throat, her face filled with worry. Even with the resolution of the assassin, he could not help but be demoralised looking at the current circumstances.

“Hmm... Without any reinforcements, these adventurers will most likely perish here...” Leylin concluded from mid-air. However, he turned solemn as he looked in another direction. Somewhat apprehensive, he distanced himself from the location, “It looks like their backup is here.”

Although he'd covered his tracks with illusory magic, someone at the same rank could still discover him.

A loud, hazy noise sounded from the direction Leylin was looking in. It sounded like the chirping of a thousand birds, and thunder from the sky.

Boom! A bright starlike object appeared in the broad daylight, forming a dazzling afterimage as it whizzed over to the location. As the object drew closer, it became clear that it was a spear. It was travelling so fast that the friction with the air had turned it bright red, as if ready to melt at any time.

Leylin could only see this because of the power of his sight. The desert warriors could only see a dazzling light shooting towards them, piercing several warriors and camels to arrive at their leader.

Facing such an attack, the tribe leader turned solemn. She withdrew both her hands, crossing the blades in front of her chest.

Bang! A loud explosion sounded, and steam rose from the ground. The smell of rust followed.

The dust and sand settled to reveal the absence of the female warrior. Only broken bits of a sabre were scattered around where she'd stood.

“Uwuuu~~” As if receiving some sort of order, the desert warriors immediately turned their backs and fled, not lingering for one bit. Their retreat was quick, and none of them could be seen

after a few breaths. Only the flurried tracks of their camels remained.

“It’s our Lord! He’s here!” Allerie squealed, and the assassin and other members heaved a sigh of relief.

“You guys are late!” A booming voice sounded as a giant metallic arm reached for the spear.

The speaker had curly wine-red hair and a silvery unibrow. The expression on his face was extremely stern, commanding respect and intimidation.

The assassin’s face turned slightly pale, and he spoke in a soft voice. “Our apologies, Lord Rogero. We met with some circumstances on the road...”

“Thank you for saving us, my Lord!” Allerie’s eyes held a tinge of adoration, but Rogero didn’t care about that in the least.

“You bunch of useless creatures! Such a simple matter and you already can’t deal with it...Moreover...” Rogero’s gaze seemed dazzling to Allerie as he looked her over from face to belly. It caused the wizard to turn red.

“You couldn’t even realise you were being followed. You group of fools!” Rogero’s puzzled look began to be replaced with rage.

“Hm? Followed? No way, I...” The female wizard looked blankly

at the spear pointed at her, feeling flabbergasted.

Soon after, she looked at her hands in stupefaction. Her original jade-white skin was now covered in thick, pus-filled sarcomas. The tumours erupted, causing her to wail loudly.

Sssii! White smoke rose from the body of the female wizard, and her blood-curdling screams struck fear into the heart of the others. There was no wizard by the time the smoke dissipated, only a puddle of pus left on the sand.

Chapter 969 - Frostfall

“What... What happened? Allerie...she...” The assassin stared blankly ahead.

“What a venomous spell, is it a curse-type magic or a poison element spell?” Rogero squatted by the pool of pus, his expression very grave. “It was ended decisively the moment I discovered a trail... The killer is extremely cunning and cold-blooded, a worthy opponent.”

The other members only realised what had happened now. Awar, in particular, knelt down on the ground, seeming to have a mental breakdown. “Allerie! Allerie!”

The assassin sighed as he looked at the scene. He’d long since known that Awar had feelings for Allerie, but the wizard had only set her sights on the strong. It had left him feeling rather dejected.

Now, the two of them would never be together.

“Is it a venomous curse by the desert tribes?” the assassin asked, looking at the lack of a corpse in the sands. A chill ran down his spine.

“Unlikely. It should be the person who’s been following you from before you entered the desert.” Rogero shook his head, and the spear in his hands whistled.

“Let’s go. We can’t waste any more time. The prophecy is about to be fulfilled, we need to reach the Frostfall Valleys before it happens.”

“Yes, my lord!” The assassin and the rest did not have any objections, and they very soon set off on their journey.

Only the sizzling pile of pus remained, as if reminding someone that it was once a high-ranked Professional.

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“Roger?” Leylin walked out from the darkness in the distance. “I’ve heard this name before, a legendary spear user. He’s reputed in the western desert, but I never thought he’d be here today...”

“The black crows will soon cry out to the blood moon. I wonder how many experts are yet to arrive, all blinded by greed...” Leylin muttered, his head raised into the sky. He vanished from his spot.

At this point, he no longer needed a guide. The Frostfall Valleys were the sacred grounds of the desert tribes, and they had protected it for generations. He approached the oasis when he reappeared, plucking a desert warrior’s corpse from the sand. Various fragmented memories flashed across his eyes.

Spells which could retrieve memories were already considered rare, but this skill to extract them from a corpse had the potential to shake the world.

“So it’s there...” After getting the information he needed, Leylin formed a giant sand scorpion. He looked into the distance, and with a point of his finger the sand scorpion suddenly seemed to come to life. It sprinted towards his target.

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The scene at the Frostfall Valleys left Leylin somewhat flabbergasted. Corpses littered the desert as far as the eye could see, many of them desert warriors with numerous injuries on their bodies. Their faces were filled with rage and utter fear.

There were traces of a castle here, but it seemed to have been reduced to rubble by a powerful force.

“This doesn’t seem like the style of Rogero and his men...” Leylin stroked his chin and looked at a pair of corpses that had died fighting each other. The desert warrior wore a malevolent expression as he gnawed off the throat of his opponent. The other party had plunged a dagger into his skull. The warrior’s eyes were still moist, as if he’d planned to sacrifice himself to kill his target.

However, there was one thing that could not escape Leylin’s eyes. “An aura of death... Is this necromancy?” He reached out and grabbed some black gases above the corpse.

“It looks like a necromancer came here and raised the undead to wipe out the forces of the desert tribe...”

Necromancy was a school of wizardry, delving into research on the physical body and soul. Necromancers dealt with corpses everyday, and in the dark engaged in taboo research on souls. Only arcanists were more hated on the continent.

However, a truly powerful necromancer had much more prowess than his peers. An army of undead could trample and annihilate kingdoms.

“He managed to crush the desert tribe with an undead army... This necromancer is likely in the legendary realm...” Leylin inhaled a deep breath, and followed the trail of destruction into the valley. The further in he walked, the more he could see traces of a bitter battle. An occasional piece of bone was lying on the floor, seemingly from a broken undead skeleton.

Once he entered the middle portions of the valley, Leylin saw multiple figures amidst a huge field. This place seemed to be a command post of the desert tribe, but it was now reduced to a mountain of corpses. Several people stood facing each other in a confrontation.

Rogero and his men were present here, and Leylin also noticed the legendary monk he was apprehensive of.

The monk was moving a corpse into a hole. It had a soft body and eyes that were clear like water, speaking of their owner's desire to live. This was the tribe leader from earlier, no longer showing a single sign of life.

“Someone else is here!” Leylin’s arrival roused the attention of others. They observed him with wariness in their eyes.

Leylin naturally didn’t reveal his true features. He instead came in the image of Kukulcan, dressed in a mask and black robes. He looked like the manifestation of evil.

A faintly discernible trace of divine force surrounded the area, preventing any detection or probing.

“What an intense demonic aura!” Rogero gripped the spear in his hands tightly, and faint sparks of lightning flashed at its tip. The monk stopped his task and gazed at Leylin with hostility.

Although there were several groups of people standing on the field, they were distinctly divided into two sides. The monk, Rogero, and a few paladins were close to each other, evidently having formed a faction.

The other side comprised of a few powerful solitary people. Most of them had masked their appearances like Leylin, exuding an aura of evil as well.

Contrary to those of good alignment, these people did not trust each other much. They maintained their distance from one another.

“Haha... I never thought that it’d be someone from our camp!”

The person who spoke was a purple haired woman who carried a snake-headed nine-tailed whip. Behind her were several powerful people.

“Welcome, my friend. I’m Evida, I wonder who you are...” The purple haired woman’s eyes were filled with doubt. There were a limited number of legendaries in the world, and she should have recognised him. However, Leylin gave her a foreign vibe, and seemed extremely dangerous. This piqued the curiosity of the woman.

‘If I can pull this legendary stranger to our side, our God will definitely give me a handsome reward...’ As she thought of this, Evida’s eyes grew even more coquettish. Even her words sounded honey-coated, intoxicating and tantalising.

However, Leylin did not bother with her at all. Instead, he chose to walk to a corner and gave off an unfriendly vibe.

‘Damn it, is he blind?’ Evida could only curse him. It made her doubt her beauty.

“Well... Now that we are opposing each other, there are simply no benefits to be gotten!” Evida stared furiously at Leylin and stood out to speak to the good alignment camp. “That skeleton lich has already entered the deeper parts. Do we have to fight here and let it take all of the benefits?”

Despite their lack of trust in one another, the evil faction evidently had strength in numbers.

“We’re here to capture the skeleton lich Ilyo. The floating city is not our concern!” The leader of the paladins was a middle aged man wearing shining armour. He made his declaration in a low voice.

Even paladins had to learn to compromise. If at this moment, they began to shout things like ‘eliminate all evil’, they would only end up ground to a pulp by the evil ones.

“Cough... We want a certain item from the floating city,” Rogero said.

“Very well. Although there are certain conflicts of interest, it’s not impossible to mediate. Why don’t we enter the floating city and obtain our desires with our own capabilities?” Evida suggested.

It was apparent that none of these people here wanted to take action in the absence of a tangible benefit.

When two opposing parties were near equal in strength, truces were common. Even though the good side didn’t mention a word, the legendary monk already took off towards the deeper parts of the valley after burying the corpse.

“Hng!” Evida snorted cutely with a satisfied expression, as she brought her men deeper inside. The two parties too began to make their way in.

Leylin followed casually behind the group and continued his thoughts, “Skeleton lich Ilyo? Isn’t that the powerful legendary? I never thought he would be here too. It seems like the castle being reduced to rubble was his doing...’

Chapter 970 - Judge

This was a lich! They had reached the pinnacle of necromancy, abandoning their bodies and splitting their souls to obtain some degree of immortality. Some extremely powerful liches were even strong enough to face gods!

The skeleton lich Ilyo was someone Leylin had heard of before. Rumour had it that an accidental leakage from one of his soul experiments had contaminated and killed half a kingdom. The paladins had put him on their wanted list, and he was an extremely vile existence that had to be wiped out at all costs.

‘Not all legendary necromancers are liches, but all liches are legendary necromancers... His actions mark him as a high-ranked legendary, above rank 25...’ Leylin immediately decided that the lich was the biggest threat to his operation.

Evida looked around, suddenly asking, “The Dead Sea scrolls passed down by our church indicate that the floating city will appear deep within Frostfall Valley. Do you have any more information?”

The group sunk into silence. Even if they had possessed the information, it wouldn’t be revealed so easily. Rogero was the one who spoke in the end, “We have information from the esteemed diviner Frederic, but the location is even more vague...”

“Then things are going to get troublesome... Ilyo has a partial inheritance from ancient arcanists, and probably knows more

about the floating city than we do. He might even have entered the dimensional fortress already...” Evida bit at her lips.

‘Hm?’ Upon seeing this, Leylin shook his head inside, ‘Seems like they don’t have accurate information either. Looks like I’m the one that knows more...’

He couldn’t help but recall the time and location he’d decoded. It would be when the black crows cried out to the bloodmoon, within the Frostfall Valleys slanting to the east of Cygnus.

“It’s about time...” Leylin looked up, gazing into the horizon. The sun descended slowly, the light dimming. The temperature of the region dropped, as was the norm in the western desert. The daytime sun could roast people alive here, and the night could freeze them to death. Few could survive besides some like the sand tribes.

‘It’s the right month and time. The location is slanting to the east of Cygnus? Based on astrology, that should be...’ Leylin’s eyes twinkled as he immediately calculated the precise location of the floating city. ‘If the skeleton lich obtained an arcanist inheritance as well, he should be lying in wait there...’

“Since we know that it’s deep within the Frostfall Valleys in general, how about we split up in our search?” Evida suggested at that exact moment.

“Mm, sure.” Rogero and his group of powerful elites from the good faction naturally didn’t want to mix with an evil person like

Leylin. They immediately agreed.

The legendary monk showed his intent with action as well. Numerous figures scattered as they cast many detection spells, everything dazzling Leylin.

Just as Leylin planned to head in a certain direction, an aroma travelled over as Evida followed close behind Leylin, “What is it? Do you wish to head that way, my lord?”

“Mm, I’ll take a look. The floating city will create a huge ruckus when it appears anyway, anyone will be able to find it within the valleys...”

Leylin would always decline invitations from this woman who might have been connected to the gods.

“But the people who enter first will still have better chances. Or am I wrong?” Evida’s beautiful eyes were trained on Leylin as she spoke, hinting at something.

“Do you intend to go this way? I can leave it to you...” Leylin rolled his shoulders back nonchalantly.

This attitude caused Evida to feel doubtful.

“Hehe... How could I steal your path? I was just joking...” She twisted her beautiful hips after she spoke, leading her powerful group away. It caused Leylin to blink. ‘Has this woman discovered

something?’

Rumble! Something happened all of a sudden. Brilliant holy light rose from one direction, filling the skies with holiness and righteousness.

“Skeleton Lich Ilyo, face your punishment!” A thick voice resounded in the area, laced with a steely determination.

‘It’s a legendary paladin!’ Leylin and the rest of the evil faction showed fear in their eyes, as if they’d met their natural enemy. They stared at the silver light in the sky.

“It’s the Judge!” “Quick, go there! He’s discovered the lich!” The other paladins cheered, brandishing the blades of light in their hands.

They glanced over a few times at Leylin, as if trying to threaten him. It was like they were children whose parents had arrived. Once their legendary took care of Ilyo, they evidently wouldn’t mind wiping out this evil that was Leylin.

“Keke... Felbard, I see that you haven’t died yet...” A cold snicker sounded out, and a dense wave of deathly soul clouds covered the skies. Even the holy light couldn’t penetrate this shroud. A draconic roar sounded as a tremendous two-headed bone dragon rose from the clouds.

“Die!” the legendary paladin exclaimed, his body burning with

holy flames as the sword in his hands turned into a pillar of light that broke the dark clouds apart.

The dead spirits separated, revealing a crystal skeleton wearing a black robe. The lich now stood on the head of the ancient dragon, and a wave of his hands caused countless bones to collapse into a decorated shield, withstanding the paladin's sudden attack.

“It's him! Ilyo! That must be the place where the floating city is about to appear... Go!” The immense energy undulations alarmed all of those powerful existences, and they darted towards the battlezone.

‘Damn it... he's so unprofessional at hiding. I was planning to lead a few away...’ Leylin sighed inside and headed in Ilyo's direction. It was the exact opposite of where he'd intended to go.

Leylin had chosen the wrong path on purpose, hoping to cheat a few of the strong beings. Unfortunately, the appearance of this legendary paladin had spoiled his plans.

“Nobody can obstruct me today” Ilyo announced, and the fire in his eyes blazed brighter as he extended his palm to caress the dragon's head. the bone dragon.

Legendary Skeletal Strengthening! Boost Legendary Minion! Berserk spell rays launched forth towards the bone dragon. It burst out into an earth-shattering angered snarl, launching a terrifying Dragon Breath that corroded everything in it's way.

‘Legendary Dragon Breath?’ Seeing the attack, the paladin immediately turned grim. He covered himself in a milky-white armour.

Holy Light Protection! Holy Light Cross Slash! A cross of pillars of light rose in the air, colliding violently with the bone dragon’s breath. The two consumed each other rapidly.

The terrifying storm formed from a battle between two high-ranked legendaries finally caused some fear in the surrounding powerful beings. It was only then that they remembered the reputations of the skeletal lich and the paladin.

Of course, there were some who still proceeded fearlessly, and among them were obviously those with similar strength.

‘Even his pet is legendary. As expected of a high-ranked legendary lich.’ Leylin moved forward unhurriedly, getting closer and closer to the centre of the battle. Terrifying shockwaves swept through the area, but they didn’t even crease his clothing.

Evida now looked extremely grim. The black-robed people behind her all took turns to block the stray ripples from the battle. Seeing Leylin deal with the situation easily, she drew closer to him with a charming smile. “You are indeed powerful! I’m sorry, but I think I might need your help later!”

“My goal is also the floating city, so there’s no way we can work together. The spoils won’t be easy to split...” Leylin apathetically shook his head to reject her.

“You never know. My target isn’t the entire floating city. Besides, we need to work with each other to cope with the people over there...” Evida’s serpent-head whip pointed at the paladins and monk ahead, and she looked relaxed.

“Hm? Crap!” However, at this moment, Leylin’s expression suddenly changed as he retreated a great distance.

“What’s going on?” Evida looked puzzled, and soon felt a surge of spatial force crashing into her body, sending her flying. She coughed up fresh blood, and it trickled down her face. The few black-clothed beings in front of her had been burnt to ashes under the immense force, and nothing was left behind.

Rumble! The lich and paladin who were battling in mid-air simultaneously froze, thrown back by a powerful force. An immense spatial storm formed a tornado that wreaked havoc on the area.

Leylin took a look at the moon in the sky. It now looked crimson.

“When the black crows cry out to the blood moon... It’s time! The floating city will teleport here soon. I never expected the storm formed before its appearance would be so violent...”

Chapter 971 - Shadow City

“It’s the floating city! My floating city is finally about to appear!” The skeleton lich Ilyo burning gaze was fixed on the core of the spatial storm, the fire in his eyes blazing brightly.

Rumble! The air trembled and the earth thundered, and the Frostfall Valleys lamented as if unable to take on the pressure.

Whether those of the good or evil factions, they all gazed up after retreating a large distance, watching the miraculous scene of the appearance of the floating city.

The stars that filled the skies seemed to lose all their lustre, and it was as if a supernova was born in the sky as a star more dazzling than any other descended, enveloping the world with colour.

Bzzt! Bzzt!

Terrifying spatial undulations spread in all directions and in the blink of an eye created a gigantic and deep pit in the ground. The shadow of a dimensional plane loomed over, as if there was a single point of it trying to fuse with the prime material plane!

Even while it was a tiny dot, that was only in comparison between the sizes of two worlds. The tiny point that linked the two unceasingly increased till it formed the figure of the floating city!

This was a large base that was a hemisphere. The shadows of the

roofs of many buildings could be seen, forming a large human city.

In the Nether Arcanist Era, the floating city not only was the main area for arcanists, but also a large city and social hub. It could easily fit a hundred thousand people without it getting crowded.

The four elemental plane seemed to have opened a special energy channel as immense energy surged and whistled forward.

It was as if the end of the world for the western desert. If not for there being few people here already, there might have been a terrifying catastrophe or deaths here.

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After goodness knew how long, the astounding storm finally dissipated, and everything calmed down.

A dark shadow was projected to the ground, hiding the glow from the stars and the moon.

Leylin looked up and found a large shadow. This was the base of the floating city. This immense and vast city had now completely descended into the prime material world!

Watching the large body of the city as well as the bright arcane runes, the whole world seemed to stop breathing.

Deathly silence! In that moment, even the Legends on the ground sunk into a temporary silence.

“Keke... my floating city!”

Ilyo was the first to react, riding his bone dragon mount and pouncing towards the city.

“Dream on!” The legendary paladin obviously could not just watch as he got to the city and soared up high as if stepping on air, body moving rapidly.

“We’re going too! That’s the floating city, and the only one in the World of Gods! It’s the crystal of the Nether Arcane civilisation...”

Other legends also began to get restless.

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In that moment, within the floating city where nobody seemed to be around, sparks flickered within a certain control room. Lights gathered to form flower elves that were around ten centimetres tall.

The little faces now looked stiff as they spat out in a robotic tone, “Dimensional leap completed. Damage to floating city at 1.77%. Energy consumed at 75.99%. Activating maintenance procedures.”

After which, a glaring red alarm sounded as a layer of screen projections showed Ilyo outside.

He had his bone dragon pet fight against the legendary paladin while he headed towards the city, and was right about to enter the city's territory.

‘Discovered intruder. Strength at grade A3, determined to be high-ranked Legendary. Activating energy membrane... Beep! Energy membrane damaged at 52.33%, unable to be activated. Changed to automatic defensive mode. Activating magic missiles with automatic calibration and firing.’

With the commands from the intellectual core, the armours at the sides of the floating city opened up to reveal steel cannons that were like a beehive. In that instant, the floating city turned into a large porcupine!

‘Target calibrated. Launching magic missiles!’

Boom! A boiling hot white energy of pillar whistled as it shot out of the cannon, arriving before the skeleton lich in a moment.

“Oh, shit.”

The skeleton lich somehow managed to show immense fear on his expression.

Tzz tzz! After the glowing white rays, there was no sign of the

lich left whatsoever.

“It-it can’t be! That’s a high-ranked Legend!”

The terrifying might of the cannon finally scared off the greedy Legends. Only then did they remember what made the floating city so terrifying.

“This is only the automatic cannons without a legendary arcanist working it. The most powerful dimensional cannon of laws and pure energy defensive membrane has yet to appear...” Leylin gazed up at the floating city that was showing off its strength, the fervour in his eyes becoming more obvious.

“But... that bone dragon hasn’t disappeared. Seems like Ilyo isn’t a high-ranked Legend for nothing...”

Leylin noticed this and slowly retreated without leaving traces behind.

Whoosh... Now, white light flickered. A layer of bone powder turned into a gale and blew by the area Ilyo had disappeared.

The ashes from his bones converged to form a crystal skeleton.

“Tsk tsk... thankfully, I still had a substitute. This amount of strength is as expected of the floating city...”

Ilyo floated in the air but no longer had the guts to just enter. He used the joint in his wrist to and used his palm to support his chin, the fire in his eyes dimming.

“It’s getting difficult... Even with the dimensional leap consuming most of its energy reserves, just the least powerful automatic defences can’t be broken through by a legend as long as the intellectual core exists... If I don’t obtain control over the floating city soon, the personifications of the gods will definitely strike out... Things will be troublesome then...”

Ilyo gritted his teeth, “It’s a pity that I only obtained a portion of the inheritance of the arcanists and didn’t become one. If not...”

At this moment, the floating city produced a loud rumble.

Within the core control room, the personification of the core that were the flower elves had screens that appeared before them, gathering images of the people below.

‘Beep! Discovered arcanists! Activating transmission mode. Starting spell formation to receive them!’

Numerous screens shifted till they locked onto two beings. One had a silver mask and looked extremely mysterious, and it was Leylin, who was planning to make his move!

The other was actually Roglo!

Rumble! With the sound, a bridge of light shot out from the top of the highest building of the floating city, landing on Leylin and Roglo who were caught unprepared.

With a flash of light, the two disappeared.

“Huh? What’s going on?”

Evita froze.

“Crap, the two that disappeared should have been arcanists! The master of the floating city must have set up a certain procedure for his legacy. Only when arcanists appear will the floating city take them in and even transfer the authority to control it!

Ilyo now looked very anxious.

“What do I do? What do I do?”

Just when Ilyo was gritting his teeth, a new situation broke out at the ground.

“I have no choice... god!”

Evita closed her eyes, and the next time she opened them, there were now a pair of dark golden eyes. A tremendous might had descended into her body.

“The personification of a god has descended! So she used the method of having the god possess her body!”

“Has a god already found out about this place? How quick!”

“God!” The guards Evita had brought along, who were lucky enough to survive, quickly knelt.

“We can’t let other organisations get control of the city! They’ve activated a spatial channel, which means there’s a hole in their tight defences! I’ll send you right in, so find it at all costs!”

‘Evita’ spoke unhurriedly, and a faint goddess’ image appeared behind her.

Mighty divine force turned into a terrifying wave that swept those black-clothed people into the city.

The consumption like this must be terrifying, because once all this was done, Evita passed out and crumbled to the ground.

“Now’s the moment. It’s a good chance!”

Making his mind, a rhombus-shaped red-blue metal tile was shattered and formed spatial force. This allowed Ilyo to go along the gods’ tears and enter the city.

Dazzling divine force rays flickered on the legendary monk and

paladin, allowing them to enter the floating city.

“Is this... the inside of the floating city?”

Leylin’s eyes blinked open as he took in his surroundings.

“Yes! Welcome to Shadow City, where the flowers of the Nether Arcanists never wither!”

A flower elf projected itself in front of him, flapping the translucent double wings behind it as it surrounded Leylin.

“Congratulations, Arcanist! You have obtained a chance to inherit the floating city and all knowledge of the mighty Great Silver Hand!”

“Chance?”

“Yes. As two have been determined to be qualified, one of you will inherit the floating city!”

The flower elf spoke primly, obviously carrying out the will of the original master loyally.

“Speak. What is to be done?”

It was impossible for this intellectual core to go against its

procedures. Besides, this floating city was not a ruins of the past, and since the flow of information and firewalls were still intact, using his mind and the A.I. Chip to invade it would be just stupid. This was why Leylin went straight to the point.

“This is the floating city’s core energy room, and also where the Mise energy core is...”

The flower elf showed an image. This was within an empty room, where there was a floating ball emitting lights that showed the heat it emitted.

Chapter 972 - Test

“This is your current location!” The fairy showed Leylin a map, indicating his current position within the floating city.

“You must compete with the other qualified person. The first to reach the power room will obtain the authority over the Mise energy core. That will allow you to take control of the floating city and get control over the core...”

The fairy’s bright eyes were trained on Leylin, voice robotic, “Please take note. Master has set up various hindrances along the way, and... Because I do not have enough power, a few invaders have entered the floating city...”

Scenes flashed and separated into smaller squares, allowing Leylin to see the skeleton lich, legendary paladin, monks and other people.

“Have a few worms snuck in as well? With the floating city’s own defensive strength, there should be a few specific methods or gods acting in the shadows that allowed them to break through the outer defences of the city.”

Leylin grinned, thinking back to Rogero who had also been chosen.

“I never expected this... a legendary with a reputation for his combat skills also has the strength of an arcanist! Rogero, you’ve cheated a whole continent... Pretty good... but unfortunately, you

met me!”

Even if it was just a conjecture, Leylin knew what the floating city’s master had planned. It was definitely something to do with testing the power of arcanists.

He was now a legendary arcanist. Even in the Netheril era, he had about the same strength as the master of the city, which made him qualified to enter the arcanist elder union and obtain his own floating city. He was obviously unafraid.

On the other hand, Rogero too had become a legendary based on his combat skills. However, even with training hard in private, his arcanist ranking wouldn’t be that high.

In this area, Leylin could overlook his opponent.

“The most important thing right now is to get control over the city before the gods react!” Leylin took a look at the map that the fairy projected, and the A.I. Chip recorded everything before choosing the most suitable route.

“You who are qualified, I hope you can succeed in becoming my master!” The fairy glanced at Leylin’s back, and then gradually disappeared...

After walking through a path styled in a futuristic, sci-fi way, Leylin entered a drawing room.

Chi chi! Two magic golems that looked like monkeys stood in wait, large robotic eyes shooting out red lights.

“Gatekeepers? Even with the A.I. Chip choosing the most optimal route, I need to pass through at least 20 stages. I need to quicken my speed...”

Leylin did not stop walking and walked in between the two puppets, figure disappearing into the path.

After he left, the two magic golems exploded into pieces... At the other side, Rogero was advancing quickly, his lance emitting terrifying qi as he ripped a steel door apart.

“An opportunity! The best opportunity!”

Rogero’s eyes blazed, “I’ve hidden my arcanist inheritance for so long, and I finally have this chance! The floating city will definitely be mine...”

At this thought, the image of his competitor showed up in his mind as his emitted a bloodthirsty air.

“I must get the floating city. All who get in my way must die!”

.....

Compared to the test that the two of them got, the other invaders

were treated poorly.

Boom! Boom!

“There’s so much wealth from ancient civilisation, and every single item is priceless. The price of one would be enough to purchase half of a large city. Why do you still keep chasing after me?”

Ilyo turned and yelled, sounding distressed.

“Destroying evil is the role the heavens have given to me. Did you think mere greed over wealth can confuse me?” The paladin looked resolute as he followed behind relentlessly, causing the skeleton lich to have to run tirelessly and feel annoyed.

Usually, he could just turn back and fight three hundred rounds with the paladin. With the floating city and remains of historical civilisation for him to explore here, having to waste his energy on fighting caused Ilyo to feel his heart bleeding.

“Just you wait...” He knew that paladins had brains like concrete, and could only come up with ways to eliminate him.

“Beep! Detected invader. Automatically activating defence mode. Activating metal golems!” Once the two entered a plaza, a robotic voice sounded out. A large gate suddenly opened as a puppet with armour walked out. Many energy fields surrounded it, causing the skeleton lich and paladin to sense immense danger. They could not

help but stop in their tracks.

“It’s the metal golem! The legendary golem!” The lich sounded as if he was sighing in awe, “Such a high-ranked golem is the top secret of the Netheril arcanists. Wizards now can’t create imitations of it...”

Boom!

After this, however, the skeleton lich could no longer laugh. The golem instantly vanished in an instant, and the next time it reappeared, it was behind Ilyo, large steel fist aimed at his head.

“So fast! It’s almost like instant shifting. Is this really a golem?”

Spells flashed continuously at Ilyo’s body as he quickly set up several bone walls, the bone spurs and bone lances shooting towards the key areas of the golem and bringing with them great gusts of wind.

Crackle! The many attacks reached the defensive surface layer of the metal golem and created sounds like rainfall, and then scattered.

Rumble! Ka-cha! The golem cared not for these attacks and raised its huge fist, preparing to strike at the bone wall.

There was a huge whistling sound in the air, and the bones flew everywhere. A defence that a lich had formed with all his strength

actually was completely destroyed under this attack!

Boom!

By the time the legendary paladin arrived, all he saw was the lich embedded into the wall. He was perfectly ‘printed’ onto the wall, neck twisted at a very odd angle. If he was alive, he would long since have died.

Even if he was a lich, the fire in his eyes had dimmed quite a bit, and he was evidently gravely injured.

“You monster full of evil! Prepare to be judged by justice!”

Upon seeing this, the paladin heaved a deep sigh of relief, both hands raising the large sword that signified light and judgement.

‘Beep! Enemy discovered!’

However, before the paladin’s sword could fall, a metal golem had already arrived behind him, electronic eyes emitting dangerous red rays.

For legendary metal golems, there could be liches or paladins, but all were invaders and needed to be exterminated.

If Leylin had been here, he would have exclaimed ‘Such high technology’! Or ‘Transformers’, but unfortunately, the paladin

with an inflexible mind did not have so many stray thoughts.

In his eyes, metal golems like these were not much better than demons of the abyss or devils of hell.

‘Beep! Enemy scanned to be model of ‘paladin’. Activating extermination plan number 2. Activating extreme gravity engine. Activating nuclear furnace!’

The steel golem made sounds that the paladin could not understand then spread its arms.

Boom! The gravity around suddenly increased, and the ground caved in, now seeming extremely solid.

The chest area of the golem opened up to reveal a red hot furnace that rotated in a turbine, producing a frightening whirr.

“What-what monster is this!”

Noticing that his attack at full power had been easily blocked, his exemplary sword that was almost legendary grade melted in the furnace at the golem’s chest. No matter how strong his mind was, the paladin now held hints of despair...

A similar scene could be witnessed at various parts of the city. The outsiders who had entered without permission were now under terrifying attacks, and there already were casualties.

After all, the floating city was a nest of the Great Arcanists of ancient times, so how could they just allow enemies to barge in?

At this moment, other ‘guests’ had also arrived outside the city.

“I never thought even with the consumption from dimensional leaping, the defences of the floating city is still so terrifying. The divine force that the body I’m possessing can amass is nearly depleted...”

‘Evida’ opened her eyes, gazing at the large floating city while looking expectant.

However, this relaxed look only maintained for a moment. Evida quickly turned to the other side, “Her Highness, Mystra, and others...”

“We meet again...”

A young girl dressed in black walked out from the shadows, having the dignity and coldness that only gods possessed.

She gazed at the empty area next to her, looking hostile.

Golden lights flashed, and numerous orc gods also appeared. They were all avatars, causing fear to appear in Evida’s eyes.

For true gods to descend into the prime material plane, there was the most dangerous truebody saintly form, as well as an avatar and possessing a body.

An avatar was a clone formed of divine force and godhood, while possessing a body would require taking the body of a follower.

In comparison, possessing the body might be safe, but the power could not compare to an avatar.

“After the hall meeting of the gods, there have been few gatherings between many gods...”

An elderly being wearing white, scholarly attire had a wise look in his eyes. This was Oghma, the god of knowledge and a powerful greater god.

“After all, this has to do with arcanists and the floating city...”

The other gods all went quiet, focusing on the Weave Goddess, Mystra.

Chapter 973 - Banishment

“Arcanist civilisation must never be allowed to be revived. That is the bottom line!” Mystra announced first. The many gods who had gathered revealed a tacit understanding.

While they were confident that their avatars could enter the floating city, they were still afraid of the enemy. Who knew if there were traps specifically meant for gods, left behind by the Great Arcanist in the city?

“It’s not advisable to go against it for too long. How about we...” However, just as Oghma broke the silence, an astounding change happened in the city.

Dazzling rays enveloped the city and teleportation rays filled the area, causing it to seem translucent.

“Dimensional leap? No, it’s a random teleportation. Stop it!” The many gods quickly made their moves, using powerful divine force to form a golden sealing web. However, they were too late. The floating city completely vanished, leaving behind gods exchanging gazes.

.....

A while ago.

Near the core power testing room, Rogero stared hard at the blue

test tube in front of him, looking nervous.

“The expectations that the Great Arcanist had for his successor are a little too much. Even as a high-ranked arcanist, it’s still too difficult to successfully brew the mild blue light potion. Thankfully, I have this...”

Rogero placed a white crystal under the test tube, and in the moment that it made contact with the test tube, the crystal instantly heated up.

“A stabilising potion that increase chances of success by 50%—The dream stone, Sage Abofeld! Success or failure shall be decided in this moment!”

Rogero took a deep breath and placed another pipette at the mouth of the test tube.

“If the potion turns blue, that means it’s a success. If not, it’s a failure... There’s only one step till I get the inheritance...”

Rogero prayed the most devoutly he ever had in his whole life. “Whatever god you are, please bless me! If I can succeed this time, I will become your most pious follower...”

It was unclear if a remote god had favoured him, or if this was luck.

The moment after the pipette dripped a bit of the potion, the

entire test tube began to boil.

Thick liquid boiled and kept changing colour, till it stabilised to a faint blue.

At the beginning, the blue was not stable, and Rogero could feel cold sweat beading on his forehead. However, the dream stone that that was like white crystal emitted white rays that enveloped the entire test tube.

The mild blue potion stabilised, and he immediately looked elated, “It’s a success!”

He quickly darted over to the crystal door with a large vertical pupil carved in and splashed the freshly-made mild blue light potion onto the eye.

Tss tss!

After the potion made contact with the eye, it was as if sponge met water as it was absorbed.

Rogero looked nervous as he waited for the results, feeling uneasy and nervous.

‘Beep! Brewing of mild blue light potion is successful!’

Time seemed to pass slowly, but it also seemed to be mere

seconds. When the robotic voice sounded, Rogero could not help but give a whoop of delight.

Rumble!

The eye rolled and produced the mechanical sound of unlocking. The large door slowly opened, revealing a path straight to the power room.

“Haha... I’ve succeeded. I’ve succeeded!” Rogero roared in his excitement. “As expected, there aren’t many arcanists left around. That black-clothed person might be an arcanist, but his ranking can’t be higher than mine. I definitely was the one to pass the test first, so I’ll get full control...”

While looking emotional, Rogero’s footsteps never slowed.

The path was short. With his speed, he quickly reached the core power room and saw the Mise energy core that was continuously providing the floating city with strength, floating in the air.

“Haha... as expected, I was the quickest!”

Upon seeing that nobody was around, Rogero could not hold himself back and chuckled loudly.

“Mine, mine! The ancient floating city, the remains of the Great Arcanist and all the arcanists’ treasures all mine and mine alone...”

Rogero looked expectant as he headed to the Mise energy core.

He looked moved and greedy as he reached his trembling right hand out.

The fairy appeared nearby, watching on expressionlessly.

“Intellectual core, hand over control to me!” Rogero shouted, “As the master, I’ll definitely treat you well...”

Beep! The fairy nodded expressionlessly, and the flooring under the Mise energy core opened up to reveal something like a control desk. A purple crystal flickered with dazzling rays above.

“Good job!”

Rogero laughed heartily and his right hand reached forward.

However, just a centimetre away from the purple crystal, something happened!

Glaring rays surged and enveloped his body. These were spell rays from a teleportation spell formation.

The high-ranked legendary arcane spell: Dimensional Banishment!

“No! Mine... my everything...” Rogero looked unresigned as he vanished, leaving behind his voice that echoed in the empty secret room.

“Aha... he took so long to get here. I waited so long...” A transparent human figure walked over from a corner of the secret room. The illusion on his body gradually disappeared. This was Leylin!

He was now yawning, looking nonchalant. “He couldn’t even recognise the dimensional banishment trap. Ha, to think he was a high-ranked arcanist. Looks like there’s something wrong with his inheritance. I’m pretty sure it’s incomplete...”

“But even if he recognised it, the way to get rid of this legendary spell is for it to work once. He made me wait for so long...” Leylin looked dissatisfied.

“Only a legendary Great Arcanist like you can detect the arcane spell trap that master set up!”

The fairy now bowed low to Leylin, “While I’d already confirmed that only you, who is also a legendary Great Arcanist, can take over the city that is the glory of the Netheril era, I had to do this for procedure’s sake. Please be understanding...”

“It’s nothing much... Proceed with the transferring of authority please. There might be more variables from the passing of time...”

Leylin headed to the control desk. The dimensional banishment spell had now been completely removed.

“The Mise energy core... Rumours have it that any item that touches it will be hit with something like a legendary disjunction spell and crumble into numerous particles. How powerful can this be?”

Leylin sighed, right index finger touching the purple crystal.

‘Beep! Confirmation of qualified person. Beginning transferring of control.’ The fairy cooperated with the operation. Leylin felt that his self linked with the entire city, and that it seemed to become part of his body, and he could even see scenes of the invaders.

[Beep! Obtained control over floating city. Supplementary scan ongoing.]

The A.I. Chip’s voice sounded. With its help, Leylin could easily control the floating city. In terms of his proficiency, he immediately reached the level of the original owner.

“The energy reserves are at less than 50%, and there are also divine force undulations detected outside?”

Leylin looked at the report and frowned slightly.

“Fairy, begin preparations to teleport floating city. Activate concealing spell formations and spatial location confusion spell formations...”

Leylin commanded.

“Understood, master! The previous master always called me Shaylin, but you can call me something else...” The exquisite face of the fairy broke out in a smile and carried out his order.

“Also, send me to these locations. I still need to take care of a few worms before teleporting...”

Leylin waved his arms high spiritedly, but at this moment, his expression changed.

A strange beast skin scroll automatically floated from his dimensional pouch. The seals that Leylin had put on had all cracked.

The Mise energy core emitted terrifying energy undulations, creating a pillar of light the size of a thumb at the middle, shining on the scroll all of a sudden.

The energy that could break up all matter did not cause the scroll to be damaged, but the luster on it grew more dazzling as it slowly opened up. It revealed an arcane spell model that was so

complicated it was terrifying.

[Beep! Discovered high-rank arcane spell model. To scan?]

The A.I. Chip asked.

“Yes!”

With Leylin’s order, the A.I. Chip immediately scanned and recorded the model. After which, the scroll seemed to be done with its mission and rolled itself back.

“As expected, this scroll isn’t something dead but contains some will of Distorted Shadow?”

In Leylin’s tests, the scroll obviously sealed something amazing. If it were opened suddenly, it might result in terrifying contamination or curses.

But now, under the radiation from the only Mise energy core in the continent, this seemed to be the correct way to open it. He had been given a terrifyingly complicated arcane spell model.

“This...”

Leylin took a look at the A.I. Chip's taskbar. As the spell model was exceedingly large and difficult, the effects and abilities still needed time to be deciphered. The only thing Leylin could confirm was that this spell had a very high grade!

“The price for all these arrangements and even giving me my bloodline ability is finally showing itself?”

Leylin looked solemn, but his eyes were now full of bloodlust and violence all mixed together.

“What are you standing there for? Teleport quickly!”

Leylin yelled at the fairy who seemed to have been scared stupid.

Chapter 974 - Annihilation

Leylin knew the principle of equal exchange. However, seeing some of the tricks Distorted Shadow had pulled on the sly, he was left in a bad mood.

At this moment, he decided to vent all of his anger on the intruders. The teleportation light shone, and Leylin's body vanished. As for the intruders in the different parts of the floating city, they were about to meet their maker!

.....

It was a complete mess at the arcane field.

The metal golem's head was missing a huge chunk, and the right arm was ripped off. As for the energy core, it stopped functioning completely.

Even though it stood still, but that malevolent and dangerous feeling still radiated from its body, striking fear into the hearts of others.

"Pant...Pant... Thank you!" The legendary paladin half knelt on the ground in the middle of a pool of blood. He was grievously injured.

"Cough...Cough... Saving someone from dying and banishing evil... Cough cough... Is what we were born for..." This was the

monk from before, but his injuries were far more severe. His chest had already lost a huge piece of flesh, and blood flowed from his lips endlessly.

Even with the constant healing spells, it was impossible to restore his body to a fighting state.

“The floating city is really this strong... Just one metal golem and it’s so troublesome...” The paladin sighed, apprehension still in his eyes.

He fought a bitter and losing battle with the golem earlier. If not for the sudden appearance of the monk, who used his tough body to take on most of the hits, he would have died a long time ago.

“Hey hey... And me? Why haven’t you thanked me...” The crystal head of the skeleton lich began to chatter.

Under extreme danger, he put all past feuds behind him and chose to team up with the other two. After an arduous battle they had won, but this demon was unlucky, left with only its head intact.

At the moment, the paladin gritted his teeth and stood up before walking over. “Banish all evil!”

“Wh...Damn! We were allies mere moments ago, how can you just about face?” The lich began to wail, “Help...Save me...”

In actuality, he wasn't afraid at all. As long as his phylactery survived, he could resurrect after death. It just required a very long time.

"Forgive me. Even if we worked together, to eliminate evil is my calling." The paladin stood in front of the lich, holy light forming a sword in his hand.

"Scram!" Teleportation light flashed at that moment, and the paladin grew stupefied as he was knocked away.

"I'm in a very bad mood right now. Tell me, how do you all want to die?" Leylin walked out in the silver mask, looking at the three injured people like a god of death.

This made Ilyo feel as if he had met a demigod being in the distant past. Intense, overbearing evil that can devour everything whole.

"It's that Legendary from the evil camp, now that he has control over the floating city's teleportation portals, does it mean that the authorisation has been handed over to him?"

The crystal skull on the floor tumbled several rounds before stopping, the dark fire in its eyes stopped flickering.

"What an intense evil... The magnitude now is countless times more than before... Had he just been putting up a front all these while?"

The pupils of the paladin and the monk narrowed, as they tracked the item that they were struck by. It was the decapitated heads of the other contenders inside the floating city!

“You are the only intruders left, after disposing the lot of you I will begin the transfer of authority...”

Leylin’s features were hidden under his mask, so no one knew his current expression. Only his pair of eyes could be seen, cold and indifferent, as if it could freeze the soul of one who looked into his eyes.

The evil black light covered the grounds. Compared to him, the aura of the demon seemed like a kiddy item.

“Cough...Have the others been slain by you?”

The paladin coughed, time to time spitting blood from his lips.

“Most of them had perished under the arcane traps. As for the rest, they have been done in by me. It’s only you three left...”

An icy killing intent was prominent in Leylin’s voice. Suddenly, he appeared behind the legendary monk, “You possess the most threat amongst the three of them...”

“So, let me invite you to go to hell...”

Leylin's right hand seemed to turn into a pair of devilish claws which tore through the hardened defense of the monk, reaching for the heart directly.

“Urgh... Before this trip, I felt the restlessly during one of my meditation... As if some great evil was about to be borne... Hence I followed my heart and was directed to the western desert...”

Droplets of blood dripped down, momentarily taking away the pain seen on the monk's face. He inhaled violently, as if pacing back and forth through death's doors.

“I originally thought that... It was the descent of the floating city, which would bring great destruction to the world. But I know now it's was due to your existence...”

The monk struggled to force the words out of his parched lips.

“Too much nonsense...” Leylin clenched his fist, and the monk's heart was shattered into countless bits.

“Dead?”

The paladin and Ilyo's eyes dimmed, as if seeing something unbelievable happening within minutes.

“Even if I have to ignite my soul, I have to stop the evil in this

world...”

The next moment, the monk’s eyes which had dulled violently opened, and emitted light rays even stronger than the sun. His right palm now took on a golden hue as he gently pushed out. The force felt even stronger than being crushed by a mountain, and even the air was pushed away. It was unstoppable.

Legendary technique — Vajra’s Palm!

Boom! The golden palm pushed through the phantom behind Leylin’s back and turned the construct behind into smithereens.

“You’re not bad huh! Old man, is this the legendary ability — Life After Death? You are indeed a powerful and gifted monk, even after your body is destroyed, you are able to sustain life for a period of time...”

The monk’s life was extremely tenacious, and now with this legendary ability, even if his heart was taken and having sustained grave injuries from before, he could still produce such a might.

“Giving your all to beat me huh? Why do I feel like a final boss like the great demon king in the novels of my past life...”

Leylin squinted his eyes, and saw all of the righteousness represented behind the palm of the monk.

“A pity that an attack of this magnitude... It’s not enough to hurt

me...”

Leylin mocked, as his nostrils flared. “Let me put you into utter despair...”

The floating city can never land in his hands, if not the world will enter even more suffering...”

The paladin now too struggled to get up, “The final holy buff...”

Radiant rays shone on the paladin, and stopped all of his injuries in their tracks. Very soon, a sword made of light appeared on his hands.

“In the name of righteousness...” The paladin held his sword up high, the energy swirling into a violent gale.

“Divine Intervention!”

The radiant sword made of holy light carried the intent of killing as it sealed Leylin’s retreat route.

“Blazing Point! Vajra’s Palm!”

The monk ignited all of his life force into blazing fuel. The palm which covered the skies seemed to be able to incinerate anything in its path.

The demon Ilyo who was lying at the side had an extremely unsightly expression. He knew that against this wave of destructive attacks, if he was in Leylin's shoes, there would be irreversible damage caused!

"I've already mentioned it... There's no use..."

Under Leylin's mask, there seemed to be... lamentation.

"Right now, I am not someone you guys can oppose..." Against these ultimate attacks, Leylin indifferently raised his hands. "Time...be still..."

Suuu

At this instance, the dust stopped in midair, and the air grew thick and dense. Even those attacks which could destroy heaven and earth were stopped.

Buzz...

After Ilyo regained his consciousness, he only saw the two corpses of the other two legendary being shattered into pieces.

"That moment earlier.... No, this.... This is an arcane spell at the legendary rank... The divine ability of the legends that can stop time. Only legendary ranked arcanists can cast this spell — Timestop..."

“He is actually a legendary ranked arcanist? Haven’t people of this calibre perished a long time ago? Has he survived since the Mise period?”

The dark flame in Ilyo’s eyes continuously flickered, as if struggling with his thoughts. The performance that Leylin displayed earlier had scared him.

“I can only stop time in this region... It’s still a mile away from fully controlling time. However, power like this is still extremely intoxicating. It is indeed an arcane spell from the limits of rank 8. I could even feel a strand of the laws of time...”

Leylin exclaimed inwardly, before walking to the demon.

“Subjugation, or death?”

“Subjugation? Ahahaha... hahaha, You’re very strong, at the legendary arcanist level, and also control the floating city. However, to want me, skeleton demon, one who has a kingdom of undead army, one who has survived three holy wars and participated in numerous holy wars that even gods had transcended and used human vassals... Me, the great demon king, Ilyo, to subjugate? Hahaha...”

As if hearing something hilarious, the mouth of the skull continuously clacked, evidently in a mocking tone.

Chapter 975 - Phylactery

“Is that right....” Leylin spoke blandly, leaving Ilyo unamused.

Leylin had been of good mind to take him under his wing. After all, this was a legendary expert who could fight many experts at once! He was a treasure trove of knowledge, and a talent in the research of spell models.

Most importantly, he was aligned evil, so there was a possibility of him aiding Leylin.

“Alright... I’ll admit that you are very strong, but so what? As long as you’re unable to find my phylactery, the most you can do is kill me...”

Ilyo put on a front like a dead pig who was unafraid of boiling water.

“Nope! I can choose to seal you for eternity and prevent you from committing suicide and therefore, resurrecting.”

Leylin’s shoes stepped on the crystal skull. Ilyo immediately discovered that his connection with the weave had been completely disconnected. He could not even kill himself now.

“Wait a minute...”

Under such extreme terror, Ilyo finally let up. Afterall, being sealed was not a fun thing. Moreover, if there weren't anyone to break to seal later on, it was equivalent to dying.

“Although I could have coaxed you... But you gave me a pretty good suggestion...”

Leylin smiled as he sealed the crystal skull, mockery in his eyes. “phylactery huh?”

As the highest achievement of a necromancer, the lich had chosen to store his soul into the phylactery, and obtain eternal life — as long as the phylactery was intact. Even after death, it could resurrect through the phylactery.

As for the phylactery, it was the most protected secret and the life essence of the necromancers. They would store it in the safest of havens, some even with detection and prophecy-type spells.

To put it in another way, if the phylactery was in the hands of another, the lich would be completely controlled, unless it sought death.

“It's unafraid because of the phylactery huh?”

Leylin stroked his chin. “With the techniques in the world, finding the phylactery of a lich necromancer is extremely difficult. But...”

In the field of soul research, Leylin had obviously surpassed the world of gods' standards. After all, he had the accumulation of knowledge from a completely different world.

Moreover, in this demonic life transfer, he saw many familiar things.

‘This type of life transfer, together with soul transfer, and also arcanists... No, there are traces of Magus spells in this. It seems like the wizards here have absorbed some knowledge from the Magus World... Although I don't have a spiritual connection to the Magus World, I can still identify traces of it through this clone... Not to mention I have Dreamscape Vision to peer into its most innermost thoughts...’

Leylin now looked at Ilyo in pity. He couldn't kill himself even if he wanted to.

.....

Through the Mise core, Leylin teleported into the control room.

“Master!” The flower genie flew to Leylin's side and rested on his shoulders.

“The intruders have been completely wiped, energy required for the activation of teleportation portal is complete...” The flower genie reported in a rather upbeat tone.

“Alright, begin to move! Make sure to mask the coordinates of the space, I don’t want those gods to find me...”

Leylin waved his hand, before beginning to operate the teleportation system of floating city. The way Leylin handled the operations expertly left the flower genie blushing.

“Hmm? The other gods are arriving now? Too bad, they’re late...”

Leylin smirked at he looked at the screen monitor. He operated the floating city and easily broke through the seals of the gods, disappearing from the Frostfall Valleys.

“He actually got away?” Oghma’s avatar looked at Mystra, as a golden light flashed in his eyes. “Prophetic spells are not working, it seems like the person is very used to the functions of the floating city...”

“To be able to control the floating city this quickly, he must definitely be a Great Arcanist! I never thought that someone from the Mise period is still around...”

“It’s a problem that you must handle now, Mystra!” The gods broke into fervent discussion, venting their frustrations on the Goddess of the Weave.

Mystra inhaled a deep breath before explaining, “Everyone here witnessed the fall of Netheril. I can guarantee you, not one

legendary arcanist managed to survive it...”

“No matter what, this is your job. I hope that you’ll be able to handle this matter well...” A golden orc spoke.

At this moment, the other gods were watching on with a degree of schadenfreude. Mystra had always been too powerful, and now that she had suffered a blow, it was time for them to vent their frustrations.

Many of the divine conscients held their discussion in midair before dispersing into different directions, leaving behind Mystra who looked on at the direction of where the floating city disappeared...

.....

In a quiet space of void, with boundless darkness surrounding it, the air current whistled violently, as a floating city quietly sat on the turbulent air currents.

This was the outer membrane of the physical world, where many half-dimensions were produced and destroyed. Even gods found it difficult to follow every space that was created in the outer region.

“Shaylin, send me another report of the energy stored and the armoury stock!”

Leylin sat in the control room and asked the flower genie.

“Yes master! Currently, the floating city has 12.77% of energy reserves! The Mise core will be able to regain its lost energy approximately the time of 271 hourglass trickles... Furthermore, there are damages suffered to the external parts of the floating city, and the 23.7% of the firearms are unable to be used. There are two missing legendary ranked golems, and one which is stopped operating as the damage is over 50%!

The flower genie also pulled an image, which was the golem that the legendary ranked paladin and the monk had defeated.

Right now, it had already been returned to the storage and the many golem constructs had been working to repair it, but the progress was extremely slow.

“Apart from all these, there are 3 main cannons which engages in the laws of secondary energy, 347 homing cannons, and 239812 other various cannons. 80% of them are able to function normally, and two of the main cannons have damages amounting to over 20% ...”

“As for magic golems...”

“The arcane garden...”

The flower genie displayed every aspect of the floating city, which left Leylin nodding his head in satisfaction.

“This is really a fortress which can rival that of a divine kingdom in its prime... However, it’s not as it’s full capabilities yet...”

The floating city now had suffered damages and its energy reserves were lacking. Leylin would definitely not choose to use it now to war gods with casualties on both sides.

He had a better use for the floating city.

“Master, that lich has woken now, and kept crying about wanting to see you after sensing something.” The fairy reported.

“Oh? It seems like he has realised it, bring him in!” Leylin beckoned.

Seconds later, a golem walked into the hall with loud thudding on the floor. It carried a giant silver tray. On this tray lay a crystal skull, artistic like an ornament, with two dark glows in its eyes.

“Skeleton Lich Ilyo, will you finally subjugate?”

Leylin toyed with a purple-gold coin in his hands as he asked in a teasing manner.

“My phylactery, how could you find...” The lich wailed. He might have very well attacked Leylin if not for the seal.

“Ilyo, I have to admit this is rather clever. You made the

phylactery a metal coin of nobility, and even put it in the hands of a coins collector. It took me some effort to find him and to have it handed over...”

Leylin raised the coin in his hand. It was an ancient coin from the previous dynasty, and there were archaic carvings on the edges. The previous owners had kept it with great care, and the reflection of the light on the coin was dazzling. Nobody would believe that this was actually a phylactery of a lich!

Leylin had read some journals of necromancers constructing their phylactery into everyday objects, some even into pebbles at a seabed, that they could never find it again on their own.

While this could prevent their enemies from finding it, but if they were casually picked up and destroyed, their life would be over.

Compared to them, Ilyo’s method was much more ingenious. The value of the purple gold coin was extremely high, often representing a hundred gold pieces in the previous dynasty. Now it had become a valuable asset for coin collectors and every of its owners would keep it in a good condition.

However, even after so much preparations, it was futile before Leylin’s soul searching method.

“It’s not important how I found it... So? Subjugate, or die?”

Leylin added, “Even if you don’t agree, I will be able to turn you using the phylactery into a golem. This means is enough to deal with another legendary...”

“If you did that, my lifeforce would be stripped almost to nothing, not to mention that summoning me to the frontlines has the greatest risk of me dying... Do I even have a choice...?”

Ilyo muttered and grumbled, but he still chose to serve. “Great arcanist, master of the floating city! I, Ilyo, will pledge my allegiance to you...”

Chapter 976 - Distorted Shadow

“Great!” Leylin clapped and removed the restraints on Ilyo. “Since you’ve chosen to be subservient to me, then we’re on the same side. There’s no need for a contract or anything like that...”

That’s what Leylin had said, but he nonchalantly kept the phylactery into his dimensional pouch under the desolate gaze of the lich.

Compared to any promises, this was the ultimate restraint! With the phylactery, Leylin had plenty of ways to make Ilyo wish he were dead. He knew full well that Ilyo would never dare betray him.

On the other hand, if he were to just give the phylactery back to Ilyo, it was unclear what would happen.

“I will give you part of grade 2 control over the floating city. From hereon, you’ll focus on maintaining the arcane gardens and the golems. Shaylin will transfer the information to you soon...”

Leylin waved his hands.

Since Ilyo was now his subordinate, it was natural that he use the lich as much as possible. After all, this was a scholarly-type wizard, and was probably very useful if nurtured.

Ilyo laughed wryly in answer. If this were in the past and he had

countless information as well as authority over the floating city in front of him, he would definitely go crazy in his elation. However, if the price was losing his freedom... That was a little too much...

“Understood, Ma-Master!”

“Shaylin!”

After Ilyo left, Leylin commanded the intellectual core.

“While he’s submitted already, it’s still necessary to monitor him. In addition, if he ever gets near the Mise energy core power room or any grade 1 important areas, I give you permission to kill him immediately!”

“Recorded into main procedures!”

Shaylin looked to have human emotions, but in essence, was an intellectual body formed of a bunch of codes. Her primary goal being to carry out her master’s orders, she never hesitated when it came to Leylin’s orders.

“Mm. I want some peace now...”

After taking care of all these matters, the floating city was now far from danger and under Leylin’s control.

It was only now that Leylin finally had some idle time.

After the flower elf, Shaylin left, it completely went silent. Only the arcane spell lights emitted tender rays of light.

With a flash of silver light at his right hand, the scroll Leylin had obtained from the Netheril Ruins appeared.

“Ancient Distorted Shadow... What do you want...”

The rays from the A.I. Chip shone in Leylin’s eyes, “A.I. Chip, how’s is the research on this going?”

After getting control over the city, the Mise energy core’s tremendous power had seemed to unseal something in the scroll and given Leylin a terrifyingly complicated arcane spell model to him.

Leylin had been using the A.I. Chip to decode it, and only now did he get some idea of what it was.

[Beep! Progress of arcane spell model analysis at 100%.
Displaying quantified information.]

After which, the complicated numerical data of the spell model showed itself before him.

[Arcane spell name: Calsas' Avatar. Rank 12 arcane spell (???)
Effects: Allows the caster to substitute the Weave Goddess and take over control of the Weave. (Minimum requirements: Great Arcanist, 100% analysis of level 7 Weave.) Description: This is a mysterious arcane spell. With the caster's understanding of the Weave, its might changes. Grasping it allows you to become a powerful higher god in an instant!]

“An arcane spell that surpasses even a legendary arcane spell... Allowing me to become a powerful higher god in an instant?”

Leylin's eyes widened and he stroked his chin, smiling slightly, “Interesting! How... interesting...”

An arcane spell of this grade was obviously not something developed by those great arcanists, but a spell of the Magus World that a peak rank 8 like Distorted Shadow could design.

“This arcane spell model already is out of the domain of arcane spells. It can only be explained with spells from the Magus world. It's at least a powerful rank 7 spell...”

Leylin muttered to himself. Even his main body only grasped one rank 7 spell, which was Alternate World Incarnation, which already had an astounding effect.

“It's at least a rank 7 spell there. If the caster's understanding of the Weave has reached 100% of level 9, that would make this a rank 8 or 9 spell in the Magus World...”

Leylin gasped in awe.

Allowing the spell caster to replace the Weave Goddess and obtain control all of the Weave... What was this?

Based on the rankings of the Magi, that would be like making a Morning Star Magus a peak rank 8 Magus in a moment. That was might comparable to Distorted Shadow, Nightmare King and the Mother Core!

“But... can a frail spirit and mind take on such power? The only probable outcome would be getting control of the Weave and becoming a greater god for a moment, and then dying from the tremendous amount of information and energy being transmitted over. It’ll be like a child who decided to touch a high-voltage power grid...”

Leylin now looked grim, “Even if it’s my main body of a semi-rank 7 Warlock and help form the A.I. Chip, I’ll only barely be able to control the Weave. Due to a difference in my godhood and divinity, my path will be contaminated and be corroded from the conscients of the other gods...”

“But at least I finally know Distorted Shadow’s intentions. So he wants to destroy the Weave?”

Even after death, a peak rank 8 Magus still could leave behind a conscient and not disappear even after hundreds of thousands of years. With a slight chance, he could be revived!

Distorted Shadow seemed to have been setting up this plan before and even given Leylin great benefits at the Nightmare Island. That had made Leylin feel very uneasy.

Now, he finally understood what Distorted Shadow had been planning!

His goal was to destroy the World of God's Weave!

“Hehe... You really think rather well of me!”

Leylin knew that besides being a channel for wizards' spell slots, it was also used for the priests' divine spells.

The moment he showed his intentions, he would not only be viewed as an enemy by most wizards, but the Weave Goddess would immediately become his mortal enemy.

The other gods would also not be willing to give up the convenient channel of faith through the weave.

“This meant he would be going against the whole World of Gods!”

“No wonder he chose me! Aside from an outsider like me, even devils or demons wouldn't be willing to do this...”

His eyes twinkled as he grabbed the beast hide scroll.

“Unfortunately... I won’t be a pawn for you. If I do become one, I’ll do it as the player!”

“Ancient Distorted Shadow... Did you think that your conscient could keep following me in the shadows?”

Leylin spoke in the Magus World’s ancient Byron language, voice hoarse and activating a trace of the power of laws.

After which, a formidable sealing force enveloped the hall. This was power he had from controlling the city.

Hss...

With immense support from the city and seal from another world, Leylin finally showed off his full strength. A Targaryen figure as large as a world appeared behind him.

Rumble... In the remote, faraway Magus World, Leylin’s mighty semi-rank 7 body that had been in a deep sleep caused a magnitudde 8 earthquake and opened a slight channel, transferring streams of bloodline force over.

Hss...

A terrifying Targaryen with a single horn, devil fleshy wings and

and two claws appeared behind him.

There seemed to be slight changes to the Targaryen. There were now traces of dark red fog surrounding it, and its scales were turning dark red. In its eyes that were like stars, there was a blood-red line that had seemed to form a third eye.

“Did you think that I wouldn’t notice you doing something behind the shadows while I had bloodline power planted in me?”

“Get out here!!!”

Leylin yelled and tossed the beast skin scroll away, his clothes exploding open. Traces of black blood that had been contaminated streamed out from his pores.

A distorted black shadow appeared in the sky, numerous tendrils at its sides. It seemed to want to hold onto Leylin, but with Leylin’s yell and sudden powerful bloodline force, was forced out.

Xiu!

There was a sharp whistle in the sky, and the shadow that was Distorted Shadow clashed with the scroll, and then began to burn with phosphorescent green flames.

The flames slowly turned black, and a distorted human figure soon appeared.

“We finally meet... The ancient Distorted Shadow!”

Leylin panted slightly, but he now felt extremely comfortable. Even his soul seemed to have been refreshed, and his connection to his followers’ prayers was now more distinct, as if he could produce divinity at any moment.

“Tss... Your body and spirit fuse perfectly with bloodline force, tss.. No wonder the Nightmare chose you...”

Ancient spiritual force sent over this information, similarly using the ancient Byron language.

“Isn’t this great? There’s no exploitation whatsoever. We’re conversing on equal grounds...”

Leylin watched Distorted Shadow in front of him, the Targaryen behind him spitting out tongue, bloodline force created a dense armour over him.

“Tss tss... Warlock! I need you to destroy the Weave. In return.... I can give you all the inheritances of primordial Magi...”

He seemed to know that Leylin would be difficult to deal with, but more importantly, was aware of the terror of the powerful isolation force of the floating city. He gave up on conspiring anything and proposed a trade on equal grounds.

“Fine, but I will choose when it will be done.”

Leylin did not give even an inch, “What is inside the Weave? I can somewhat guess, but I need you to confirm it...”

Chapter 977 - Back To The North

Leylin observed the trace conscient of a peak rank 8 existence. “Your goal is to revive yourself, right? What does that have to do with the Weave?”

“There are three layers to the Weave. The outermost layer is the channel for all spell slots. The inner Weave is a network of faith and divine force for the gods. Lastly, there’s the core, which is the ultimate seal where the gods have sealed conscients like me inside. That’s also the largest hindrance to us reviving...”

Distorted Shadow sent a spiritual undulation.

“Seal at the core? Conscient fragments? So that’s what’s at the heart of the Weave...”

Leylin’s eyes narrowed, “In that case, there should be many other conscients sealed inside...”

.....

Boom!

After goodness knew how long, Distorted Shadow automatically dissipated, and the beast hide spell scroll also completely vanished.

This was just a dead conscient, and after showing himself, he

could not maintain himself for long.

The seal on the floating city was released, and Leylin sank into deep thought, “Revival? This seems to be getting more serious...”

Now, he felt that he had made contact with the greatest secret of the ancient gods’ battle that led to its dusk.

From what was known in the Magus World, the World of Gods had buried numerously mighty ancient Magi of laws, causing huge damage to Magi organisations and leaving them no choice but to withdraw from the World of Gods.

If those rank 7 gods already had the possibility of revival after falling, then this was even more possible for ancient Magi of laws.

Rank 8 and peak rank 8 existences were already beginning to attempt at containing the laws of space and time in their bodies. Even if they were to fall, their truesoul could still sleep in the long river of time and space, and wait for a chance of revival. They would leave behind many conscients and make arrangements to give themselves another way out.

In the World of Gods, which was the battlefield of a large war, this would definitely happen.

Hence, the gods had worked together to develop the Weave. Using power of the entire world, they had gathered all the conscients of the fallen Magi and sealed them at the deepest parts

of the Weave, and even formed the Weave Goddess to guard over it.

However, even though the gods had done their best to scour through the world, there were definitely still some that had escaped. Distorted Shadow was the largest one that had gotten away.

Now, after tens of thousands of years, Distorted Shadow had finally found a Magus suitable to deal with this situation. That would be making use of Leylin, who had used Alternate World Reincarnation and arrived in the World of Gods!

The moment he used Calcas' Avatar, the Weave Goddess would immediately fall. Making use of his temporary hold over the weave, Leylin could destroy the seal of the gods and let out the conscients of the ancient existences of laws.

“Dying here in ancient times and still leaving conscients behind in wait for a chance at revival... These are all at least rank 7 Magi of laws...”

Leylin stroked his chin, clicking his tongue as he imagined this.

“While they're a bunch of dead people who are powerless, the mystery of Magi can't be easily understood by the gods. They can probably regain much of their strength in a short time or even completely revive. That would mean the reappearance of the ancient final war...”

“His plan is great, and he seems to have something planned not just in the floating city...”

Leylin’s lips quirked in a smile, “Unfortunately... he met me...”

Initially, with Distorted Shadow’s laws, he could entirely cast the power of distortion by making use of the conscient and energy in the scroll. That would cause Leylin to unknowingly walk the path that Distorted Shadow had determined.

It was a pity that even the peak rank 8 ancient Magus, Distorted Shadow, knew nothing about the existence of Leylin’s A.I. Chip. His main body had reached an unimaginable level and could discover the Magus and even expel him, therefore allowing him to have the upper hand.

Now, the key to starting the final war once again and letting out the conscients of numerous existences of laws were all in Leylin’s hands.

The main body of Distorted Shadows had already fallen, and much of his conscients were sealed in the core of the Weave. With Leylin, he could only try to make a trade and entice him to doing what he wanted.

It was a pity that Leylin had no intentions of letting them out.

“I’m too weak... my main body is only a semi-rank 7 Warlock. When it comes to battle might, I’m only comparable to a rank 7

Magus of laws, and I'd find escaping from a rank 8 existence to difficult, much less those peak rank 8s..."

Leylin evidently knew himself well.

The World of Gods was like a playground for him now. Why would he divide it and hand it over to others?

In addition, these methods of causing a life and death struggle would definitely result in an all out counterattack from the gods. Leylin wasn't so eager to please the Magi that he would do this.

"But if I don't do anything, those ancient Magi might do something desperate, so I need to give them some hope..."

Leylin's eyes darted around as he came up with a plan. Having this Calcas' Avatar was an important deterrence and meant that he could turn the tables at any moment!

Even if his identity was found out or leaked, then he could just move on. When faced with a threat like this, it was probably the gods who were more fearful.

"But this is only in the worst case scenario... I have to focus on becoming a god first..."

Leylin pondered inside. He knew clearly what his path was. While he was merely a semi-rank 7 Warlock, successfully becoming a god and receiving his main body to descend here would

definitely allow him to advance to a whole new level.

“I’ve made all the theoretical preparations. I just have to wait for energy to be poured in.”

Leylin sighed, “Looks like I’ll have to go to the north and spread faith in me as well as prepare to get priests. That’s the priority now...”

Trying to become a god as a Legend without help from any god could be said to be insane.

However, after getting the Shade City, Leylin now had the confidence to say this!

The fusion between a great arcanist and a floating city would even cause a true god to tremble!

“Things are dire now, so there’s no need to return to the outer sea. I’ll go to the north then...” Leylin’s eyes flashed and he transmitted a few orders.

The Shade City that was in a spatial turbulence rumbled and, like a huge warship that was ten thousand tons heavy in the sea, split the waves at both sides and pushed the elemental turbulence aside. It began to move at what appeared to be slow but was actually quick pace in a certain direction.

.....

The north, at the edges of Sabu Valley.

Noble cavalry with the flag of a viscount unhurriedly moved along, protecting a noble couple within.

There were green wheat fields at the sides. The ears of wheat were being extracted, and farmers caressed them with their two hands lovingly as if watching one's lover, elated at the harvest.

For refugees from the north, obtaining life as it was now had been difficult.

Just surviving from the orc disaster three years ago meant needing protection from the Goddess of Luck, and very few were lucky enough to arrive at human territories. The others either starved to death or were killed by bandits or orc soldiers, and even became rations.

The refugees that survived had no guarantee that they could settle down, as there were far too many of them from the north. This resulted in great pressure for the master of the territories.

Those who had gotten the distributed territories could only weep at the difficulty in dealing with the disaster.

In comparison, the benevolence of this master of the land was enough for these victims to pray to him sincerely.

“The harvests from the newly plowed farmlands aren’t half bad. Looks like we’ll be able to get through winter...”

The viscount mistress spoke reservedly, glancing past the farmer that had bowed towards her. Only a few lucky ones were fortunate enough to be acknowledged by her by the nod of her head, and she had the air of an arrogant noble lady. Now, she watched her husband.

When it came to her husband, she wasn’t satisfied nor dissatisfied. This was a mere transaction.

Thankfully, the people in the organisation had not lied to her and gotten her to marry some old man at death’s door. That was something lucky for her.

The Viscount mistress looked at Tiff, who seemed like a middle-aged man, and could not help but sigh deeply.

Recalling what had happened to the north, she could not help but shiver. Those fierce and violent orcs had killed her family and slaves, and she herself had almost fallen into their devilish palms.

While she had been fortunate enough to escape, she had then met a few greedy pigs. Thankfully, with some quick-wittedness and luck, she had managed to keep her family’s name and territories. However, almost half of it was gone, but the pitiful lady did not dare hope for more.

“Next... I’ll have to give birth to a few children...”

She watched her husband as well as the few cowering maids behind him, looking hostile.

Only the mistress of the territories who gave birth to a male successor had the most secure position. There were already many girls wanting to climb into the bed of the master and get a better life, many of whom had once been nobles in the north.

“Indeed... while we spent a lot, we’ve finally we’ve finally settled this batch of refugees...”

Tiff had changed his appearance. He was now nearly two metres tall with bushy eyebrows and large eyes and seemed very masculine. His silver hair was slightly curled but combed neatly, and looked exactly like a traditional middle-aged noble in the north. The poor mistress had no clue that in terms of his real age, Tiff was probably even older than her father. However, if his age was to be considered in comparison with the average for Legends, Tiff was rather young.

However, nobles never cared about age, did they?

“What’s wrong, darling?”

She found that her husband looked lost in thought.

“Oh, it’s nothing. You can return first. I’ve gotten someone to

call the jewel merchant and tailor to come over. They're going to pick the most beautiful and luxurious gown for you..."

Tiff planted a kiss on his lady's hand and sent her away.

Chapter 978 - Education

Although she knew her husband was hiding something from her, Tiff's mistress still listened to him. Tiff had great power backing him, which caused her to feel slightly afraid.

With the ability to forcefully snatch something from the northern nobility, he wasn't someone she could spy on.

"Let's go to the village office!" After she left, Tiff brought his soldiers to a building near to the village.

This was the village office, the building Tiff provided for public use. He could take orphans in here, many of which were refugees. It made him look like a benevolent man.

These kids were so young they couldn't work, and they were destined to die of hunger quickly. Usually, nobody outside of the churches would take them in, and the disaster in the north had created an uncountable number of them. The few churches alone wouldn't be able to take them all in.

A black-robed person with a silver mask was standing in front of the village office's wooden door. The moment he saw this person, he greeted him without hesitation.

If anyone else saw the viscount calling someone 'Master,' they would definitely gape in shock. Someone with the authority to have a viscount bend the knee in a bow was a great noble, at least a marquis!

However, the knights behind Tiff did not even blink as they did the same, “Master!”

Most of them were trusted aides that had personally battled with Leylin before. There were also a number of subdued devil worshippers, so they obviously knew who Leylin was.

“You’re doing well, Tiff!”

The person who had arrived here was obviously Leylin. Through the astounding speed at which Shade City had moved in the spatial turbulence, he arrived in the north quickly and arrived at his base.

From all he had seen and heard on the way, he was rather pleased with Tiff’s recent work.

“Everything is going as per Master’s instructions...” Tiff answered humbly.

“Let’s enter together! I want to see what you’ve achieved...”

Leylin waved his arms, entering the office with Tiff.

On the way, there were children, teachers and nannies around bowing towards Tiff. By the looks of it, he had amassed a great reputation.

In private, Tiff continued to transmit to Leylin, “In order to avoid the priests and reduce expenditure, we only have five village offices like this. We’ve taken in almost a thousand children, and the average age is from 9 to 12, which is the prime time to educate them...”

Tiff now brought Leylin to a window, through which many yellow wooden desks and chairs could be seen. Tens of young girls listened attentively as a scholar taught. There were simple letterings on the black board, which meant this was a class to teach them how to read. This scene immediately had Leylin recalling the schools in his previous world.

“In addition, after seeing that we’re giving them an education, some peasants have gotten their children to come and listen as well. I’ve agreed to that...”

Leylin listened closely, nodding occasionally as he saw the glint in the children’s eyes within the classroom. That was hope!

“After studying for a while, the children who are believed to have the aptitude and perseverance will enter the higher-grade...”

Tiff brought Leylin deeper into the office. Nearby, Leylin could sense undulations from powerful beings monitoring the area, which meant security was tight.

“Divine studies... is a class about the gods. Here, I would like to introduce you all to a god, whose godly name is Kukulkan...”

.....

“Praying and meditation are compulsory courses for priests...”

The things being taught here were somewhat immoral, which was why the students were all orphans who had been trialled and would stay here. They used something like primary school education as a model.

The scholars who passed down the information all wore black uniforms, and there was something about their aura that was contradictory to their roles.

After seeing Leylin, they immediately trembled and made to greet him, but Leylin waved his arms to stop them.

Exactly. These people who were instructing children with aptitude to become priests had all been devil followers, and had high priest rankings!

With Tiff’s help, Leylin had long since subdued all followers of gluttony in the north.

He then did a round of selections and allowed only those who had gone through several trials and were truly loyal to nurture the future reliable priests!

Yes, all of those village offices and the education provided was all a pretense! In actuality, this was about selecting children and

nurturing numerous priests. These would be the people providing Leylin with energy to become a god!

Something like this was far too sensitive, which was why Leylin had no intentions of doing this in the outer seas on his own territories. Here, there was no issue.

Firstly, due to the invasion of the orcs in the north, many refugees had lost their homes. The situation was very complicated and could be said to be a disaster. That had resulted in a large number of orphans, and turned into the best natural circumstances for Leylin.

Tiff being a Legend, those teaching the advanced parts being devil followers Leylin had subdued and the place where all this happened being Tiff's land, Leylin could do anything and create layers of seals that made it difficult for information to spread.

Most importantly, even if discovered, Leylin could just abandon this place. He could just cut off all ties easily, but there would be no damage to his foundation!

By the looks of it, Tiff was doing very well.

“We're limited by the qualified teachers we have as well as secrecy. This is the limits of what we can do...”

Tiff looked a little ashamed, evidently because he was unable to do more for the feathered serpent god, Kukulcan.

“That’s alright. You’re already doing very well...”

For the gods, the faith from priests was an essential part. They were beings that would be the prime mode of communication with followers, which was why they were very important. Outstanding priests had to be learned scholars and even needed to have some grace. Whether it was the peasants at the bottom of the hierarchy or nobles who were all about poise, they needed to be able to deal with all these people well.

These were all seeds!

Once the church stopped being in the shadows and came to the light, the other students might not become priests, but they could also be workers at the church. They would be the core strength of the church.

In this age, it was not so easy to have elites who possessed knowledge. If loyalty was required as well, then there was no way but to nurture them the whole way.

The inverted image of the Targaryen appeared in Leylin’s eyes, causing Tiff to kneel reverently.

“My divine class has been expanding and is beginning to touch upon the domain of slaughtering. The prayers should also change slightly, including information to do with killing...”

Leylin now looked very much like a oracle, like some powerful being had possessed him.

“Understood, my master! You are the stars in the sky, and the serpent of the world that will devour everything. Murder shall be your sharpest sword...”

Tiff had lived for many years after all, and with just a moment, he managed to come up with a prayer.

This was obviously something temporary. There would need to be divine scholars and high-ranked priests to discuss and refine it, before leaving it to Leylin to make a decision.

After all, this was something important and could even change a god's factiond domain, as well as the start of a godly war.

However, Leylin was now doing something very sneaky anyway, so he couldn't really care less.

“Mm, notify me once everything's confirmed. Also, prepare a quiet room for me and then summarise all the information gathered regarding the north...”

“Understood!”

Tiff respectfully withdrew, though his eyes now showed his excitement, “Is he finally making a move?”

He had always been the most enthusiastic about expanding the feathered god, Kukulkan's organisation.

While he had tried his best to hide it, taking in a thousand children and providing them with the chance at an education was astounding. With some hidden context, the nobles of the north were now fearful.

In the shadows, there was already a powerful resistance both in the shadows and in the open. Tiff knew that it was impossible if he wanted to expand here. The only method would be to force the way through!

Leylin's actions pointed to making a huge ruckus, which caused the hot-bloodedness in Tiff to rise.

.....

"Hm, looks like the orc empire and werecreature tribes reconciled..."

Tiff moved quickly. After enjoying a great dinner that was made with the style of the north, Leylin quietly skimmed through intel regarding the north in his study room with the rays from magic lights.

With the A.I. Chip's help, he could read the documents incredibly quickly. With a slight glance, he could practically read

ten lines and did not need any rest.

It was only after he put down the last piece of parchment that Leylin closed his eyes slightly, the information forming a network and showing him what had happened after he left vividly.

The largest change to the north was obviously the orc empire, formed from the remains of the Silvermoon Alliance.

Under Emperor Saladin's lead, the orcs stepped into the human's northern district that their ancestors never had the ability to do, and formed an empire of their own. Saladin's reputation amongst the orcs shot through the roof, and he could possibly become a god.

While the orc empire worked hard, the orc gods had also obtained immense benefits, especially the orc god Gruumsh. It was said that he had advanced in the path of the greater gods, and there were a few other orc gods who had increased their rank, becoming a lesser god to an intermediate god, which boosted the orc gods' strength by a large extent.

On the other hand, the resistance that the orc gods had also increased.

Not only did the greater gods, Weave Goddess and Tyr become their arch enemies, there were also the human gods who believed that the orcs were powerful enough that they needed to be kept under control.

Chapter 979 - Benedict

The orcs were the ones who'd instigated the war, and on top of that they'd committed such a huge atrocity afterwards. The elven and halfling gods would not support them much. They thought the orcs too ruthless, and developed a desire to contain them.

This put the orc gods in a predicament. If it continued without end, they would likely only be able to find allies from the abyss or the hells.

This was why the orcish gods went all out in their search for new blood, especially the Blackblood Tribe in the Moonwood and the God of the Hunt, Malar. Orcs and werecreatures weren't much different, and they even looked rather similar.

On top of that, Malar's original form was that of a huge ape-like monster, so there was a high chance of him joining their side. With their tough situation, the orc gods would be relentless in their pursuit of this chance.

The decision from up above ensured that the orc empire tried to befriend Blackblood Tribe. They'd only be making a din in the dark forest at most, and with the territories that the orc empire now had, it wouldn't be too much trouble to give them that land.

While orcs were the majority, there were still an astounding number of humans left in the north. After all, only the human race could measure up to them in terms of their rate of reproduction. The effects of the humans' reign over so many years were not so

easily removed.

In reality, despite the establishment of an orc empire many places weren't under their control. There were even a few armies hidden in the corners of the north, giving Saladin a headache.

With all the racial conflict, these rebel armies received the support of multiple organisations both in public and in the shadows. They'd won a few battles and liberated some cities, leaving the orcish armies up to the ears in work.

“While there's a revolt from the humans in the north, this is all guerrilla warfare, and there isn't a real leader and flag. This makes Alustriel key...”

Leylin finally understood why the church of justice would begin a plan to reclaim the kingdom now. Some time ago, the orc empire's strength had been concentrated and been difficult to deal with. Things were different now though, since taking over land and completely occupying it were very different things.

They were now scattered across the northern lands, making the orc army thin out. It was no wonder that just a guerrilla band could achieve victory so easily.

Tens of years later, the people of the north might succumb under the government of the orcs and completely forget about Alustriel. After all, the adaptability of humans was fairly terrifying.

Having seen this all, Leylin could not help but shake his head.

‘Tsk tsk... Even though they’ve grasped a good opportunity, it’ll be difficult to completely reclaim the kingdom.’ Based on his deductions, Alustriel being able to establish a few bases to go against the orc empire was already rather impressive.

“The church of justice will recruit legendary beings, probably not just to deal with Saladin but also the avatars of the orc gods...”

Leylin’s eyes glinted as he quickly went through the pros and cons.

“I now have too little information, so I can only consider working with them after meeting Rafiniya and other Legends...”

Rubbing at his temples, Leylin pondered over his next course of action before leaving the room.

“Master...”

Next to the door, there were two pretty maids that had been waiting for a long while who quickly knelt down.

Leylin could smell the scent of a purebred Pleasure Devil on them. However, their eyes were now filled with adoration and reverence for him.

After all, Leylin's soul essence was practically like half a devil archduke.

All devils who sensed his abstruse and dark strength would naturally do all they could to get close to him. This was an instinct of devils at all times, imprinted deeply into their genes.

“Hm, not bad!”

Leylin had no plans of being a saint now and placed his arms around the beautiful female devils who were like sisters, and entered the bedroom...

The next day, having removed his other appearance and regained his looks as a wizard, Leylin entered the outer parts of Yorkshire's church of justice.

“I'm here to see Rafiniya. This is the token she gave me.”

Leylin passed a n emblem that was gold on one side over. On the base that was like a shield, there was a cross sword and image of a rose.

“Please wait a moment. I will pass on the message for you!”

The church guard's eyes widened. Leylin's aura immediately made him feel like he was seeing someone important like the king. He was also in wizard robes, and the power that signified more than shocked him. Hence, he presented himself politely.

The guard who went in returned very quickly, though this time, he bowed so deeply that his nose practically touched the ground, “Welcome, esteemed wizard Leylin! Paladin Rafiniya is now away, but we have already informed her. We believe she will return soon... Many apologies for this. Please take a short rest in the church...”

The guard was actually trembling inside in fear. This was a legend! The pinnacle of strength in the continent, and even a legendary wizard at that!

As the youngest legend, and one that had become one in the most difficult path of a wizard, Leylin’s reputation had long since spread in the continent. However, there were few who had actually met him.

“Fine. Lead the way.”

Leylin entered alongside the guard, and upon entering through the doors, a few people hastened over, evidently to receive hi.

“Oh, Leylin, my friend! We finally meet...”

Next to the white-robed bishop of the God of Justice, Leylin saw another noble. His astounding memory caused Leylin to freeze for a second, and then put on a smile while going forward.

“Marquis Lancet! Long time no see...”

The noble who had come along with the bishop to meet Leylin was the one who held power over Yorkshire, and the one that had split the territories of a few unlucky noble families, Lancet.

“After hearing the beautiful birdsong from skylarks this morning, I knew something great was going to happen. I didn’t expect it would be your arrival...”

Lancet now had a sincere smile on his face. He had a vivid memory of this kid who had gotten a position as a viscount during the feast of the dividing of lands in the north. Tiff, who he was helping, seemed to be doing something strange, but that wasn’t important!

Leylin was now a legend! It was impossible to go wrong with improving their relationship. Actually, Marquis Lancet was already regretting not giving Leylin more.

“But... who would have known that he would become a legend in a few years?”

Lancet observed Leylin’s young face, removing the jealousy deep in his heart with some difficulty and then smiling brightly.

“Also... this is a bishop of the God of Justice, Scholar Benedict, who’s also a friend of mine...”

“I express my deepest gratitude for Sire’s determination in

offering yourself in the name of righteousness... The refugees suffering in the north will never forget your contributions...”

Benedict’s voice was kind and resolute, and there was a glint in his eyes unique to those willing to die for their cause.

Leylin had no qualms that if Benedict were to be told that his death would save the lives of all commoners of the north, he would kill himself without hesitation.

It was pity that the people who were the most resolute were also the most troublesome...

“I’m only here because of a promise with Rafiniya. Whether I’ll make my move at the end and when I do it is my freedom...”

Leylin had no plans of being careless with this and answered, causing the atmosphere to turn cold in an instant.

“Uh... haha... Whatever it is, having Sire Leylin coming all the way here is already enough... It must have been difficult to come so far. Please get some rest, and you can meet the other comrades later tonight...”

Lancet’s mind moved quickly and immediately dispelled the awkward atmosphere.

“Even though he’s the youngest legendary, has he already been corroded by reputation and power?”

After Leylin left, great resentment shone in Benedict's eyes. In his eyes, all legends on the continent were the same. They only wished for power and enjoyment, and never did what they should.

There were few willing to sacrifice themselves in the name of justice, and now this seemed to also go for the youngest to become a legend.

“But of course! He became a legendary with much difficulty and reached the peak in the continent. There are countless things for him to enjoy, so what right do you have to make him die for your sake?”

Lancet snickered inside while maintaining a smile on his face, “Sire Leylin just has yet to come to terms with what's going on yet. I'm sure with time, he'll change his mind...”

“Sigh... I hope so! The refugees of the north can't wait for long...”

Bishop Benedict sighed, looking as if he were bemoaning the state of the universe.

“The paladins and priests of the god of justice are all lunatics...”

While already mentally prepared, Leylin had honestly been scared by his naivety. If the bishop was like this, then he could guess at what the clerics were like. They were definitely not people Leylin would like.

“But only a church with such a zealous ambience would attract Rafiniya and have her treat this as her final home...”

Chapter 980 - Secret Meeting

Leylin sighed inside. A member of the clergy guided him to the back of the church.

Golden sunlight streamed into the room through the windows, showing the motes of dust in the air. Furniture and all other decorations were simple, as was customary in the church of justice.

“If you have any needs, please press the doorbell here. We will await any orders... Also, the meeting with the other lords will be after dinner. Paladin Rafiniya will arrive very soon.” The servant that had brought Leylin in withdrew and closed the door.

Rafiniya came quickly. After all, Leylin was a legendary, and it was necessary to show him the required respect. Unfortunately for such a moronic paladin, Leylin had no common topic to discuss with her.

After enjoying a simple dinner, Leylin was guided to a small drawing room. A few masters with powerful auras were lying in wait.

‘Are these the other legendaries?’ Leylin nodded and headed inside.

The room was rather small. There was a bright red fur rug on the ground as well as a fireplace that was blazing brightly. However, there was no scent of smoke in the air. While this was the north, the room was still as warm as if it were spring.

“You... You must be the rumoured wizard from the outer seas. Leylin, right? You really are very young!”

Leylin's entrance immediately gathered their attention. A long-haired woman wrapped in a red mink fur coat stood up with a kind smile on her face.

“Besides us old geezers of the north, you arrived quite quickly.”

She was evidently a legendary, and from the elemental domain power around her, she was a legendary wizard!

“Let me introduce myself. My name is Lillian, and next to me here is the paladin of the god of justice, Sire Patrick. Next to the fireplace is the protector of the north, the legendary druid, Alegor.”

There were very few legends in the room, numbering only three.

The Queen Alustriel of Silverymoon and her chief scholar, Blu were not around. They were people that Leylin had wished to meet, and this left him slightly disappointed.

“Greetings...”

Of course, Leylin presented himself humbly on the surface and greeted the three of them politely while judging them.

Lillian was a traditional wizard. Undulations from magic items and scrolls were emitted from her body, and there even seemed to be some hidden aura there, likely some legendary item she had with her. Her battle might was not to be underestimated.

Patrick, on the other hand, was a man of few words and looked rather cold. This actually had Leylin snickering inside. Recalling the legendary paladin that had died at his hands, who had been said to be a judge or something like that, he was sure that the god of justice's church must have been dealt a great blow.

The last one was the legendary druid, Alegor, who was dressed in an interesting manner.

He was a burly man over three metres tall and with a thick brown beard. Next to his fuzzy ears was a pair of large forked horns like that of elks, with some leaves appearing at the tip. This druid did not wear much, and only had some beast hide and leaves that had been used to make an apron. This revealed a hairy and broad chest, which made him seem rather wild.

“Initially, as the protector of nature, I should not participate in these activities. However, those orcs are destroying nature to a terrifying degree, which goes against the most fundamental cycle and harmony here...”

Alegor now looked solemn, giving Leylin all the information he needed in a few sentences.

In general, all druids took on the responsibility of protecting nature. They were strongly against any actions taken to destroy it, and there was even the rise of radicals against this.

After occupying the north, the orcs were doing more damage to the environment in order to obtain more resources and materials.

The queen of Silverymoon had a great relationship with druids, which was why they began reminiscing about the time when she had been in power. It was understandable why they were hard at work here.

“Eye of the North... Protector of nature, as well as a paladin who is comparable to the judge from before...”

Leylin estimated the power they had.

With these the four of them, it was impossible to turn the orc empire upside down, but it was possible to affect the successes or failures of a few campaigns!

In addition, they were only the first batch that had arrived. The true trump cards were still hidden.

‘What a pity... Even so, it’s not possible to sway the orcs’ power in the north. At the most, we can crack their foundations as a kingdom, but unless all the human gods band together, it’s impossible to chase them out and restore our power. However, is that plausible?’

While having all sorts of complicated emotions inside, Leylin walked out of the church and into Yorkshire, where it was now night.

While it was late, this place was still rather boisterous. From the dazzling rays from various churches, there were also large oil lamps in front of shops. Some citizens strolled around after dinner, melodious holy songs and prayers sounding in the background. It was leisurely and relaxing.

“But... seems like the effects from the refugees of the north are yet to disappear...”

Leylin found that there was a very high frequency of patrolling, as well as occasional thievery, and he could not help but shake his head.

The surge of residents of the north was the greatest challenge for security. The huge increase in population, as well as entrance of nobility from the north, had increased the price of daily necessities and resulted in many citizens unable to voice their unhappiness.

Actually, the people of Yorkshire did not think well of these refugees. All believed that they had not only stolen their jobs, but were also a huge burden.

Perhaps they knew of a legend's senses and that sending people to monitor him would be useless unless a legendary thief or assassin were dispatched. Leylin strolled around and found that there were

no people following him nor any magic for that.

“Of course, perhaps they have assured themselves that with the gods support, I wouldn’t be able to do anything against them...”

Leylin shook his head and could not help but laugh, before then turned into a dimly lit alley.

Streams of dark red fog appeared by him, concealing his original aura. It was as if he had turned into a whole other person.

The people around him were all in a flurry, and none discovered this abnormality.

“With dreamforce concealing me, anything monitoring me will be rendered useless...”

Leylin stepped out of the alley that had an illusion hidden within and, as his figure flashed a few times, disappeared from the road.

With Leylin’s legendary strength as well as boost from the illusions of dreamforce, it was just too easy to prevent any spying on him.

Light fluctuated, and the next time Leylin appeared, he had arrived in a secret room.

The black fog in the surroundings seemed to be like a huge beast

that devoured everything. There was only a yellow light in the centre that emitted bright rays.

A few figures with powerful auras were dressed in black robes, waiting by the light.

“You’re early...”

One of the black-robed people spoke to Leylin in a crisp, female voice.

“I never thought you’d have arrangements here in Yorkshire too...”

Leylin watched the female wizard before him. Under the light, she had removed her disguise and revealed her original appearance. This was the legendary wizard he had just seen, Lillian!

“Why did you transmit a message to me right before leaving... and there’s these people...”

Leylin looked suspicious.

While this legendary wizard had looked normal during the meeting before, she had suddenly sent him an address at the end, wanting him to come here alone. There were also other powerful beings, and every one of them was a legend.

A gathering like this was definitely not for some sort of banquet.

“I’ve already set up multiple isolating spell formations. Even if its a god, none can discover our conversation unless their true body were to descend.”

Lillian spoke with a smile, eyes seeming to burn, “Do you still not know the reason why we legends have gathered?”

What great plans could there be when a group of legends had sneakily gathered?

If profits were the largest priority, then what could attract these exemplary beings would be ascension to godhood.

Leylin knew this full well and smiled, “Well then, you haven’t introduced me to them yet...”

“Keke... Is a little brat who just entered our domain capable of plotting with us?”

At this moment, a black-robed person standing next to Lilian snickered, sounding like an ghostly owl in the night, causing hair to stand on end.

Boom!

A tremendous and cold deathly aura with great pressure attacked Leylin in the next instant, like raging waves. There were even cries from malignant souls as well as powerful negative energy, corrosive auras.

The rest of the black-robed beings did not move as they watched on with smiles.

“Is this a probe? As expected, in circles like this in the dark, power is everything!”

With a thought, Leylin’s body did not move and allowed the deathly aura to go past him. Many undulations rippled on the wall behind him, but he was completely unharmed.

“What a dense deathly aura... And you are?”

Leylin then smiled at the stunned black-robed person and asked.

“You’re capable!” He declared, but did not make any more movements. Evidently, he found Leylin worthy.

Chapter 981 - Malar

“This is the necromancer, Mallister! He is a powerful death wizard who gained fame 1200 years ago, and has already entered the ranks of a high-ranked legend. It’s even said that he’s on equal grounds with the lich, Ilyo...”

Lilian introduced him to Leylin, looking astonished, “While that was a slight probe, Wizard Leylin being able to take on the attack so easily means he must have quite a number of secrets...”

“Alright! Since everyone’s here, let’s begin.”

Mallister urged, sounding enthusiastic. The great desire in his tone shocked Leylin slightly.

As Leylin was right now, he had become more sensitive to emotional force. From the excitement of this old wizard coupled with the situation in the north, it was evident that they had huge plans.

“The reason we’re gathered here is obviously for the eternity that gods have...”

Lilian spoke softly, sounding just as eager.

Even if they were necromancers, Legends like them who did not turn into liches or spirits could only live for at most a few thousand years. This was a stark difference from the mighty gods

in the skies.

As legends, they felt that they did not have any less talent or invest less effort than the gods did. The only thing they lost out in was that they were born too late, which meant they had no opportunities by then.

In this situation, which legend would feel content with staring at the gods up high and in eternal glory?

Basically every single one of them had the ambition to ascend and become a god!

While there were agreements between the legends on the continent as well as rules of churches or organisations, private gatherings like these still happened.

After all, godly roles and positions were all accounted for. To successfully become a god, one or perhaps even a few had to be pulled down!

Even if many legends were to gather, they could at most only beat up an avatar. The true forms of gods in their godly realms were practically invincible.

Hence, it was necessary to wait for a battle between gods! Only when they began attacking each other did the legends have a single chance at obtaining divinity, godspark or even a godly role!

The legends all knew of this possibility, which was why they had gathered.

“I’m sure all of you know the situation with the north. The Weave Goddess and God of Justice have made a deal, so the decision to support Queen Alustriel in regaining her kingdom won’t change. There’ll definitely be a battle against the orc gods. Based on my intel, other human gods aren’t going to do much about this...”

Lilian now looked extremely zealous and ready to make a gamble, “The Weave Goddess and God of Justice are greater gods, while the orc god only has a greater god, Gruumsh. However, he’s supported by intermediate and lesser gods. The battle with the two greater gods will soon arrive, which will be an opportunity for us...”

Leylin finally knew why the legends had gathered here. They were counting on the gods getting injured in battle, which would give them the opportunity to obtain divinity or a divine spark.

However, even the weakest true god was not something a legend could deal with. This was not much less difficult than pulling chestnuts out of fire.

However, this matched well with Leylin’s goal.

Hence, his lips quirked in a smile, “A good choice... Well then, may I know what your targets are?”

“We obviously won’t put any hope on the three greater gods. Wizard Mallister is only interested in divinity and divine roles that have to do with death. He’s only requesting the divine force amassed from the avatars as well as any divine weapons that might appear...”

Lilian did a brief explanation and then looked at him, “How about Sire Leylin? Do you have any goals?”

“Me?”

Leylin rubbed his nose, “As I am now, I don’t think I can ask for much. I’ll go along with what you do. All I want is a trace of the divine force from a true god...”

“For ordinary legends, that is a very good choice...”

Mallister gave Leylin a long look.

For most legends that wanted to become gods, they first needed to amass followers and faith, and then attempt at comprehending a law. By combining that with faith, divine force would be formed.

It was a pity that this was the most difficult part!

Even in the Magus World, Morning Star Magi could not get past the hurdle of laws. Only after becoming a rank 6 Breaking Dawn Magus and after a soul became completely positive could one start to comprehend laws.

In the World of Gods, while there was the power of faith as a cheat, actually getting past the hurdle was very difficult.

However, stealing a trace of divine force would be able to solve this problem, allowing one to get past the threshold of laws. This was a huge temptation for legends.

“Then... which god are you aiming for?”

Lilian asked.

“Probably Malar...” Leylin brought up the name of this unlucky person. This was one of the gods that had been mentioned in the discussions before.

“Mm, that matches up with our original plan. There aren’t any conflicts either. After I get back, I can use my influence and have you join in the operation to attack Malar’s avatar. Of course, you’ll have to mention your interest here...”

She nodded.

The God of Hunt, Malar, was a very good choice considering the plan.

There was no other reason than that Malar was but a lesser god and the weakest of all. This was the most important, because the

legends were not that confident that they could take down the avatar of a greater god.

Secondly, Malar was not an orc god and merely an ally. He would not have too many reinforcements with him.

Thirdly, and also most importantly, he was an evil god! There were no risks of tarnishing of one's reputation for eliminating him, and might even get a good name of being righteous and all that.

In addition, the faith in him was underwhelming. Besides the werecreatures, there were only a few intellectual beasts. He had few powerful beings he could truly make use of.

With all these factored in, the tragedy that Malar would become was obvious.

Leylin had been eyeing Malar's divine force for a long time.

Initially, with his strength, the scale of the followers and his comprehension of the law of Devour, he should have been able to produce a trace of divinity of gluttony or devour.

Unfortunately, these two were too obvious in that he could easily be associated with Beezlebub.

Beezlebub had only just fallen into a deep sleep, and if Leylin were to suddenly appear, the gods would definitely start making associations. Gods were no fools and, on the contrary, were

extremely intelligent. It was just that they were sometimes influenced by their godly roles and the emotions from it.

“Beezlebub and the other archdukes in hell are all targets for me to kill in the future, but not now...”

Leylin stroked his chin as he pondered.

Besides this choice, he had few others. After all, this also had to be compatible with the path as a rank 8 Magus that he would take.

“My path must contain emotional force and the vileness of all living things. With dreamforce being used as the base, I will then contain the law of space and time...”

“With this foundation, the only thing compatible with the might of devils can only be massacre and death...”

“The temptations of devils will definitely give rise to massacre and death. After fusing them, it will form the most basic sin!”

He had a number of things restricting him due to his goal, and he therefore had little choice. The only two paths possible for him were massacre and death.

These two godly duties were very powerful, and it was not advisable to provoke gods who grasped these roles.

The one controlling death was the greater death god Kelemvor, as well as the god who had relations with both massacre and death, the God of Murder, Cyric. They were both greater gods.

If Leylin had plans to go against these two's divinity, Leylin felt he would be better off looking for a better method in death.

Besides these two, there was only Malar, with the role of hunt, that somewhat had relations with the law of massacre.

If it was said that a full godly role meant having 100% comprehension of a law, then there would only be at most 10% of divinity. For the godly role of hunt, this obviously included 'pursue', 'slaughter' and many others that would make up around 80%, as well as other miscellaneous laws.

On this basis, even powerful intermediate gods could easily obtain the divinity of massacre and pursuit from his avatar.

While Leylin's ranking in terms of strength was slightly lacking, he was still a Magus of laws. It wasn't that troublesome to separate and change the power of divinity that he required.

"If I really have to form a trace of divinity for massacre, it'll still take me a decade even with prayers from my followers..."

Leylin sighed.

It would take a decade just to obtain divinity, much less ignite his

godflame and obtain a godly role or becoming a true god.

While this speed would otherwise be astonishing, Leylin was still unsatisfied.

Ever since he met Distorted Shadow, he had been feeling very nervous.

Since Distorted Shadow wished to revive himself and had his conscient survive for tens of thousands of years, he definitely had more up his sleeves than just the taboo arcane spell Leylin had. There had to be other pawns.

The moment he did not make a move quick enough, Distorted Shadow would definitely show his trump card.

Distorted Shadow was an ancient peak rank 8 Magus! In comparison, Leylin was like an ant and the passive party.

Hence, it was necessary that he come to the north and obtain a trace of massacre divinity.

After obtaining it, legends could become more sensitive to one's followers' prayers, and the speed at which faith and divine force was amassed would quicken.

“From divinity... and then igniting godflames to become a demigod... And lastly getting a divine role to ascend and become a true god!”

The system of advancement in the World of Gods was clear.

Chapter 982 - Trap

Dark forests blocked the sky, hindering all light. All sorts of twisted branches lay on the ground, the dried out old bark black as if they were the arms of devils and demons. It caused the forest to seem sinister and frightening.

This was a famous area in the north, the Moonwood. After the orcish empire was established, the Blackblood Tribe took this place over. All intruders were killed upon entry.

However, a black-robed wizard was now walking indifferently through the forest, and the werereatures and mutated beasts didn't even seem to see him as they walked straight past him.

“Moonwood, Blackblood Tribe... It's been a long time.” Leylin observed the familiar terrain as scenes of his time at Silverymoon appeared vividly in his mind. Still, it was but a tiny section of his long life, and he regained his indifference once more.

Making his way to a cave, Leylin seemed to walk through some barrier to disappear inside. He then heard an impatient voice ringing by his ear, “You're late.”

Two figures showed themselves from within the darkness. These were legendaries he'd seen before, the druid Alegor and Lillian. The Paladin Patrick was around as well. Surprisingly, the four of them had taken on a mission together since they'd met, as if something like fate was pulling the strings.

“My apologies... I needed some time to make preparations...” Leylin answered apologetically, “We’re dealing with a true god. While this is only an avatar, we need to be ready...”

The others did not retort, evidently accepting his explanation.

“If your side is done, what’s next is Patrick’s side...” Lillian continued, as if implying something.

Indeed, this group of legendaries had planned to kill the God of the Hunt, Malar. After their secret meeting, a few of the other legendaries who ‘wished for justice’ had been called in. They had joined in on this project, which included many faces Leylin had seen in the secret meeting.

Although they knew these legendaries weren’t pure of mind, the church of justice and Queen of Silvermoon still accepted them. After all, Alustriel lacked the power to rebuild her kingdom and was in urgent need of help from these powerful beings.

As for their motives? Mystra and Tyr may have known what was going on, but they did not pay much attention. After all, even gods had to reward legendaries if they ordered them around. Most of them kept one eye closed to legendaries coveting divinity or divine spark. After all, these gods were using their power for their own gain as well.

It wasn’t as if there were no legendaries with divine force on the continent, but it was only a minor boost to their strength. They wouldn’t ascend to godhood even in hundreds or thousands of

years.

Divinity was just the first step on the path to becoming a true god. They had to ignite their godfire, obtain a divine domain. All this was even more difficult. Besides, the avatars of gods were not so easily dealt with. Leylin and the rest would have to be amazingly lucky to get even a thread of Malar's divinity.

In general, the two greater gods were more at ease even with Leylin and the other legendaries plotting against them. However, they had no clue about the kind of terrifying thing that had entered this group, definitely becoming a huge variable in their plans.

“Good. Once we set up the greater isolation array, even a god's avatar will lose a part of its strength. The trap has been set, what's next is to wait for the prey to walk in...” Lillian spoke softly.

The gods were very powerful. Even mere demigods were immune to spells, and even Leylin's Timestop spell would be useless against them. The same could be said for lower-ranked spells. What they would face now was just an avatar, but they still held a trace of the might of the gods. They were immune to spells below rank 7, maybe even rank 9. They also possessed all sorts of unimaginable buffs to their bodies and regeneration.

Even with all their traps and plans, Leylin and the rest would be facing a terrifying peak legendary monster!

“Is it alright at Patrick's side? Are you sure Malar would be so

enraged as to send his avatar down?” Leylin frowned.

A god’s avatar was basically their most powerful body in the prime material plane. Avatars and true bodies were also closely related, and the avatar’s elimination would damage the true body itself to a degree. He was honestly rather skeptical of whether the prey could be lured out.

‘Come to think of it, Malar is quite unlucky. Legendaries like us are coveting his power, but on top of that even the church of justice won’t stand his existence...’ As a lesser god allied with the orcish gods, Malar was a huge target. Even without Lillian pushing for it the church of justice had determined that he was to be eliminated.

At the start of time, it was very common to weaken an opposing god through a battle of their avatars. Leylin had his eye on Malar’s divinity, so he naturally didn’t hesitate to join in on this mission. Rafiniya was rather gratified, thinking that Leylin had separated himself from some sort of vulgar interests and made his mind up to join the mighty project of saving the north.

“There’s no problem. The Blackblood Tribe should be holding a legendary hunting ceremony right now to please Malar... Records state that this ritual is very important to him. If it’s interrupted, he will immediately become enraged... And if his followers and subordinates fail to find the person who caused this, then there’s a large possibility of him sending his avatar down...” Lillian did not hesitate when mentioning Malar’s name, not even trying to avoiding it.

They now had two powerful greater gods on their side, which was enough to shield them from Malar's senses. This would allow him to enter the trap without having his guard up.

Roar! Rumble! Meanwhile, large sounds and violent tremors could be felt through the boundaries. Even with the great distance and layers of weakening, there was still a huge ruckus in the cave. Leylin and the others immediately twitched.

"It's begun." Chaos reigned as the cries of werecreatures closed in. Evidently Patrick had succeeded in stopping the ceremony, and he was now being pursued.

"Get to your spots and make sure the connection is good so you can hear my commands." Lillian's eyes glinted as her body turned into a soil puppet that soon crumbled. Her true body had already left.

"The time to get rid of the disharmony in the dark forest has arrived..." The legendary druid Alegor muttered and left, his large beast body as agile as an elf in the trees.

"What a spectacle! Looks like Patrick really riled up these werecreatures quite a bit..." After opening up the teleportation gate, Leylin narrowed his eyes, watching the werecreatures that filled the grounds. These beings that were very similar to the orcs now had reddened eyes as they pursued a white streak of light.

Roar! At the moment, there was a black ape-like creature over five metres tall in front of the werecreature team. Its scales

reflected a metallic luster, and claws with rough, long nails ruthlessly pushed apart everything in its way.

Swish! It was as if the air was cut and pushed away, creating an intense blast.

“Hah! Holy Light Protection!” The figure amidst the ray of light suddenly turned back, a large sword that seemed to be made of crystal emitting holy light to form a large wall. A large figure seemed to clash against the pursuers.

Boom! The trees and soil were shaved off, sending numerous weaker werecreatures flying. Making use of this opportunity, the paladin darted to Leylin’s side and took a breath, “Be careful, they’re coming...”

“You even lured out a legendary Hunter. What did you do?” Leylin was rather curious about how the paladin had achieved this effect. He instantly recognised that the monster following right behind the paladin in a crazed state was something mutated by Malar, a guard of his divine kingdom. It was a Hunter!

Unlike the previous monsters, though, this one had already become legendary. Even Leylin himself would find it difficult to take this being down.

“Hehe... I just stole all of the legendary blood that the Blackblood Tribe has amassed. There’s this too!” The paladin Patrick tossed a large ape head away. This was obviously a legendary hunter as well.

Seeing this, the werecreature soldiers grew more fervent in their pursuit. They roared as they pounced, like they'd seen a mortal enemy. Which was the case anyway. Since the ceremony had been interrupted, Malar was now enraged and had even devoured a few high-ranked priests. Those were people he usually liked a lot....

If they could not capture these sinners and sacrifice them, there was a possibility that Malar would give up on all the werecreatures here. After all, what did anyone have to say to someone who was half a beast?

“If we wipe out all these soldiers, he'd probably send his avatar down, right?” Leylin nodded in approval, and then unhesitatingly cast a spell.

Blazing rings of fire immediately lit up around him, causing the skies in this region to darken. Traces of red emerged from dark clouds, as lava fell like raindrops.

Legendary spell, Skyfire Rain!

Chapter 983 - Bait

Drip! Drip! Droplets of lava the size of human heads fell from the sky, bringing with them the burning power of fire. Under their glamour and beauty, they hid a terrifying might.

The earth kept rumbling, and each contact between the lava and the ground caused explosions that formed huge pits. The surrounding forest was also set aflame, resulting in a horrifying sea of fire.

The werereatures seemed tiny in this fire. Even if they'd only been touched by a bit of it, their oily skin lit up like they were torches.

The wails of the werereatures resounded as an overpowering charred smell permeated the air. Paired with the vast sea of fire, it was as if this was the end of the world.

“The destructive power of a legendary spell really is immense. It's no wonder that the legendary council on the continent made it taboo...” The paladin Patrick was obviously shocked as well. While he could easily kill a legendary Hunter, his area of effect was nowhere as terrifying as this was.

Thousands of werereatures were burnt to ashes in a single attack, and many more suffered grievous burns. With no priests to heal them, their contaminated wounds would lead to certain death.

“Now isn’t the time to watch.” Leylin pointed his finger. A few black figures that overcame the flames soon arrived before them.

Leading them was the legendary Hunter, but it was evident that Leylin had focused quite a bit on it. The Skyfire Rain had been aimed at it, and much of its scales and fur had been burnt. Bones were jutting out of some parts of its body, creating a terrifying sight.

Behind the Hunter were a few werecreatures who looked just as pitiful. The fur and beards on their faces were mostly burnt off, and they were now watching Leylin and the paladin with vigilance.

One of them, evidently an older priest, stood out and stared straight at Leylin. Its gaze contained a hatred that was etched into the bones, “Legendary wizard of the outer world, we of the Blackblood Tribe don’t seem to have dealt with you. Why do you suddenly hinder our holy sacrifice, and even harm our people?”

Patrick had been ignored. With the difference in their factions, the two groups were natural enemies anyway, so what more was there to be said?

“I used to work for Silverymoon,” Leylin answered. He was smiling slightly, but felt a twinge of pity inside him. Even with the bonus of being an arcanist and his other skills, large-scale legendary magic still didn’t cause much damage to the truly powerful.

Blue light shone in Leylin’s eyes, ‘This is just a ranged attack

after all. A single target spell would've taken one of them down forever...'

"So you're one of Alustriel's people!" the old werecreature exclaimed. The Blackblood Tribe had stood on the side of the orcish empire, so they were now the arch nemeses with Silvermoon. The werecreatures had all heard that the Queen of Silvermoon was preparing to reclaim her lands, so there was no need for discussion anymore.

"So that's why you're against us. Indeed, that conflict can't be settled..." the old priest muttered, his eyes turning bloodthirsty, "But while you did interrupt our holy ritual, you've provided us with even better sacrifices. The lives of two legends should be enough to appease our master. Get them!"

The priest roared, and the legendary Hunter finally had an outlet for its impatience. It leapt out, leaving a large pit on the ground. Cracks spread like spider webs in all directions as the creature barrelled towards Patrick like a cannonball, its terrifying poisonous claws striking down on the paladin's head.

"We need to show overpowering might. If not, it'll just be more powerful werecreatures..." At this moment, Lillian's voice sounded by Leylin's ear. It seemed like she and the druid were still concealed, as if the most patient of predators waiting for their prey.

"That's what I like!" Lowering his eyes, Leylin exuded a murderous aura.

Banshee's Wail! A piercing shriek that seemed to emerge from the very soul burst forth, the sound spreading in all directions to freeze everyone's thoughts for a moment.

"Now's the time. Greater Binding!" Leylin's hands moved like he was a professional bard, constantly pulling at the strings that were the elements in the Weave. Dazzling spell rays emanated from his body.

Roar! The legendary Hunter seemed to be bound by some invisible force in mid-air, and it was left stuck in that position.

"All evil shall be persecuted, Divine Trial!" The paladin had finally gotten his chance. He'd arrived in front of the Hunter with his crystal sword enveloped in holy white light. His eyes burned with platinum flames.

Clean Break! The legendary Hunter's scales and energy defences were split apart by the paladin's sword like it was a hot knife slicing through butter. Blood spurted in all directions as a giant head fell to the ground.

Their proficient techniques and teamwork allowed Leylin and Patrick to instantly take care of the legendary creature. This amount of strength evidently surpassed the imaginations of the higher-ups amongst the werecreatures, and the legendary priest resolutely placed his hands in his bosom, as if about to pick out something.

[Beep! Based on energy undulations and judgment of shape, chances of opponent taking out sacrificial dagger are 99.99%. Divine force sacrifice will begin in 0.27s.]

The A.I. Chip's robotic voice sounded, and the prediction caused Leylin to move quickly.

A mysterious light swept forth from his hand, disregarding all defence in an attempt to strike the old priest head on.

The priest stared at his hand blankly. The gorgeous dagger that had once been there had cracked apart, to the point that there wasn't even a handle left.

Legendary arcane spell, Great Disjunction! Even a divine weapon would suffer the wrath of this arcane spell, much less normal items of the mortal world. That was not all. The old priest's necklace, his staff filled with divine force, his beast teeth, and all sorts of magic artifacts that were brushed with exemplary strength were all broken apart.

'As expected of an arcanist legacy. Even just Great Disjunction and Timestop can allow me to do whatever I wish amongst legendaries...'

Although Leylin had a few standard legendary spells, they couldn't compare to the arcanist legacy he held. He had even

gotten himself a floating city! He had all the arcanist secrets and spell models he wanted.

“This strength...” It wasn’t just the werecreatures that were surprised by Leylin’s strength. Even his allies in Patrick, Lillian, and Alegor were shocked in secret.

‘How can he have so many high-ranked and legendary spell slots? Could he be a lover of the Goddess of the Weave? No, that’s not it. There’s another possibility... Arcane spells!’ Lillian’s eyes burnt with fervour, ‘His attainments in arcane spells far exceeds my expectations. It’s already at an inconceivable level...’

As a legendary wizard, she too had performed research on arcane spells and obtained a few low-ranked arcane spell models. She definitely knew that this would allow her to cast more spells.

It was a pity that there were few she had seen who had obtained and could use legendary arcane spells easily. They were all old freaks who had lived for thousands of years, none as young as Leylin!

‘No wonder he advanced so quickly. So he’s already grasped some secrets of the ancient arcanists?’ Lillian pondered inside, thinking she’d unraveled Leylin’s secrets.

Leylin had expected this, though. He paid little mind to it, for the leak of information was intentional. After all, it wasn’t taboo for legendary wizards to perform research on arcane arts, and he was just skirting the line slightly. The more strength he revealed, the

more he could do.

“Why are you still standing there? Go!” Like now, for instance. The dazed paladin listened to Leylin’s commands subconsciously, charging towards the few remaining powerful werecreatures, who were at a loss.

Meteor Explosion! Bigby’s Crushing Hand! With the paladin attacking, Leylin used his terrifying control over spells and took care of the situation in an instant.

By the end, Patrick’s mind seemed to crash as he saw Leylin rendering the last of the werecreatures to dust. ‘Such a violent yet refined method of battle, as well as that last fight, is even more crazy than a berserker... Is he really a wizard?’

“Be prepared. Now’s the true test!” Leylin reminded him with a serious expression.

The paladin turned grim as he glanced at the Blackblood Tribe. A terrifying roar resounded in the area, containing great amounts of fury. Seeing so many of his subordinates dead, Malar could no longer take it. He sent his avatar to take the stage!

Chapter 984 - Malar's Avatar

Howls and roars echoed in the area. Many high-ranked werecreatures had gathered around a central altar in the Blackblood Tribe's lands, chanting hymns of praise to Malar. Group after group of high-ranked captives were slaughtered before the altar, their fresh blood dripping into the pool of blood at the center.

Prior experience told these priests that a large-scale blood sacrifice would soothe the God of the Hunt. He would even bestow great divine grace on them.

Now, however, Malar's fury did not cease. He only grew more violent with every blood sacrifice, like a distant cloud of volcanic ash brewing to its peak.

A terrifying roar rang out, and an avatar rose abruptly from the altar. A powerful suppressive pressure originated from its soul, which made the priests prostrate themselves on the ground. They prayed for Malar's fury to swiftly be quelled.

It was a great pity that the God of the Hunt did not listen to the prayers of his worshippers. More roars reverberated through the altar, and the blood pool rippled violently as if in a storm. It immediately engulfed the trembling captives and priests.

"It's our Lord! Our Lord's avatar is about to descend..." The other priests who had fortunately been spared from the wave fell to their knees in succession. They began to chant prayers to their god.

A foot stepped out of the central altar at this moment, clad in golden fur. The atmosphere seemed to freeze in that moment, and the air was charged with a stifling and oppressive feeling.

The golden figure slowly walked out into the full view of the worshippers. It was an enormous and powerful monster that stood over ten metres tall, looking like a cross of man and ape. Its body was covered in swathes of scales and hair, and fierce claws grew from its hands.

Its body glowed with a faint golden aura, making the enormous ape creature look like the darling of the entire world. It seemed to be an existence at the core of the world!

This was an avatar of the Lesser God of the Hunt, the protector of hunters and werecreatures. It was an avatar of Malar the Blackblood Beast, completing its descent into the prime material plane.

It possessed divine grace as boundless as the sea, divine might as stifling as a prison cell. All the werecreatures' minds froze, and their bodies acted mechanical in their loud chants of Malar's name.

Malar's avatar did not pay the worshippers the slightest attention. After all, they were all like ants to him. With a divine domain in hunting, he easily obtained news of his prey from the undulations in the atmosphere.

Whoosh! Malar's figure disappeared in a flash, chasing after

those hateful and lowborn thieves who had disturbed the legendary blood sacrifice.

He had already decided to tear out the souls of these blasphemers, and have them wail in terror for a thousand years within his divine realm.

.....

‘It’s coming! Even from such a great distance I can feel its might. As expected of a true god,’ Leylin was inwardly apprehensive about Malar’s power, but this was only an avatar after all.

‘However, Malar’s true body is equal to a rank 7 Magus, I can still take this on. I wonder what power he could show if we fought within his divine realm,’ Leylin’s eyes were filled with expectation.

“I discovered Malar’s avatar. It’s heading our way right now... The epic isolation matrix is working well, it won’t be a problem no matter how much energy it has to contain!” Lillian’s voice floated over to him. He could sense the anxiety in her voice, they were about to battle a god after all.

Only legendary mortals could accomplish such a magnificent feat as slaying a god!

Right at that moment, the A.I. Chip flashed a prompt in a blood-red window, mapping out several exit routes.

[Beep! Powerful energy undulations are approaching this location at high speed, danger level is extremely high. Suggestion: Leave the vicinity immediately!]

‘He’s fast!’ Leylin’s eyes narrowed as he caught a glimpse of the monstrous golden figure. ‘No! When did it get here?’ Fortunately, he had heeded the A.I. Chip’s prompt and dodged into safety. In the end, he had only escaped the beast’s claws by a hair’s breadth.

While he’d dodged, the layers of Mage Armour on Leylin’s body immediately collapsed. It was clear that the beast’s claws had also launched a wind attack, and even Mage Armour II could not withstand the beast’s power!

‘Terrifying! Is this the power of a god’s avatar? At the very least, it has the strength of a peak Breaking Dawn...’ After Leylin regained his senses, he found out that he had already retreated by several hundred metres. Patrick himself stood a distance away from him, miserable with his face incomparably white. The paladin had lost an arm, and fresh blood poured out of the injury.

Evidently, this paladin was unable to escape Malar’s sneak attack and lost an arm in the process. His prowess was reduced considerably.

Swish! “AAHH!” Only now did the angered cries of Patrick travelled through the air, which was in an extreme disorder to the senses.

‘I was able to see him injured before hearing his cries. Does this mean that the speed has already exceeded the speed of sound?’

Leylin sweated nervously. ‘An agility like this, it’s most likely over 40!’

As a wizard, he could understand Malar’s attack. The god had used some method to exceed the speed of sound, and put in a vivid manner if Patrick had been killed Leylin would still only have seen the corpse before the sound of the battle.

‘Only death awaits if you’re reflexes cannot keep up with this...’ Leylin sighed inwardly as he looked at the golden ape the size of a mountain. “This is the avatar of a god? And for a lesser one at that?”

“What happened just now?” Lillian’s enraged voice sounded beside Leylin’s and Patrick’s ear.

“Patrick is injured. We need to move our plans forward, execute them right away. Malar’s strength had greatly exceeded our expectations!” Leylin rubbed his temples. His voice was incomparably calm, and he seemed not the slightest bit frightened.

“No... No problem! Before that evil is vanquished, I will not fall!” Patrick snorted, and milky white light glowed on his injury. His stem cells began to regrow his flesh, and the bleeding soon stopped.

Malar's avatar merely watched the process mockingly, as if savouring the fear of his prey.

‘Playing mind games and only striking when the enemy suffers a mental breakdown? Fool, this is just a good chance for me!’ Faint blue light flashed in Leylin's eyes. ‘A.I. Chip, scan target!’

[Beep! Mission established, beginning scan...]

The A.I. Chip duly carried out Leylin's commands. Soon after, a 3-D hologram was projected in front of Leylin's eyes, with a large amount of data on the side.

[God of the Hunt – Malar (Avatar). Estimated Stats: Strength: 30 – 45, Agility: 40 – 42, Vitality: 30 – 31, Spirit: 24 -27. Feats: 1. Epic Damage Reduction: All physical damage below the legendary rank is negated. 2. Epic Magic Resistance: With divine protection and divine force, an avatar has great magic resistance. All magical damage below the legendary realm is negated. Note: Legendary arcane spells such as Timestop will not work on the target. Divine Strength: Lesser God. Alignment: Chaotic Evil. Domains: Murder, Hunting, Pursuit. Weapons Owned: Beast Claw. This legendary weapon has great attacking power, being fashioned after Malar's original.]

‘Epic damage reduction and magic resistance. This means that

without legends, the battle cannot be won with mere numbers...' Leylin inhaled a deep breath upon seeing the stats of the avatar.

"If we cannot get rid of the domain, our chances of winning today are extremely low..." Leylin questioned himself. If it was a one versus one battle with him and Malar's avatar, he would definitely perish if he did not summon the floating city.

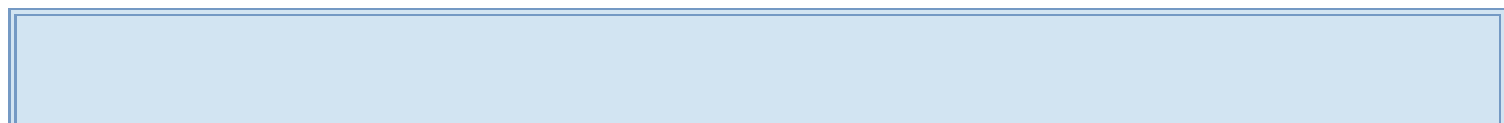
Even with the added support and some traps prepared, he was not more confident.

'I need to use the floating city at the end and get rid of Malar...' A glint of ruthlessness flashed in Leylin's eyes.

Back then, he had used the appearance of Kukulkan to steal the floating city. While this had alerted the powerful factions that there was a rising powerhouse and even fooled the gods, they did not know his identity. If he were to use it now, he would be admitting his identity.

However, if he was forced to the edge, what other choice did he have?

"Wait for me, I'll activate the array and support you again immediately!" Lillian too, wanted to seize this rare opportunity. She placed her bets like a gambler.



[Beep! Sealed formation activating! Beginning in....]

the A.I. Chip's voice intoned, but Leylin could not longer pay any heed to it.

Just as Lillian activated the formation, Malar's senses told him the situation had become dangerous. He immediately charged towards Leylin. Although he was no longer faster than sound, he could still deal Leylin a fatal blow.

“Roar!”

At this moment, Leylin was forced to reveal one of his smallest trump cards. The dazzling wizard robes were shredded into pieces, revealing a legendary dragon armour. A draconic staff found its way into his hands.

Legendary Dragon Breath! Soulburn!

Chapter 985 - Ice Age

A phantom dragon appeared, roaring out with legendary might. Leylin had ignited the red dragon's soul without a single thought to the consequences, conferring unimaginable power to the dragon. A mighty draconic aura almost fully materialised, and dazzling crimson light dyed the skies red.

Boom! A river of magma flowed into Leylin's position, with Malar's towering avatar at the centre. Having borne the brunt of a legendary attack, his skin was now charred. It was the first injury he'd sustained today.

Leylin's figure appeared beside a tree across him. The dragonscale armour had three long gashes in its breastplate, inflicted by Malar's attack.

"Damn it, isn't it ready yet?" Just as Leylin began to curse, the pleasant voice of the A.I. Chip finally rang out. [Beep! All preparations have been completed, epic spell formation activated.]

Golden threads began to float in the air, engulfing their surroundings. Malar felt the imminent danger, and bellowed in rage. Many of the golden threads began to converge into chains as they coiled around the avatar.

At this moment, Leylin could see Malar's feats of epic damage reduction and magic resistance weaken, and finally disappeared. He heaved a sigh of relief.

The ambient temperature fell drastically, and hexagonal snowflakes sparkled as they drifted down from the sky.

Summon— Giant Frost Sprite! The snow converged into an icy white giant. Each of the giant's movements added a layer of frost to its surroundings.

“Apologies for the delay!” Lillian said as she sat on the shoulder of the frost sprite, “Malar's resistance was too high, but it's been negated by the spell formation...”

The several legendaries present heaved a sigh of relief as they looked on. They weren't about to give the avatar any breathing room.

“Roar!” A legendary roar sounded once more, but this time much stronger than that of Leylin's phantom dragon. A black shadow covered Malar.

Accompanying the deafening roar was a red-scaled dragon that dived to attack the avatar. Its razor sharp claws met his, causing blood to spurt out.

‘A legendary dragon? No! There seem to be a trace of ancient dragons...’ Ahead of Leylin was a legendary dragon. An ancient aura radiated from its body, and its dazzling crimson scales glowed like mesmerising rubies.

“Well done, Alegor!” Lillian's eyes widened as she charged

forward with her frost sprite.

‘Alegor? The druid... So this is legendary Transfiguration.’ The crimson dragon seemed incomparably authentic to Leylin’s eyes. Nobody would have been able to tell that it was a druid.

Malar’s speed had been reduced by the frost sprite, and he’d suffered from the melee against the dragon. The avatar was now in bad shape. Drops of dazzling golden ichor spurted from it, rising off the ground as steam.

“Die!” Patrick seized the opportunity, and radiant light shone from behind his body. A holy figure appeared, restoring him to full strength immediately and wreathing his crystal sword in flames.

Shlick! The holy sword stabbed into the avatar’s thigh, almost breaking the bone.

Malar who had suffered some injuries howled loudly, “AH... TYR, you deformed thing! I’ll never let you get away with this...”

‘Tyr struck as well?’ Leylin turned to the holy figure behind Patrick with some apprehension. It was obvious that a hand was missing from his body, and legend had it that the God of Justice had been injured while trying to seal Cerberus.

‘Avatars are indeed the best counter to their kind... I should be more cautious of them in the future...’ Leylin lowered his head slightly as he gripped tightly onto an ancient purple-gold coin.

“Argh...!” The injury to the thigh caused a lasting effect on Malar’s body. His damage resistance had dropped, and even his hair charred. It made him look miserable.

Having been pushed to the edge, Malar finally decided to use his other powers. All this while he’d only engaged in melee, but how could a god not have any spells at hand? After one last roar, the avatar disappeared into the void. Neither the dragon, the frost sprite, or the paladin could detect any traces of him.

‘Is this Absolute Stealth? It’s rumoured to be the most powerful stealth technique for rogues...’ Leylin turned serious. This skill allowed his opponent to completely conceal himself, and rendered him immune to all attacks. However, the body was still in the prime material plane, and he could launch a sneak attack at any time. It was worthy of being called the ultimate rogue skill.

“Be careful, he’s still inside the array!” These legends weren’t less experienced than Leylin himself. After all, they’d reached this peak from a mountain of bloody corpses. Once Malar’s avatar disappeared, the other legends immediately began to attack as a defensive measure.

It was a pity though. It was all a child’s game against the God of the Hunt. Just as Patrick had sheathed his sword, the enormous figure of Malar’s avatar appeared before him. A shadow sprung forth from his terrifyingly omnipotent body, engulfing the paladin completely.

“Help! Save me!” The other three legendaries all understood the importance of working together, and even Leylin began to act.

It was a shame that Leylin suddenly perceived a tremendous evil intent in the atmosphere at this moment. He immediately activated all the defences of his dragonscale armour, and the Red Dragon Staff thundered as it launched a Dragon Breath in the danger’s direction.

“Aah...” A momentary hiss sounded, and an illusory shadow seemed to disappear in a blazing tower of flames.

“This must be... When did they prepare a Phantasmal Killer?” Leylin began to think at lightning speed. This was the advantage of being a god— even such a high-ranked skill could be used as long as one had sufficient divine force.

“Get lost, you abomination!” Lillian and Alegor had also been blocked by Phantasmal Killers, and were both delayed from acting.

In this short span of time, Patrick’s fate had been sealed.

“Aah! Chaotic evil, why can’t you disappear from this world?” Before death had its grasp on him, Patrick displayed his peak legendary strength. The burning crystal sword widened in a flash, immediately becoming a broadsword that was over five metres long. It clashed fiercely with the bestial claws of Malar’s avatar, who radiated divine force even more fiercely. Malar seemed to be on the verge of possessing the paladin.

Snap! Crack! Faint shattering sounded from the points where the claws clashed with the sword. The special ability of the claws was Shatter!

Patrick could only watch with a dumbstruck expression as Malar's avatar snapped his longsword with its claws. The giant claws covered in golden fur snatched the knight up immediately.

"Ah..." Powerful divine force imprisoned Patrick, and he could only frantically howl in response. Nothing he did managed to harm a single hair on his opponent. His surging qi began to wane.

In the end, all Patrick saw was an enormous smelly mouth clustered with sharp teeth that stood straight like pikes.

Leylin and the others saw Malar's avatar toss the legendary paladin directly into his maw and chew him up. Patrick's defences were useless against Malar's teeth, and a crunching sound made everyone's hair stand on end as a great amount of blood and bones fell from the corner of Malar's mouth, trickling down his fur.

Four great legendaries had surrounded Malar's avatar. Of them, the paladin Patrick had now fallen.

"Damn, should we retreat?" For the first time, Lillian felt that she was not prepared. Even just the avatar of a god possessed unimaginable strength. She hesitantly glanced at the legendary druid beside her, who was still in his red dragon form.

“It’s just an avatar, and its divine force reserves should be running low... It used up a lot against the paladin earlier, now is our best chance!”

‘A.I. Chip! Calculate the avatar’s trajectory!’

[Beep! Mission established! Avatar’s coordinates have been input... Simulation established!]

The A.I. Chip loyally executed Leylin’s task.

Afterwards, Leylin’s eyes glowed as he cast a legendary spell that he had long prepared— Greater Disjunction!

Snap! Crack! Malar’s bestial claws were still only a high-ranked legendary weapon in the end, and not a divine weapon. They had sustained some damage fighting the paladin, and Leylin’s Greater Disjunction caused them to finally crack.

“Now’s our chance!” Lillian and Alegor’s eyes lit up with hope as they advanced, revealing their own greatest trump cards.

“Legendary spell— Ice Age!” Lillian chanted in a high voice, and the surrounding air seemed to turn into a blizzard. The trees, and even rocks around them all turned into sparkling ice, as if the entire world had returned to the Ice Age.

Chapter 986 - Haul

“So what if you’re a god’s avatar? You shall fall!” On the shoulder of the giant frost sprite, Lillian was like a goddess of snow. A layer of ice covered Malar’s feet, planting him firmly on the ground as an icy meteorite hundreds of tons in weight broke through the skies to land on the avatar.

“What the hell. Is this woman crazy? This attack will also affect us...” In the face of such earth-shattering strength, Leylin was forced backwards. Even Alegor in his dragon form flapped his wings with as much strength as he could muster to keep a distance.

“You mortals profane gods...” Malar’s avatar transmitted spiritual undulations in the face of the meteorite. Yet, it crashed down before he could finish speaking, and his words were drowned out.

Rumble! A magnitude ten earthquake erupted abruptly, shaking the land and causing dust to form a terrifying mushroom cloud in the sky. Everyone with strength in the north felt the earth shaking in that instant!

“Hah... this mad woman...” Leylin had grown himself a pair of powerful wings of air, and he looked down at the huge pit from the meteorite. The terrifying hole was tens of kilometres deep, and the middle was pitch-black with a base that could not even be seen. “Has the avatar died yet? I doubt it, but he’s sure to be heavily injured...”

“Alegor, quick!” Lillian seemed to be on the verge of collapse after casting this legendary spell. She couldn’t even maintain the giant frost sprite under her, only able to let it explode back into ice and snow in the air.

Roar! The legendary dragon threw himself into the depths of the pit, and what followed were furious snarls and yells. A large black figure was flung out, like a small mountain being tossed away.

Leylin’s astonishing eyesight had allowed him to see what happened clearly. The legendary druid Alegor in his dragon form had been caught by the tail, and Malar’s avatar had thrown him out like he was tossing a hammer.

Leylin’s pupils shrank, and he muttered to himself, “Such tenaciousness... So this is the avatar of a god.”

“You who profane the gods! I will extract all of your souls and place them in my divine realm, burning them in holy fire for a hundred thousand years!”

The gigantic ape monster walked out of the pit, clearly agitated. However, he clearly wasn’t doing well either. Golden liquid flowed out of his wounds, glowing with the light of divine force. Still, it was hindered by an invisible force.

‘Seems like he really is gravely injured,’ Leylin thought as he nodded to himself. Still, Malar’s body was just a convergence of divine force held together by a god’s conscient. It was this divine force that allowed him to maintain physical form. Even the blood

spurting out of his wounds was the same, slight injury unable to harm the god's origins.

And yet things were different now. His wounds were making it difficult for him to maintain his form in the material plane, and his divine force was already beginning to dissipate.

“Mortal woman, how dare you harm my divine body...” The golden ape monster appeared in front of Lillian in the next instant, its giant claws slashing forward.

“Ah...” In spite of crystal armour and tens of layers of frost shields, Lillian's defences were broken apart. The legendary wizard's body shot out like a cannonball, and smoke filled the skies.

The red dragon was nowhere to be found in the deep pit. Instead, Alegor's original form lay there unconscious.

“Damn it... So I'm the only one left at the end?” Leylin rubbed his nose, wondering with a wry smile.

‘There's a few dogs beside this monkey, it'll be a little troublesome...’

“Keke... there's one left? Are you trying to flee? Come, let me enjoy this hunt!” Malar's eyes were fixed straight on Leylin, emitting a crazed bloodthirst.

However, in the next moment, a large palm pushed the head of the avatar into the ground. This was Crushing Palm!

“Are you crazy? I finally got my prey here after much effort. Why would I leave?”

Leylin’s eyes were cold and wise, “A god letting me leave? The divine force forming your avatar is now lacking, and you urgently need to replenish it.”

How could Malar’s thoughts escape Leylin? The four legendaries had made preparations for a long time and given so much. While the avatar had persisted up till this point, the grievous injuries he had sustained were serious enough!

“ROAR! I will kill you... Kill you!” The large monster ape pulled up from the soil and shook his head in fury.

“You won’t be able to kill anyone!” Leylin’s voice was cold as he pointed to the avatar’s head with his right hand.

Legendary Spell— Meteor Blast!

Four large fireballs fell from the sky, exploding on top of Malar’s head. The exemplary flames immediately caused Malar to snarl in anger, “Legendary spells again! Why? How do you have so many spell slots?”

“You can ask again in death.” Leylin looked apathetic as

legendary spell was cast after legendary spell.

Legendary Absorption. Legendary Detonation!

“Im...possible...” The avatar blustered. Much of his negative energy and defences had been neutralised by the absorption spell, leaving him open to the detonation that struck his neck.

Malar’s large head disintegrated.

Having become a legendary arcanist, Leylin had integrated his research as a Magus with the analytic abilities of the A.I. Chip to cause a terrifying qualitative change. He could now cast legendary spells near-instantly. Having been drowned in them, it was no wonder that Malar’s avatar died.

“Still... We haven’t even started the true battle yet...” Leylin stared at Malar’s avatar’s corpse unblinkingly.

The collapsed body was undergoing a huge transformation. The pieces of the corpse melted to form a thick golden liquid, much of which fused to form a large golden sphere. Malar’s cries could still be heard from its core.

“The avatar isn’t made of flesh and blood after all. Even if the head is cut off, it can still move. Then again, a form made of just divine force is extremely fragile...”

Leylin understood the various forms gods could take on. Malar’s

avatar wasn't completely dead yet, and as long as he could flee to his divine realm and fuse back into the main body he would suffer no real losses.

“This unique ability of divine force, the ability to vary its form, is what makes it difficult for people to capture it. It is also the key to murdering a god...” Leylin glanced in the direction of the unconscious Lillian. She was currently gravely injured, rendered immobile.

The original plan was for her to capture the avatar. She would use extremely cold ice to dull the life of the divine force, then use a special container to capture or directly absorb it. Of course, Leylin had not expected too much of her. He had a better method.

“Don't you leave!” he yelled, numerous thin green threads forming a large web that shot forth from his fingertips.

“Did you think a mortal object like that... could...” As he saw what Leylin was doing, the bundle of light that was the avatar scorned him. However, Malar was then left unable to laugh.

Swish! The large green web stopped most of the golden ball. The liquid divine force could not break through its seal!

“How's this possible? What kind of web is this?” Malar roared, but was unable to do anything about the tightening of the web. He soon reached Leylin's palm.

“As expected, a web formed of origin force works very well at detaining the divine force of a god. The A.I. Chip’s predictions were right.” Leylin saw the struggle within the web, where Malar was like a large fish that had accidentally fallen inside. He could not help but snicker as he grabbed the web tightly.

World Origin Force! This was the origin power of everything, what arcanists called origin energy.

A web formed of origin energy was the bane of all godly beings. It was no wonder that the ancient gods and arcanists were arch enemies, and the arcanists had been wiped out.

Leylin was probably now the only Great Arcanist on the continent. He had no problems with turning origin energy into a web, and this was the insurance he’d prepared for this operation. As the large web tightened up, Malar’s avatar’s cries grew soft until he completely stopped moving.

Rumble! Tremendous undulations filled the skies in the direction that the other small part of Malar’s avatar had escaped, and his worshippers’ prayers formed a golden light

“So we weren’t the only ones coveting the avatar after all. I managed to lure them out by letting that small part go...” Leylin had no plans of stopping. While the smaller avatar still had most of the firepower focused on it, he opened a teleportation gate next to him.

“Please wait, Lord Leylin!” Numerous figures shot over at this

moment, all with powerful divine force on their bodies.

This was a group of legendary priests. They were led by Benedict, the bishop of the church of justice.

Chapter 987 - Retreat

“That belonging to mortals shall go to mortals. That belonging to gods shall go to them. Please do not delude yourself.” Benedict’s tone was almost pitiful of the fate of mankind.

“Tsk, I hate mediums like you. You’ve even brainwashed yourself...” Leylin looked behind him, unsurprised to see the legendary priest of Mystra as well, “Isn’t this all for this avatar I have? Even the Goddess of the Weave is joining forces with you...”

“You should know not to slight the wills of two greater gods. As long as you hand over the source of evil in your hands, our church will definitely compensate you satisfyingly...” Benedict now had a merciful look in his eyes, as if he was saving the world.

What a joke that was! Would Mystra or Tyr hand over a portion of divinity in exchange for the avatar? Even if they were willing to, Leylin himself wouldn’t want it. Leylin was used to getting what he wanted, and did not accept charity. This situation caused anger to rise from the depths of his eyes. “Sorry, not interested.”

The clear rejection immediately stunned Benedict. He then grew indignant, “You’re so stubborn!”

“Go!” Five high-ranked legendary priests moved forward at his command, forming into a pentagram as they circled Leylin. It exhibited great prohibitive strength.

“So... now that we’ve shed all pretense of cordiality, it’s time to

do it by force?” A dangerous smile rose by Leylin’s lips, “Luckily, I’m not entirely unprepared...”

Watching Leylin surrounded by the pentagram, a kind smile arose on Benedict’s face, “This spell formation is boosted by our gods, and it is impossible to destroy it from within. Do you still not repent?”

Leylin took at the sparkling array, seemingly deep in thought. ‘These are pretty good sealing runes. I’ll need some effort to break out from within...’

After hearing the man speak, however, he snickered, “It wouldn’t do good for you to dispose of the legendaries you invited yourselves.”

“You think too highly of yourself. Our church can bear the consequences of losing a mere legendary...” Benedict sighed, “Looks like Leylin has been corroded by greed. Go!”

“Exactly what I was thinking. Do it!” Leylin nodded.

“We’re already at this point, and you still...” The fury in Benedict’s heart grew, and in that moment he made up his mind. He would suffer the loss of reputation in exchange for Leylin’s death.

However, his expression quickly changed.

Woo! Woo! A deathly aura, as dark as ink, had filled their surroundings. Numerous bony hands dug their way out of the ground, some with rotting flesh remaining on them as they roared with ire.

“This profaning of souls, it’s a necromancer!” The priests’ bodies immediately flashed with divine spells.

“Keke...” The bones started to laugh with a strange sound as they formed a gigantic horned skull. The skull struck the pentagram.

Rumble! Although divine spells were the bane of necromancy, the opposite was true as well. The pentagram trembled under the deathly aura, reacting like hot oil would to cold water.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! Many black cracks crawled along the spell formation, seeming like human veins. The formation then shattered loudly.

“This strength... It’s a high-ranked legendary necromancer!” Benedict exclaimed in his shock as a mouthful of fresh blood dyed his snow-white collar red.

“You got it in one. I’m sorry you don’t get a prize...” Leylin’s figure flashed, and in an instant he’d disappeared from the formation. By the time the black light flashed again, he was already outside the encirclement.

“Chase him!” Benedict yelled, no time left to care for his injuries.

The supporting soldiers he'd brought had terrifying might. There were many legendary priests from the Goddess of the Weave, and there was even an entire regiment of paladins.

Crack! Crack! However, all these people were drowned out by the army of the undead. The skeletons enveloped them like an endless tsunami, and few spells could fight off this army of cannon fodder. Benedict's eyes widened further.

"Stay here!" he shouted, activating quite a few high-ranked divine items. Still, even he was met by a wall of skeletons. A strange skull watched him coldly, a dead expression in its empty eye sockets.

'Legendary spell, Skeletal Wall. It's said to be so powerful even legendary paladins need to hack at it hundreds of times to deal with it...' Benedict recognised the origins of this wall. Unable to suppress his injuries any longer, he spat out a few large mouthfuls of blood.

He rejected attempts to help him along, now looking like a ravenous wolf in winter. "A high-ranked legendary necromancer. Use this to identify and trace him!"

Although he said that, Benedict knew full well that powerful necromancer had very long lives. Some even just turned into lichens, and it was unclear how many of them were hiding in the corners of the world. It would be a mere fantasy if one wanted to determine the identity of this one.

Besides, with how things were, what was the point even if they did find out?

“Damn it! DAMN IT!” At the end, the bishop could only let out an angry growl like that of an injured animal, unable to do anything more.

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In a different location.

The little bit of Malar’s avatar that Leylin had deliberately let off streaked through the skies like a shooting star, breaking through a few seals to reach the outer planes.

However, just as it was about to return to his true body in his divine realm the Beast Wasteland, he was suddenly grasped by a palm. It continued to snarl, evidently frantic as if in peril. Divine force rippled forth, but dissipated like a cool breeze in front of the hand.

“Quiet!” A discontent voice sounded, seeming to carry with it the power of laws. Every single movement of the hand seemed to be paired with a vast divine force, causing Malar’s avatar to immediately cease all movement.

“I never thought there would be someone in the prime material plane able to intercept Malar’s avatar...” The Weave rippled, and a

goddess with starlike eyes descended to look at the person who'd grasped the avatar in his hands.

“Although there were surprises in our plan, it's still under our control...” The god that rendered Malar's avatar unable to fight back looked rather strange. He wore ordinary warrior clothing, and looked incomparably haggard. His eyes were lined with blood, and he was missing his right hand. He looked like an old veteran whose will was still strong.

However, he'd still managed to grab Malar's slime-like avatar with his remaining one. The avatar was completely unable to move. This was Tyr, the Greater God of Justice and the protector of all paladins!

“Alright, Mistress Weave. Let us see to Malar...” Tyr spoke slowly, following Mystra to the outer regions of Malar's divine realm.

Once they arrived at this place, the golden sphere that was Malar's avatar seemed to grow more emotional. Loud howls echoed from within the divine realm.

“Now, Malar. Swear to the Styx that you won't take part in our battle with the orcish gods, and you will have your avatar back. Silverymoon will also acknowledge the current boundaries in land and let the Blackblood Tribe remain in the Moonwood...” The Weave trembled, sending the goddess' words into the divine realm.

Malar's roars quietened down for a while, but he did not walk

outside. Being a beast did not mean he was a fool. The God of Justice was right outside! If he dared walk out, Tyr would definitely annihilate him. Mystra would probably be happy to see this happen.

Hence, Malar resolutely hid in his divine realm, occasionally releasing a few animalistic howls that were hard to understand. Of course, for the gods, understanding each other's thoughts was very simple.

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A long while later, Tyr nodded and sent Malar's avatar into his realm, and then left the realm with the Goddess of the Weave.

"Alright... Malar side is taken care of. Thank you for your help..." Mystra told Tyr.

"With our divine force, it would be a simple task to break into Malar's realm, kill him, and send his truesoul to the astral plane..." Tyr began to speak.

"He's still a true god after all. Now that a war between the gods can erupt at any time, we shouldn't waste too much divine force. Besides, while Malar is someone who works alone, I know that he has dealings with the gods of fury..."

The explanation rendered him quiet. Even the God of Justice had to learn to compromise. Had he not, he would long since have

fallen.

“The preparations in the mortal world are almost done. While those legends have their own plans, I have it under control...”

All sorts of images flashed in front of Mystra, revealing recent events.

“Now that the attack on the avatar is done, the battle between legends should start soon. When the time comes, I’ll send my divine weapon down. It will challenge the possessor of the Thunder God’s Hammer, Saladin...” Tyr reiterated their previous agreement.

“Justice will definitely triumph over evil. The mighty wills of the various universes came to this decision, and I now say this representing the suffering commoners of the north.” The god’s eyes seemed to pass through time and space, seeing everything...

Chapter 988 - Divinity: Massacre

Quiet spatial turbulence was stirred as a crack opened up between planes. Fierce elemental energy surged through it, annihilating everything in its way.

A floating city stood tall in this region, as if a powerful fortress that was indestructible and eternal. Only after entering the ghost city did Leylin heave a sigh of relief.

“Welcome home, Master!” Shaylin, the fairy who was like a housekeeper, appeared to greet Leylin. Only this place had arcane spell formations that rendered him immune to the spying of the gods, as well as other divination spells.

Once he tossed his coat to an attending golem, Leylin turned to the skeleton lich Ilyo, “You did well.”

“It is my honour to serve Master!” Ilyo pressed his right fist to his chest as he spoke. He was in his crystal skeleton formed, but he was wearing something akin to a black suit. The clothing formed a vile harmony with the skeleton.

Although he knew Ilyo wasn't speaking from the bottom of his heart, Leylin felt it was enough for the lich to act upon his commands. Sensing the immense power of the God of the Hunt, he'd contacted the necromancer through his phylactery, commanding him to stay concealed and ready to act at any time.

It seemed like the lich truly was experienced. His grasp of time

and usage of skills was split-second perfect. If not for the coincidental suppression of the ghost city and the phylactery, Leylin definitely wouldn't have been able to deal with him.

“You won't be recognised by others, will you?” Leylin asked without choice. Skeleton Lich Ilyo, was a name synonymous with trouble and death in the prime material plane, and in recent times his name had even been connected with the ghost city.

“Please don't worry, Master. What I used were common death-type spells, and I even left behind little details that might point to other liches...” Ilyo's skeleton snickered, “If they really did try to pursue me using the clues I left behind, I'm sure it would make for an extremely interesting situation...”

Seeing his expression, Leylin could not help but mourn for the paladins. He sent him away, and turned to the fairy. Shaylin immediately flew to his shoulder, beginning an incessant report.

“I've been working hard to help manage the ghost city ever since you left, Master. That lich has been diligent as well, and the city is now restored...”

Shaylin was once the intellectual core of the ghost city. Once its owner had died, she'd managed it independently for tens of thousands of years, and she was obviously very practiced in matters like this. Leylin nodded along as she spoke.

Time was now on his side. With the restoration of the ghost city complete, it finally began resuming its usual operations. The Mise

energy core was stockpiling energy, and soon enough it would regain the powerful ability to match up to the gods.

“Good. Bring me to the core restriction room, and prepare 20% of the Mise energy core reserves for use. Additionally, get me the arcane energy powder and golem rainbow crystal from the storehouse.”

Leylin looked at the large green web in his hands, it was now time to deal with Malar’s avatar. Still, this was the avatar of a god and could have some hidden abilities. It was best to be on the safe side and absorb him in the floating city.

“Even if I let some of it get away, the divine force and divine will here, as well as the information on domains should be enough for me to refine a trace of divinity in massacres...” He brought Malar’s avatar to the core restriction room, and once all defences were operated he revealed the avatar’s true form within the web.

It was currently a large pool of golden gelatinous matter, an unmoving huge slime that seemed dead.

“While I did give him some rough treatment, it shouldn’t be to this extent...” Leylin shook his head, “Perhaps the most fundamental divine will and conscient is still waiting in there, ready to devour me...”

Compared to the gods’ inconceivable strength, even a high-ranked legendary’s soul seemed fragile. Many people had been deluded into thinking they could absorb divinity in the prime

material plane, but they were instead absorbed by the gods and turned into avatars. Some were indeed lucky enough to succeed, but they experienced a great change in their temperaments and turned into lunatics.

“What a pity... Your plans will not come to fruition!” Leylin touched the semi-solid divine force on the ground with his finger, “Is the origin conscient of a mere beast trying to swallow me?”

In the instant that Leylin’s mind and the avatar’s conscient made contact, the image of a terrifying giant serpent flashed in Leylin’s eyes. Having absorbed the power of the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, the Targaryen seemed to have reached a more inconceivable level. It even seemed to echo within the World of Gods, and its strength continued to grow.

Sensing this conscient, the pile of slime quickly shrunk back. Yet, Shaylin was prepared and restrained it, leaving it with nowhere to go. Leylin took hold of it, and powerful devouring strength exploded forth from his body.

“It has begun...” Leylin closed his eyes, beginning the contest between their conscients and the transformation of divinity.

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There was little to say about the battle between conscients. Malar’s avatar couldn’t even begin to resist the Targaryen before it was devoured, and he even leaked some information about divine domains. When Leylin opened his eyes again, a trace of dark gold

divine force twined around his arm.

“Is this the power of the divinity of massacres?” Leylin looked at the divinity of massacres, which seemed as thin as a hair on one’s head. Sounds of slaughter filled his senses the moment his thoughts made contact with it, causing his eyes to redden slightly.

“This thread of the divinity of massacres contains about 10% of the law of massacres. There’s a great amount of divinity, as well as the power of faith from Malar’s followers...” Leylin identified the components of the thread.

Divinity was very important to gods, and even true gods would take some time to recover after a portion of their divinity was cut off. Malar had lost most of his avatar, so he would likely be in a terrible state right now.

“Stepping into the realm of the gods using the power of massacres? I like it!” Leylin laughed slightly. A thread of the divinity pounced forward, fusing with his body seamlessly. The process was simple; he’d long since tamed this thing.

Bits of comprehension of the law of massacres emerged in Leylin’s mind. An intense, qualitative change occurred inside his body at the same time.

[Beep. Host body beginning to absorb divinity. A.I. Chip upgrading...]

The A.I. Chip's robotic voice sounded, and what followed was silence.

After an unknown period of time, the A.I. Chip's voice sounded once more.

[Beep! Auxiliary system successfully upgraded. Detected large changes to host body's stats. Recalculating...]

Afterwards, numerous prompts shot out.

[Beep! Host has successfully absorbed the divinity of massacres. Has been changed as a life form, transitioning into a divine being.]

[Beep! Host has absorbed divinity. All stats +1.]

[Beep! Host's spirit has advanced, arcanist ranking increased. Currently rank 22.]

[Beep! Analysis of level 7 Weave at 100%. Host has unlocked all rank 7 spell models, and will no longer forget spells. No materials needed to cast rank 7 spells.]

[Beep! Host has obtained divine body feat: Epic Adaptability.]

[Epic Adaptability. Divine beings have a great tolerance for various extreme environments. All divine beings can survive in lava and frost, be suffocated, or starve. Note: This feat overlaps with Intermediate Perfect Body, and is now encompassed under it.]

Leylin also found that his stats were refreshed again.

[Leylin Faulen. Race: Human (Divine Being), Rank 22 Arcanist (Legendary). Strength: 16. Agility: 16. Vitality: 16. Spirit: 22. Arcane Energy: 220 Status: Healthy. Feats: Legendary Sturdiness, Scholarly, Intermediate Perfect Body, Dreamscape Vision. Specialties: Origin Force Detection, Origin Force Amplification, Illusions.]

[Analysis of Weave: Level 0 100%, Level 1 100%, Level 2 100%, Level 3 100%, Level 4 100%, Level 5 100%, Level 6 100%, Level 7 100%, Level 8 87.56%, Level 9 57.72%.]

[Spell Slots: Rank 9 (4), Rank 8 (6), Rank 7 (???), Rank 6 (???), Rank 5(???), Rank 4 (???), Rank 3 (???), Rank 2 (???), Rank 1 (???), Rank 0 (???)]

“Divine being? A change to my state?” Leylin looked at his hands. Golden veins appeared under them, and then died down.

“The progress of analysis has increased as well. With the analysis of level 7 complete, I’ve met the minimum requirements to cast the legendary rank 12 arcane spell, Calcas’ Avatar...” Leylin recalled the powerful model that Distorted Shadow had given to him. It was a terrifying arcane spell that would release all the conscients of the ancient Magi, and could steal all of Mystra’s strength in an instant and cause her to fall.

“If this was in the past, Distorted Shadow would definitely have appeared and used all sorts of methods to distort my senses, forcing me to become arch enemies with the Goddess of the Weave and then make his move.”

A smirk rose about Leylin’s lips. He was now no longer a pawn to be used as others pleased. While the Weave Goddess’ church was slightly hostile to him, they weren’t mortal enemies and their differences weren’t irreconcilable. Naturally, there was also no need to make any moves yet.

Chapter 989 - Power Of Divinity

What Leylin prized the most was free will. For its sake, he wouldn't even mind falling out with Distorted Shadow.

‘Besides, now that I’ve grasped a thread of divinity and become a divine being, I’m formally on my way to godhood. I can now sense the prayers of my followers and respond to them, although I can’t bestow divine spells. Still, this is quite good...’

Leylin closed his eyes. He could now sense the countless threads of faith in the air even without his Nightmare Absorbing Physique. It was easy to trace them back to their sources...

The territory of Viscount Tiff, in the northern lands. The Viscount was performing his daily prayers in a secret room, when he suddenly heard a voice within his mind. “Dear follower, I am here. I exist within you!”

Through his spiritual force senses, Tiff felt his prayers connect with a very familiar existence. That feeling immediately caused him to kneel, with tears streaming down his face, “Master, Winged Serpent God Kukulkan, you are finally awake...”

The same incident occurred with many of Kukulkan’s worshippers. They all began to pray, the power of their faith constantly transmitted to Leylin through the Weave and absorbed by his divinity of massacres.

‘The next step is to spread my faith and nurture the divinity,

before I attempt to ignite my godfire...' A fire seemed to blaze in Leylin's eyes, 'The power of faith is similar to that of a domain... Is this the massacre domain?'

"A.I. Chip," Leylin commanded.

[Beep! Mission established. Host has obtained partial information on the massacre domain. Beginning simulations.]

'The domain of the divinity of massacres awakened when I acquired it, but I need a lot of power of faith to operate it, using my own comprehension of the law...' Leylin pondered, his eyes flashing as he stroked his chin.

Domains were the true assets of the gods. They used them to connect with the faith of their worshippers, and transform it into their own strength.

Leylin had only made superficial contact with the massacre domain, and the A.I. Chip couldn't numerise it yet. After all, this divinity of massacres was not his own. Only with a better understanding of the law of massacres could he truly grasp the domain. The A.I. Chip would be able to numerise the information about the domain then.

Leylin stood up slowly, his breathing blowing a gust of wind across the secret room. The wind struck a steel plate, which began to buzz.

‘How strong am I, now that I’ve absorbed divinity?’ Leylin raised his arm, and a mirror made of water appeared. He was still strong and with a good physique, his golden curls matching well with his deep blue eyes to create the most standard image of a noble youth.

However, Leylin noticed a very hazy golden lustre being emitted from his body. It was very weak, and could even be overlooked if one wasn’t paying attention.

“Also...” Leylin stared at his eyes. Traces of gold flickered within the depths of the deep blue.

‘Is this what happens after absorbing divinity?’ Leylin stroked his chin, ‘I’ll be able to conceal it in its entirety once I adapt to its power in a few years. However, I don’t have that much time...’

“Shaylin, move the floating city towards the outer seas of Dambrath,” he ordered. He wore a purplish-gold robe with starlike patterns on it.

The entire ghost city began to rumble with his will. Elemental turbulence rocked the outer planes as it charged towards the space surrounding Dambrath. Anything obstructing its path was ground to powder.

Sitting at the control area, Leylin sneered. “Gods? The north? Hmph! What use are your plots if I just leave?”

He'd come to the north to obtain Malar's divinity in the first place. His goal was now met, and he'd sensed the situation in the north. What better time to leave than now?

Such unhesitant decision-making was one of the reasons for Leylin's survival to this day. Although there were immense benefits to be had in the north, he had offended the churches of two greater gods. How would he dare continue staying there?

'Right now, the churches of the God of Justice and the Goddess of the Weave are preoccupied with helping Alustriel get her kingdom back; most of their forces will be concentrated in the north. There's little chance of them making trouble for me...'

'Tiff will be in trouble though...' Leylin's eyes flashed. 'It's only something I did in my leisure anyway. There's little to hang on to there.'

At this thought, Leylin sent a prophecy down Tiff's thread of faith. "Immense danger will arrive soon. Take all your forces and acolytes out of the north, and head to the outer seas of the Dambrath Kingdom..."

"Immense danger? Is it the church?" Tiff looked solemn as he began to pray, "My Lord, you are the master of everything. I shall carry out your will..."

"What's wrong, darling?" Tiff's mistress looked over from beside him, evidently worried. Although they'd shared a bed for many years, she still felt like this person was a stranger.

“It’s nothing much... I’m leaving...” Tiff ruthlessly got up and put on his clothes, “You can either come with me or stay behind to manage our lands...”

While she was still stunned, Tiff had already left the room. What came next was a huge ruckus.

Leylin could give up on the land and wealth in the north. Still, his acolytes had been nurtured painstakingly and were too important to be abandoned.

Tiff understood Leylin. He had the loyal acolytes leave as quickly as possible from the north, keeping them safe. With their quick and resolute departure, all the two churches found was what he’d abandoned. They had no clue of what they’d let escape.

.....

Leylin had left without a sound and returned the same way. Besides Ernest, Baron Jonas and a few others, the people of the land did not even know that the legendary wizard who was their young master had left and returned in secret. The ordinary people found it normal for a wizard to hole up in their tower for a year and a half.

Once he greeted his parents and mentor, Leylin had no plans to care for the land. Instead, he stayed within the wizard tower, having his men settle these tasks.

His primary purpose now was to amass the power of faith and train his divinity, preparing to ignite his godfire and become a demigod...

A distorted layer of the massacre domain spread within the wizard tower. Leylin was currently wearing loose wizard robes as he felt the threads of faith in his territory.

It may have been because he was within his lands with many people protecting him, but the threads of faith were even more distinct than before. The massacre domain expanded, allowing him to have a better understanding of this great domain's power.

‘The massacre domain should grow through constant battles, nurtured with lives. This ominous feeling. it’s like it can even steal life energy, which means the more I kill the more powerful my main body will get...’

Leylin saw the A.I. Chip make another prompt, [Obtained information regarding the massacre domain.] In his opinion, he would be able to control and analyze the domain quickly.

‘Tiff and the rest should arrive soon. I need to find a place to massacre, and nurture the divinity in my body...’ Leylin pondered as he stroked his chin.

He could sense that his divinity had grown by about 10% after absorbing so much power of faith.

‘The divinity of massacres I obtained was only an introduction, a medium. After I cross the threshold, I can transform the power of faith and boost my own divine force...’

Leylin seemed to understand something. Whether his divinity had another power was another matter altogether. Before becoming a divine being, it would have been impossible for him to communicate with his followers and absorb their faith without help from the Nightmare Absorbing Physique. Now, he could even transform the power of faith in preparation to ignite his godfire.

‘It’s best to comprehend the domain of massacre while spreading the source of faith... Is this... conquering?’ Leylin sank into deep thought, ‘Where can I find a large unconquered land and not attract the attention of the gods?’

The gods had basically divided up the prime material plane already, and there wasn’t much land left to take over. Even if Leylin wished to head to Karen’s home in the Underdark, he would still need to seize the faith of Lolth and a large number of other underground gods. Most importantly, they were all true gods, and it was impossible for him to go against them.

‘I’ll need to make my choice carefully... Tiff and the rest are going to arrive soon, so I should settle them down first and have them mix with the commoners of the land. I’ll make up my mind after fully unearthing the potential of this territory...’ With the current circumstances, Leylin could only plan things this way.

Chapter 990 - Empire

Waves splashed into the side of a majestic warship, yet it didn't falter at all. It stood tall like a mountain or reef braving the wind and waves, advancing into the depths of the outer seas.

The ship was flying the flag of a scarlet skull and dagger. Numerous others followed behind it, with fierce cannons and countless pirates on board. Even the largest of merchant groups would be scared out of their wits at this sight.

This fleet was that of the Scarlet Tigers, the organisation that controlled the outer seas of Dambrath. The Scarlet Tigers had the best of the best, with over a hundred large warships and more than five thousand men.

With their several expansions, the Scarlet Tigers seemed to have bitten off more than they could chew. However, with Tiff and the other elites joining from the north, a powerful pirate fleet was formed that rivalled the imperial navy.

"I never expected the native empire to actually exist..." Isabel was on the bow of the Scarlet Tiger, her legendary Red Dragon Sword hung at her waist. She emitted a faint draconic aura, her bloodthirsty eyes staring pointedly into the horizon.

The memory of her time on Nightmare Island was still fresh in her mind. She'd been made a fool of by the natives there, and now she'd obtained information regarding their empire through repeated attacks on native tribes. Having determined their

location, she was planning to deal them a huge blow.

‘But I never thought cousin Leylin would agree to this. He even came here himself...’ Isabel looked towards the ship’s hold, seeming serious, ‘Is this for faith, to become a god? Is a god going to be born out of our family?’

In the past, Isabel didn’t have the guts to think of such blatant blasphemy. However, things were different now. Leylin had performed miracle after miracle, cementing his cousin’s confidence in him. In addition, Isabel had been able to sense the power of divinity on Leylin’s body.

‘My cousin will successfully become a god. All who stand in his way will be killed, regardless of their identity!’ Isabel reached for the hilt of her sword, her mind made up. The sombre atmosphere caused all the surrounding pirates to shiver in fear as they glanced at their leader.

Once she’d become a Dragon Warlock, Isabel had completely suppressed the demonification of her body. Dragon King’s Mystic Might had even allowed her to cross the threshold of the legendary realm! Her title in the outer seas had changed. She was no longer the Scarlet Witch, instead the Daughter of the Red Dragon.

Along with Leylin, she was one of the two main forces in charge of the outer seas, one on the surface and the other in the shadows. All the other organisations knew of their backgrounds, and were obviously fearful.

Leylin could sense Isabel's conviction. Sitting quietly in the captain's room, he couldn't help but chuckle.

'A conviction formed out of love?' Leylin nodded as he sensed an extremely thick string of fate.

Learning of his ambitions for godhood and that he'd already obtained a thread of divinity, Isabel had become one of Leylin's worshippers. She even began to spread the faith of the Winged Serpent God Kukulkan amongst the pirates, and even if Leylin wasn't a match for the gods of the storms or the like, her methods caused a portion of the pirates to change their faith.

What surprised Leylin more was that Isabel's faith for him was extremely firm and zealous. Albeit slightly, it was even more sturdy than Tiff's! Leylin knew for sure that if he'd become a god already she would be a devout follower of his.

Leylin sensed the faith of the other pirates, and could only smile wryly. "I'd be lucky to have even one with such a firm conviction as her..."

Although Isabel was doing all she could to assist him, Leylin was still only a divine being. He could only answer the prayers of his followers, not grant them divine spells. He wasn't competitive at all with the true gods, or even false gods, demigods, or devils. Worshippers were bright, after all. Why would they invest effort into someone who couldn't give them anything?

If not for Isabel using her position and doing everything in her

power to promote this faith, the religion of the Winged Serpent God would have failed terribly.

‘I need to give my worshippers some real benefits as soon as possible. I should become a demigod and bestow divine spells to them, but I’ll also need to give them material compensation.

‘This is the principle of equal exchange.’ Leylin suddenly had a revelation. The path of faith in the World of Gods still followed the Magi’s principles of equal exchange. Worshippers provided their faith, and in return the god promised to receive their souls after death, taking them into their divine kingdom. They would also provide shelter, divine spells, and other things. In essence, the thread of faith was a contract between god and man.

Of course, even the Magi’s concept of equal exchange did not necessitate that the things traded were of equal value objectively. The two parties just had to find the traded items that valuable.

That concept allowed the gods to pay less than their worshippers offered up. This was the only way for them to accumulate divine force and increase their power. Sadly, these days the churches were growing more competitive. The gods had to give in greater amounts to obtain more and better followers. This internal competition caused wasteful consumption of divine force.

On top of that, there were devils and demons stealing their ‘food’.

‘This is the sorrow of the gods. As their foundations are with the

mortals, they can never abandon the faith in the prime material plane. Gods whose faith has been lost will gradually die out, and their eternity is but an unrealistic rosy view...' Leylin sighed. Although this path was powerful, it was so limiting it wasn't worth him immersing himself in it.

This body was only a clone, while the original walked the path of the ancient Warlocks. This had never changed. That was strength that truly belonged to him, and Leylin knew this very well.

Of course, the path of faith was the most compatible with the rules of the World of Gods, and there were many areas of it he could learn from. Clone as he was, this Leylin did not hesitate in his attempt at godhood.

After pondering the contract between gods and humans, Leylin focused on other matters.

'But... Even I didn't expect that just as I was trying to find a place to expand my faith and comprehend the domain of massacre, the native empire suddenly emerged... Could the world origin force be helping me in hopes that I succeed? What kind of joke is this?'

He'd originally planned to conquer another territory to boost his relationship with his worshippers, comprehending the massacre domain and disseminating his faith. The information about the native empire had been a huge surprise.

Although there were legends and rumours about the native empire in the outer seas, Isabel had now found a number of safe

shipping routes. It seemed too much of a coincidence, so Leylin smelled something fishy.

To the consciences of the gods, a Magus like him was an intruder and their arch nemesis. Why would they try to help him? It would be more normal if he was being hunted down!

‘What’s with this situation? Could it be that the World Will treats me as a complete native after reincarnation, and is trying to get me on its side? Or is it in such deep sleep that it doesn’t react to the matters of the world anymore. Maybe this is to balance power... Have the gods’ goals deviated from that of the World Will, and they’re betraying it?’

Numerous possibilities flashed in Leylin’s mind, and were simulated by the A.I. Chip to find any possible changes in the future.

‘There are many changes in the future... But I can’t go wrong with grasping the present!’ After planning for a long time, Leylin sighed, ‘Whatever it is, occupying the native empire and comprehending the massacre domain amidst constant slaughter is key. I need to spread my faith afterwards as well...’

At this thought, Leylin sent out a divine call.

“Master!” A moment later, Tiff’s figure emerged from the shadows without a sound or any trace of energy undulations.

“Have you met Isabel? You will work with her in the future, and spread faith of me in the native empire...” A golden ray flashed in his eyes.

“I’ve seen her... If Master already has such power in the outer seas, the native empire will not be a problem for you.” Tiff spoke reverently.

He was actually rather surprised that Leylin had a legendary sorcerer under him, and rather relieved as well. He obviously did not dare to be negligent when it came to Leylin’s divine orders.

Watching Tiff’s figure disappear, Leylin nodded inside. Tiff’s retreat from the north had gone quite well. While he had lost a few helpers in the process, they were outer powers that did not know their true secrets. The group of acolytes that Leylin prized the most successfully reached the outer seas, giving Leylin the confidence to declare war on the native empire.

After all, faith could provide unimaginable effects when one was invading and occupying another territory. This war could be said to be a selection and training for the priests. With Leylin’s foresight, he would definitely be able to discover a large number of people who would form the sturdy foundations for his church in the future.

He had two legendaries in Isabel and Tiff, as well as an experienced army. They were being led by a divine being in himself, and on top of that they had the continuous support of the Faulen Family. This was what Leylin was counting on!

He'd basically sent out all his elites for this battle, his ambition evidently not something a mere fief with a small population could satisfy.

Chapter 991 - Debanks Island

An intense military discussion was taking place within the captain's room of the Scarlet Tiger, with few participants.

Leylin, as the person in charge, naturally sat at the front of the table, with Isabel and Tiff by his side. At Isabel's side were Robin Hood, Ronald, Karen, and the other leaders of the pirates. Next to Tiff was the organisation Leylin had run in the north. This included devil worshippers and real devils. Even if they concealed it, their aura still caused the pirates to feel a sense of danger and unease.

Next to the devil worshippers were a few priests, higher-ups with grim faces. These priests were seeds that Leylin had nurtured. Although they were young, they were already beginning to show merciful and kindly traits, and did not seem to be compatible with the devils. However, they still sat together, which created a rather interesting atmosphere.

These two groups were meeting for the first time, and could not help but size each other up curiously. These were all Leylin's elite forces, as well as the fledgling form of his future church and army. They were also the capital Leylin was using on an expedition to the native empire, and he naturally had to integrate them well.

After the long self-introductions were completed, Leylin coughed softly. Immediately after, the area went quiet.

"Isabel, describe the current situation." Leylin always called

Isabel by name in official settings, and this was something that would continue even after he became a god. To long-lived beings like them, blood relations and the like were pointless. Their only interest lay in immortality.

“One of the pirate groups under me found the native empire. It’s on a large island the size of two or three kingdoms like Dambrath put together, and its vicinity is always filled with dangerous storms and ocean currents. There’s only a small period of time every year where ships can successfully sail past the area, which is why their contact with the outer world is minimal. My underlings now have a clear idea of the patterns of the currents, and have created an accurate shipping route...”

Identifying ocean currents and shipping routes was a fundamental skill for the pirates under Isabel. With their lives depending on the seas, their ability to navigate and determine their location based on the stars far exceeded that of the navigators of normal merchant ships.

As the greatest captain in the outer seas, Isabel naturally had many talented people at her disposal. Once they’d determined the location, identifying shipping routes was a simple task. It would take some time, though, and the many tests would have to come at the costs of lives.

“Hss!” Isabel’s speech immediately caused gasps to sound from Tiff’s underlings. “The size of two or three Dambrath Kingdoms? That area is akin to a small continent already!”

“The Dambrath Kingdom is made up of roughly a million people.

Even the most conservative estimate puts the native population over 2 million. We have to face so many, how frightening!”

The simple ratio caused uneasy looks on some pirates’ faces. After all, they had less than ten thousand men, and they had to fight over a hundred each. If not for their naval advantage and the shipping route, they would have thought of escape already.

“Quiet!” Tiff yelled. “Are you trying to humiliate yourselves in front of our master? Or are your minds that weak?”

The strict questions combined with his legendary might immediately caused everyone to quiet down.

Leylin nonchalantly waved his arms. “Although there are many natives, it doesn’t mean much. You’ll know how things are once we get onshore.”

Even in Leylin’s previous world, the colonialists in the age of discovery had conquered the Americas using mere hundreds or even tens of people. With thousands of criminals, pirates and many others, they had taken over the whole continent. In the end, they had become the heroes of heroes, like Cortéz who used just a thousand people to take over the fifteen million Aztecs in just five years.

This native empire wasn’t much different from the Aztec Empire of his old world, a backwards civilisation full of savagery and ignorance. With their advancements in civilisation and technology, conquering some oversized land with a backwards

people was no different from slaughtering a fat pig.

And most importantly, with a 'god' like Leylin on their side, what chance of failure was there? As a divine being, Leylin had an invisible aura that was greatly infectious. Seeing his confidence, the fears of the rest were allayed.

Leylin nodded at the result of the situation, allowing Isabel to continue the introduction of the native empire.

“Based on our usual practices, I call this newly discovered island Debanks Island. We know of a native empire at the very centre called Sakartes, translating to ‘the sun that never sets.’ It takes up most of the flatland on the island, with a population of about a million and a half. There are a few warring tribes around the Sakartes Empire, most subservient to it. Altogether, they add up to about five or six hundred thousand as well...”

Isabel evidently valued intelligence, being able to gather such definite information about the Sakartes Empire. It was pretty good. Although they were prepared for it, some of the people still gasped when they heard they would be declaring war on about two million people.

Looking at her subordinates' actions, Isabel exclaimed coldly in a condescending tone, “Hehe... that's nothing, you brainless things! They aren't two million enemies, instead two million healthy slaves! There's also countless treasures to be plundered and fertile land to be won!”

It was then that the rest of the pirates reacted, remembering the frail natives. They took these people as slaves, so they obviously knew that just the sight of their blades could scare them into subservience. They would not resist no matter how they were flogged, and sometimes a single supervisor could manage hundreds of them at a time. Now disregarding their numbers, the pirates finally reacted with a feeling of vast superiority.

“Exactly! Those natives are so frail. What’s there to be afraid of? Besides, we don’t have to declare war on all of them at once. We can work from the surrounding tribes and subdue a few groups to work for us and let them kill themselves...” Ronald spoke in a low voice, “If we conquer such a large land, or even just ten percent of it, all of you will be able to obtain unimaginable amounts of wealth and even become nobles who have land...”

Pirates always lived with their lives on the line. Hearing something so tempting, their breaths began to grow ragged as their eyes turned bloodshot.

“That’s right... With our Marquisdom, my family has the authority to confer titles. When the time comes, I definitely won’t be stingy...” Leylin’s promise immediately caused the pirates to cheer. The temptation of becoming nobles would convince these lowly pirates to work torturously.

The people at Tiff’s side began to grow a little restless. After all, the members of the clergy needed to eat and drink, and lead safe and comfortable lives.

“It is an order from our Lord, we are to take over the native

empire and spread his faith there!” Tiff grimly announced.

“For our Master!” The rest began to pray devoutly.

Learning about each other, everyone left the room in succession. Only Tiff and Isabel were left behind.

“It doesn’t matter if there are ten times more natives than us, but... has Master ever thought about the possibility of them being protected by gods?” Tiff asked solemnly. This was also what Leylin had been trying his best to avoid.

“Mm, I also wanted to warn you about this. In the few native tribes of the outer seas, there are faith totems. Some were even comparable to legendaries or demigods...” Isabel spoke seriously. From their point of view, no matter how useless the natives could be, they could still have one or two true gods. That would be terrible.

After all, Leylin was merely a divine being. The cruelty of divine battles could be experienced from many historical poems and poetic sagas.

“You don’t have to worry about this. The Debanks Island does have a few native religions and divine beings, but at most, there’s only a demigod and not a true one... On top of that, the gods of the continent have no interest in the faith of the natives...” Leylin guaranteed.

When it came to gods, he obviously was the one with the biggest say. Upon hearing this, Isabel and Tiff relaxed. Although there was a large gap between him and true gods, there wasn't as much of a difference between a divine being and a demigod. They still had the courage to risk their lives for this.

As for how Leylin knew about this, Isabel and Tiff sensibly did not ask more questions. Gods always had their own secrets...

Leylin too had no intention to share his plans. After they left, he went to the bottom of the hold of the ship and saw a group of native slaves cowering in fear. In preparations for this expedition, these natives would be the translators and communicators. This would reduce the natives' hatred of this colonial invasion.

Chapter 992 - Contamination

‘A.I. Chip, show me the schematic from the soul research.’ Leylin seemed to have no reaction to the natives’ fear. A wave of the hand had a wizened old man approach him, and he pressed his palm into the old man’s head with a glint in his eyes.

Time, passed, and the man’s expression warped quickly. There was happiness and suffering, but mostly confusion. The rest of the natives backed off as they watched this ‘god’ ‘bestow’ gifts upon him.

In their point of view, the leader of the slaves and the supervisor were both amazing people. As for Leylin, who headed thousands of pirates and had several hundred large ships in his possession, he far surpassed their tribal chiefs or priest elders. Perhaps the only thing that could compare to him were their totems.

[Beep! Soul schematic analysis completed. Beginning comparison...]

The A.I. Chip projected a coloured image in front of Leylin, comparing the native’s soul to that of a regular person. A few darker regions were specifically marked out.

Putting the now-useless lab rat down, Leylin returned to his bedroom alone. Large amounts of data flashed across his eyes, and

he began to turn serious.

“As expected, there’s something wrong with the natives’ souls...” A long time ago, Leylin had discovered an extremely interesting phenomenon. None of the native tribes in the outer seas believed in any true gods. This was something unthinkable!

The gods were so thirsty for faith that they wouldn’t even leave strange creatures and mud beasts alone. Why would they abandon these intelligent natives? Even if their souls weren’t even a tenth as strong as that of a commoner from the mainland, the gods still understood that little things would add up.

However, of all the tribes that Leylin had attacked, the natives all believed in natural spirits and totems, and there was no appearance of the gods from the mainland at all. The only explanation for this would be that there was some flaw in their power of faith, which left the gods with no choice but to give up on them and treat them as trash. They allowed the natives to do as they wished, and even if they knew of the large native empire they didn’t bother with it.

With large amounts of research and comparisons, as well as with his own abilities as a divine being, Leylin had finally touched upon the secret.

‘This spirit... The problem isn’t exactly internal. It’s actually contaminated...’ Leylin was now solemn, ‘On top of that, this mutation is familiar, with the mark of arcane and Magus spells... It reaches the depths of their genes, and has been passed on generation after generation.’

In essence, the power of faith was just soul energy that was dispersed when worshippers reached an emotional peak during their prayers or ceremonies, full of fervour. Using their domains and divine sparks, the gods absorbed this specific soul energy and turned it into divine force. There was no essential difference between lesser and greater gods either. It was the same process.

“What happens if we absorb this mutated soul force?”

‘A.I. Chip, simulate the absorption of the natives’ power of faith,’ Leylin commanded, stroking his chin with his interest piqued.

[Beep! Mission established. Beginning simulations...
Preparing model...]

Large amounts of data flashed by Leylin’s eyes, giving form to a scenario. The statue of Malar from before had been enshrined around a native altar, the rest of the natives worshipping it. Visible only to divine beings, power of faith rippled as it gathered at the stone statue.

There was no change to the statue at the beginning, and his divine force increased in strength. However, a decade later the statue began to grow indistinct. A dark red lustre lingered around it, and Malar turned more violent and asked for regular blood sacrifices.

A century later, Malar's divine realm exploded amidst his despairing roars. A gigantic ape body fell into the prime material plane, bound securely around the native priests.

Five centuries had passed, and Malar was now a beast with no mind of his own. He had turned into a golden flag, with the figure of an ape on it.

'I used Malar as the model because I'm more familiar with his divine force, but I never thought this would happen...' Once the simulation had passed, Leylin fearfully recalled the scene just then.

"There's definitely something wrong with the natives' power of faith. It's greatly contaminated, and can even cause a true god to weaken, eventually even fall to the prime material plane. Combined with the sacrifices, they become bound to the planet, their mind slowly erased until all that's left is pure instinct..."

Such a miserable thing was no different from suicide. It was no wonder why the gods had forsaken these inhabitants.

'They lost their holy kingdom, and were banished into this area with their consciousness eroding over time. It's worse than confinement... The power of their faith is contaminated, but it's a hereditary thing that they simply can't change...'

Leylin pondered over the issue, 'Since that's the case, I don't have to worry about other gods meddling if I enact my plans on this kingdom. However, I'll have to bear the burden all on my

own...'

Although the worship of these inhabitants was lacking, and the spirits they bound weren't as powerful as gods, a demigod who assimilated with those spirits could become comparable to gods! The totemic demigods would be that strong!

Of course, once they left their area, the power of these demigods would fall drastically.

'No matter what, there is a chance here. A huge one!' Leylin's eyes flashed as countless possible scenarios unfolded in his mind. All that was left was to bring them to reality.

"However... The incompleteness and contamination of these spirits still makes me uneasy. If I don't understand them completely..." Leylin recalled several samples of these totems, his divine conscience delving deep into the genes where the ancient memories were located...

There was a fire on the battlefield, floating cities crashing into the ground like meteorites. The arcanists, who were always intelligent and farsighted, who controlled all the truth in the world were now being slain. Their murderers? The gods!

The last remaining arcanists of Netheril cried out in hatred and anguish, "The spark of the arcane spells of Mise will never cease! We will never yield..."

Multiple memory fragments were revealed to Leylin, and even with his power he could only process a small portion of them. However, the information divulged from even that small portion was enough to move him.

“So these people are actually immigrants from the Netheril era!” Leylin gasped. He’d previously seen other people from the Netheril era before, like Helen. Although it was a rather miserable thing to see them run and hide for their lives, they were living in heaven compared to these people.

‘Who’d have guessed that the progressive and cultured Netherese have been reduced to such a state over tens of thousands of years. They’re called barbarians and fools, some even captured and turned into slaves...’ Leylin sighed inwardly.

He could now understand what had happened before. The gods had been displeased with the fearless research of the Netherese arcanists, and it had eventually led to war. They began to kill what looked like all living arcanists, and most of the floating cities crashed into oblivion. The Netherese civilization had crumbled in a day.

It was at this moment that a group of Netherese had gathered. They likely wished to resist the enslavement of the gods, and were resolute in their decision. They swallowed a medicine that caused them to reject the power of faith, the rest unlucky enough to be swept into the high-ranking battle and ending up as collateral damage.

In any case, the Netherese had experienced a complete change in

spirit, and were now considered venomous to the power of faith, and in turn to the gods themselves! They definitely wouldn't be taken in by the gods, so they escaped across the seas and started reproducing here.

During this process, due to the powers of the gods and other backhanded means, these people from the Netherese Era had regressed. What was once a renowned and cultured civilisation had now turned into a group of barbaric and foolish tribals...

‘If my guess is correct, the ancestors of these natives turned into barbarians after rejecting the power of faith. This had stopped them from finding even one god to turn to, how pitiful...’ Leylin felt the anguish of losing a whole civilisation from the bottom of his heart.

His eyes turned red. ‘However... Since matters have turned out like this... Hand over your blood, tears, hatred, and your power of belief- everything...’

The gods may not have been able to resolve the issue, but Leylin could circumvent it. His ancient Nightmare Absorbing Physique could absorb emotion itself, and the emotions of millions of people would definitely grant him power to rival gods!

‘Of course I have to keep a low profile about this. At least before I begin my ascension, the ability to make use of these inhabitants’ power of faith shouldn't be divulged...’ Leylin rubbed his temples, feeling a headache. The number of secrets he was hiding continued to grow.

‘I’ll have to devise a meticulous plan. Fortunately, Debank Islands is a solitary one, with almost zero contact with the mainland, so there’s a chance to keep information from leaking!’

Chapter 993 - Flaming Bird

Hundreds of towering warships glided across the outer seas, making for a magnificent sight.

However, it wasn't so beautiful to the one in charge of the long voyage. There were five thousand men to feed and take care of, which was a huge problem on the seas. On top of that there was the restlessness, and the disease that constantly crept up on Leylin's men.

Fortunately the crew were originally pirates of the Scarlet Tiger, so they could handle such long distance sailing. Tiff himself had dispatched the acolytes under him to each and every ship, boosting the morale of the men. Without holy magic to aid them, it was a very big test.

Leylin was on the deck of the flagship, looking out at the boundless sea. He breathed a light sigh, "Our food and water supplies are depleting quickly. This long distance war is really a huge gamble... Fortunately, we are able to reach Debanks Islands before our stock runs out..."

A flush of red appeared on Isabel's face, a rare sight. Being the captain of the Scarlet Tigers for so many years had killed that elegant young lady. She was now a pirate, filled with savagery and deceit. Only when she was with Leylin like now would she reveal a part of her girly side.

"Are we depending to seize supplies upon reaching the shores?"

That might not be the safest method!”

Hearing Isabel’s surprised words, Leylin shook his head. “We have a limited number of men. Each of them is extremely precious, so we can’t make senseless sacrifices...”

Even in Leylin’s previous world, it was difficult to win wars after a period of travel.

“What are you thinking of?” Isabel looked at him.

He’d already drawn out a navigation map with Debanks Island at the center. The drawing scale was somewhat absurd, but it had sufficed.

“We will first make a detour and circle to this area.” Leylin pointed at group of islands beside Debanks Island. They were large enough to each have a ruling kingdom, with many smaller islands beside them.

“You mean to say... So we take down the Chihuahua Islands first, and use them as a supply point?” Isabel surmised. Although she had thought of this strategy as well, it required too much time to prepare. Leylin had maintained an unhurried pace in front of the pressing situation.

“Yes. There seems to be a tribe with over ten thousand members here, we could use them as practice to polish the skills of our men...” Although both Leylin and Isabel were confident in their

army's strength, it wasn't possible to establish coordination in a day or two. Leylin wanted them to undergo some training.

"I got it..." This sort of slow and steady advance told Isabel how determined Leylin was, so she immediately passed down the orders.

.....

The Chihuahua Islands were close to Debanks Island. The tribe that resided here were vassals of the Sakartes Kingdom, but because of the ocean separating them they were quite independent.

With their lack of skill at boat-making, even if they chopped up all the trees in the area to make wooden rafts they still couldn't stage a rebellion. Even if the ruler of the tribe had such thoughts, his elders and priests would advise him otherwise. In such a situation, this tribe was doing fairly well compared to the others who had to offer much more tribute to the empire.

The chief of this tribe was named Abasa, and he was being sheltered and served by his maids. Lazily enjoying tropical fruits, he was being fanned with a giant banana leaf.

Abasa was dark skinned, and extremely obese. Layers of fat on his body made him seem like a giant hog.

However, his neck was extremely slender, the sign of nobility. There were several metal piercings on his lips, with oil marks on

his face hiding his original features.

As Abasa enjoyed the service of his maids, an extremely skinny old man dashed in. “Something has happened!”

“Oh? Wise priest, what has made you come in such a flurry?”

The high priest smelled heavily of incense mixed with lamp oil, and wore a feathered five-colour crown. Its plumes were three metres tall, the feathers themselves angled very dangerous.

The high priest fell and knelt on the ground, sounding serious, “Mighty chief of the Chihuahua Islands, our ancestral spirit is enraged. You need to be there personally...”

“The might ancestral soul is furious? Were our sacrifices not enough?” With such a matter coming up, Abasa found it difficult to enjoy himself. He pushed the maids away, eyes surrounded by puffy skin staring at the high priest.

“No, I think this is more like a warning.” There was a patch of blood on the high priest’s forehead, and he was evidently shocked by what had happened.

“Bring me there!” Abasa waved his arms, and a few natives who were like monkeys raised the chair he was sitting on and began to walk.

Less than an hour later, all the natives in the tribe seemed to

gather as they watched the high priest in the centre performing a ritual. There was a sort of anesthetic incense burning in the air, and gas in the surroundings.

As their leader, Abasa wore his ceremonial attire with difficulty. He stood at the front of the procession in five-coloured beast hide, watching the high priest dance unceasingly as if his body was writhing with epilepsy.

At the heart of the procession, traces of reddish gold appeared on a crude animal-skin flag.

“Mighty ancestral spirit... What hint do you wish to give us?” Abbas knelt, and the rest of the natives followed suit.

Rumble! As everyone kowtowed, a huge cloud rose from the heart of the altar. The phantom of a creature flashed past, releasing a few roars that were difficult to understand.

“The ancestral spirit is warning us!” At this moment, the high priest jumped as if he had obtained some divine enlightenment.

“Unprecedented enemies will appear from the west. They ride steel fortresses across the sea and bring massacre and death... They are—” The high priest foamed at the mouth.

“What are they?” Abbas pulled at the high priest’s neck till he turned purplish-red, as if about to suffocate to death.

“They are the fair-skinned devils!” After spitting this out, the high priest fainted.

“Fair-skinned devils?” Abasa rubbed his chin, “Send down the order. All the warriors are to bring the pikes and stone blades to the western coast...”

The vocabulary and experience of natives was limited. Even the chief did not understand what a fair-skinned devil was meant to be. All they knew was that the enemy was coming.

“Oh!” With the encouragement from the ancestral spirit, the sturdy warriors of the tribe completed this task at great speed.

Abbas was full of mettle as he guided his subordinates, “I shall skin the scalp of the enemy’s leader and hang it on the wall to serve as my medal...”

.....

“Hm? Our attack seems to have been discovered...” Leylin frowned from on deck.

“Luckily, this is just a small tribe. The natural spirits they worship are divine beings at best.

Seeing the native warriors at the coastline nearby, Leylin spoke, “Isabel! Tiff!”

““Here!””

“You’ll take over command. There’s no need to worry about anything else, just take out the Chihuahua Islands. Remember to seal off the sea, don’t let anyone escape!” Leylin set off after giving these instructions, charging towards a divine being. After all, it was best to restrict news of his invasion as long as possible.

Isabel, who had taken over command, drew the Red Dragon Sword in her hand and glanced at the native warriors on the coast disdainfully. They had wooden pikes and stone blades, as well as canoes.

“Bombard them! Let them see our might!” Isabel yelled. The natives were equipped so poorly, and there were less than two thousand warriors. This was like a fat piece of meat being presented to them.

“Go!” Immediately, the pirates released terrifying howls from the warships. A wave of cannonfire shot at the native tribe.

The ferocious explosions as well as terrible cries by his ears left Abbas frozen.

“Ancient ancestor! This huge fort on the sea... and that godly fire... What have we provoked?” Countless warships closed in. Their canoes were already capsizing, and the guards by his side were already yelling as they tried to flee. The chief could not help but release bellows of despair.

In the next moment, this old chief had his head chopped off by a blade.

“Heh! This fat pig is obviously a high-ranked person. I wonder if there are rewards...” As this voice sounded, the gold and silver accessories on the chief’s body disappeared in an instant...

“Is this the natives’ guardian spirit? While there’s divinity, it has low intelligence...” Leylin took a look at a divine being that looked like a flaming bird, eyes flashing with light from the A.I. Chip.

“Your followers are being massacred, and the power of your domain is diminishing. Submit to me, and I can let you live!” Leylin used his divine will to send a wave of information, but what he got in return was a howl of rage.

Chiu! Chiu! A bundle of golden flames enveloped Leylin, causing the air around him to distort and rise.

Chapter 994 - Massacre Domain

“Hmph, what a pigheaded idiot! You haven’t even ignited your godfire yet and have the gall to go against me?” Leylin snorted, and the flames immediately went out. After obtaining divinity, he no longer saw anything in regular divine beings. This divine creature in front of him was merely seeking death.

At this thought, Leylin looked through the results of the A.I. Chip’s scan.

[Totem spirit (Flaming Bird) Divine being. Strength: 15 (+5) Agility: 17 (+5) Vitality: 19 (+5) Spirit: 20 (+5) Possessed feats: 1. Domain: In the range of its worshippers’ prayers, the totem spirit will be buffed. All stats will increase by 5. 2. Affinity with flames. 3. Holy Form: Immune to all spells below rank 5. 4: Unknown ???]

‘While in the range of the followers’ prayers, all stats increase by 5? This really is a god similar to earth-bound spirits...’

Leylin snickered, “Is this what you’re depending on? Unfortunately... This isn’t your time anymore. With the loss of your followers, the boost you get from your domain will decrease. Now is the best time to have you serve me...”

The boost from the domain came due to the existence of its worshippers. Now, however, the pirate army was closing in and the young men of the native tribe were being slaughtered. The

power of faith was quickly diminishing.

The effects of the massacre itself were trivial. The problem, however, was that without the totem spirit protecting them the faith of the natives collapsed. Leylin saw the +5 at the end of each stat slowly drop to +4. As the land his army occupied expanded, the number dropped further.

“Is this faith? So powerful, and so pitiful...” Leylin sighed, noticing the fraud that was totem spirits. If he really could become a true god and bestow divine spells, the followers’ faith would not crumble so quickly.

Chiu! Chiu! Leylin actually planned to subdue this flaming bird totem. It would be his primary guide on Debanks Island. Unfortunately, the bird had no plans to make use of Leylin’s kind intentions. It ended the conversation with a ball of fire.

Golden flames struck Leylin’s vicinity, the boiling-hot fire absorbing all the oxygen in the surroundings. Something similar to a vacuum was formed.

‘It’s ability is like magic, but it can’t make use of the divinity and power of faith in its body well. It’s like the instinct of beasts.’ Leylin sighed, and the Red Dragon Staff appeared in his hands.

Since he’d used Soul Burn a few times already, the red dragon’s soul within the staff had already diminished, and it looked rather dispirited.

Dragon Domain! Cone of Fire! In the face of a mere legendary divine creature, however, Leylin did not even need to burn the dragon's soul. A powerful draconic aura rippled out with a wave of his staff.

Roar! A phantom red dragon appeared above Leylin, spewing out a cone of fire at the flaming bird. It immediately caused the giant bird to snarl without end.

Rumble! Two streams of fire strived for victory in the air, turning the horizon red.

“How can such brutish strength contend against me?” Leylin yelled, the cone of fire piercing through the flaming bird's golden fire and enveloping it.

Chiu! Chiu! Enraged howls sounded from within the flames, but there was something peculiar about the situation. All of a sudden, the red dragon's flames exploded into what looked like a red lotus. At the heart of it, the flaming bird did not seem to be injured at all. Instead it seemed even larger.

It chirped in its excitement, swallowing the red dragon's flames with large gulps, its golden flames turning crimson.

Chiu! Chiu! The flaming bird that had assimilated with the red dragon's flames grew larger in size, eyes looking human and filled with pride as it flew towards the red dragon phantom in the air.

‘It can absorb flames? The A.I. Chip should have found out. Is this a unique divine ability?’ Leylin’s eyes flashed with wit, “Are you trying to swallow a legendary dragon soul? In that case, I’ll give it to you!”

Soul Burn! The dragon soul at the tip of the staff completely withered, its body enveloped by translucent flames. With that act, the phantom in the air grew more corporeal, each scale more vivid and each claw glinting with a sharper light.

All of a sudden, the red dragon’s eyes showed intelligence. It roared as it crashed into the flaming bird.

High-pitched dragon howls and bird cries surprised both the natives and pirates on the ground. All of them gazed upwards, watching the battle between the red dragon and flaming bird. Some natives were able to recognise their totem and immediately tossed their weapons aside, beginning to pray right away.

“What are you standing there in a daze for? Go!” A similar draconic aura burst forth from Isabel, and she withdrew the Red Dragon Sword from a native soldier of unknown role as she berated the pirates loudly.

Having two legendaries in charge, and being better than their opponents in strength, equipment, and warriors, they completely crushed the opponents. The pirate army had now pushed through to the outer regions of the tribe, and the enemies they faced had turned into a mob. The old were appearing now, as were the youths, females, and the frail natives.

“Those who do not surrender are to be killed with no exceptions!” With her long life as a pirate, Isabel lacked the pity that normal women displayed. The pirates and devil worshippers were originally evil themselves, so they carried out her orders ruthlessly, perhaps being even more cruel than necessary.

‘All I can do is give him all my faith, and take care of the mortal battles...’ Isabel’s eyes showed her understanding of her position as she charged to the depths of the tribal area. Draconic flames followed her around, making her look like the most beautiful war goddess.

Chiu! Chiu! Meanwhile, the battle in the sky between the legendary beasts had reached its conclusion.

Although the red dragon was a legendary beast that was burning its soul, it had died long ago and its power was diminished. Its opponent was equal in power, but also had divinity on hand! After several rounds, it had torn large chunks of soul force out of the red dragon’s body and swallowed its flames, causing its golden fire to turn red.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! At the end, as the bird gnawed at the head of the red dragon figure, the crystal with the dragon soul at the tip of Leylin’s staff shattered.

“Tsk... after so many uses, the red dragon’s soul force is completely consumed...” Seeing the dragon soul vanishing in front of him, Leylin did not look the least bit surprised. The flaming

bird, on the other hand, released an elated chirp and gulped down the red dragon figure while absorbing the flames it possessed.

“Then again, it’s time about I changed the core!” Leylin floated up to the flaming bird.

After absorbing the dragon soul, its body had become more enormous. A draconic aura emanated from it as it met Leylin’s gaze without fear. There was even desire in its eyes.

“Oh? Trying to eat me too?” Leylin could not help but begin to chuckle after understanding what the bird wanted, “It really is a beast. It can only do everything by instinct and doesn’t even care if it can digest me.”

“Go crazy...” Leylin snapped his fingers, and the flaming bird immediately began to writhe, layers of flames rising as half of the red dragon’s head appeared from its body.

“While being able to assimilate the flames is an advantage for you, you might want to be careful since eating too much could mean you might be assimilated instead...” A sinister smile rose by Leylin’s lips, “You’ve been fattened up well. As you are now, you truly are prey worthy of slaughter...”

“Return!” Leylin tossed the Red Dragon Staff in his hands, and it began to soar into the air till it reached the head of the flaming bird. Its sharp end quickly pierced down into the head.

Chiu! Chiu! The large flaming bird could have easily dodged the attack, but it seemed to have gone stupid as it stayed where it was, golden and red flames twining around and eating at it.

Swish! The red dragon staff was like a sharp arrow that disappeared through the head of the bird, causing flames and golden blood to spurt everywhere. The bird cried one last time as a huge explosion sounded. The sound began from its stomach, transforming into a storm that swept the bird within.

Leylin stood at the side, watching the large body being torn and devoured by the storm...

‘If all earth-bound spirits on Debanks Island have this level of strength, I have nothing to worry about. However, with the support of the native empire, those earth-bound spirits are probably as strong as demigods...’ Leylin sighed inside.

The pirate armies had now killed their way into the inner parts of the native tribes. They began their ruthless massacre of the old, weak and ill, as well as all sorts of atrocious activities.

“Is this what conquering is? Increasing my strength through continuous massacre...” Leylin’s eyes showed his bewilderment for a moment, before the A.I. Chip sounded.

[Beep! Host has killed a divine creature. Additional information about the massacre domain has been found. Model established, beginning analysis...]

Chapter 995 - Conquer

“Massacre domain? Truly powerful... “ Leylin muttered to himself, “You can strip the enemy of their life and soul energy during massacres and quickly recover yourself... Gods also have specific bonuses, and it might increase in power if I kill more powerful existences...”

The A.I. Chip’s prompts continued.

[Beep! Host has killed a divine being. Massacre domain has been boosted, absorbing the opponent’s divinity.]

In that instant, Leylin had sensed that he’d absorbed the trace of divinity from the flaming bird, something formed by over a century of worship from the natives. A golden light spread across his body, and with the massacre domain in effect its power was transformed into a part of his own.

‘The profits this time alone have allowed my massacre divinity to grow greatly. It’s worth at least two to three years of worship...’ Leylin looked excited, ‘This trip to the outer seas definitely is worth it!’

Truth be told, the fastest way for a god to advance was to seize divinity, divine force, or even divine spark from battle. However, the native empire as it was now was not valued. The power of faith in these earth-bound spirits as well as their divine force had huge flaws, which was why the gods did not set their sights on them.

However, Leylin did not fear contamination from the Magi. On top of that, his Nightmare Absorbing Physique allowed him to naturally absorb the might of these native earth-bound spirits without issue.

‘After absorbing the divine force, I’ll be able to make use of this large bird’s divinity and soul to a great degree...’ Leylin tapped the crystal on top of the Red Dragon Staff.

Chiu! Chiu! Dazzling light figured as the red dragon imprisoned within disappeared. In its place was a terrifying large bird, burning with golden-red flames.

“Using a divine being’s soul to substitute a legendary dragon soul, that’s a pretty good deal...” Leylin observed the soul of the flaming bird. It was now firmly chained within the crystal, and it cried out in refusal.

‘Although I’ve taken the soul already, I still need to forge it into something usable. Until I do that, the Red Dragon Staff needs to be sealed...’ Leylin estimated that once he reforged it, the new Red Dragon Staff, although the name would have to be changed, would be more powerful than a legendary item...

As Leylin was killing the flaming bird, the flag above the tribe’s altar tore. Ferocious flames devoured the totem. The gathered natives cried out in alarm, and their high priest’s face warped and twitched before he fell into a dead faint while frothing at the mouth. The other priests and acolytes reacted in the same way.

The followers of gods possessed some totemic power, which was what allowed them to communicate with the god and do all sorts of otherwise unimaginable things. However, now that their totem spirit was dead they would meet a similar fate.

The extraction of power that had fused with the body was like the removal of organs from a human. It was no surprise for a few of them to just die. Had they been worshippers of a true god, things would have been even more serious.

While it could be worse, this situation left the natives horrified and panicked.

“Ah... the ancestral spirit.... It’s dead...”

“The evil god of the enemies, the fair-skinned devils killed our ancestral spirit...”

“Boohoo... our chief, high priest and ancestral spirit have died...”

The situation instantly caused the old, young, and ill to fall apart. They’d originally persisted with the belief that their ancestral spirit would protect them from the attack. The death of that guardian was a huge blow to them.

The fighting continued, and the spirit of the natives was swayed immediately.

“All who resist us will be killed, whether they are elderly or children!” The pirates and many devil worshippers that Leylin had subdued walked towards the tribe’s altar.

“My followers!” At this moment, all the pirates who followed the Winged Serpent God Kukulkan heard a low and solemn voice in their years.

“I give you my blessing. You shall obtain power through slaughter; the fresh blood of your enemies shall give you courage, and the moans of terrified souls will restore your vitality!” The words sounded like a divine order as a terrifying phantom Targaryen appeared in the sky.

“It’s our Lord! The Winged Serpent God has shown himself!” Unlike the regular worshippers, the acolytes Tiff had nurtured had a more profound reaction to this.

“Massacre domain, boost!” Leylin’s figure reached the skies above the battlefield. He willed a dark red light to move from his domain, having it appear by his followers.

“It’s the power of our god! The Winged Serpent God is protecting us!”

Robin Hood chopped off the head of a native with a wave of his hand. In this process, he could feel that the stamina he had lost was somehow restored. He took a look around and saw the pirates who should have lost their stamina seem full of life.

‘What kind of terrifying might will this ability grant us in battle?’ The effects of this domain were incomparable in battle. The little resistance that the natives had still posed crumbled completely, and the tribe descended into a bunch of cries and howls.

With Leylin showing up as a god and displaying his protection of his worshippers, the conviction of the natives completely died out. Many began to surrender, and dense black flames enveloped the skies above the native tribe...

Evening arrived, and the reflection of the setting sun on the sea was as red as blood. Leylin had moved into the chief’s palace, listening to his subordinates’ reports.

This place was made up of multiple smaller tribes, with a little more than ten thousand people. This ‘palace’ was just a slightly larger house with beautiful beast fur on the walls. It was still pretty good compared to the houses of the normal natives, though.

“This operation was a complete victory. We killed about a thousand native warriors, and have taken over ten thousand prisoners. Mere tens of our men were lost...” As Isabel spoke beside him, Robin Hood and Ronald began to flush with excitement.

“Also, the sea routes were blocked so not one of the natives’ canoes escaped. News of this will definitely not spread.” Tiff added. With him and the other elites in charge of stopping the natives, breaking out had been an impossible task.

“Good! Next is to organise the slaves and search the island...” Many natives had still fled in the chaos of war, especially with their lacking manpower. Leylin didn’t mind, though; this was an isolated island after all. Now that he had control of the sea routes, where could they go?

“The most important thing to do now is to subdue the natives of the tribe and spread my faith. I can establish a secondary army made up of natives after that...”

The stories of colonialism from his past life gave Leylin many examples to follow. The elite pirates were his core group, and they couldn’t easily be dispatched lest they suffer huge losses. Each operation with them had to be a huge success, and give the elites the image that they were all-powerful.

His next task was to manage these natives, dividing them up to form a secondary army and his guard. It would be necessary to assist the native nobles, provoking the tribes to attack each other and causing strife. It would be even better if he was helped by disease.

Due to differences in their worlds, the battles between gods were extremely important. If Leylin could eliminate the totems that the natives had faith in, everything would be much easier. Debanks Island was just a fat pig waiting to be slaughtered.

But that was all in the future. Leylin focused his attention on organising the natives of the Chihuahua Islands for now...

Night fell, and chilly winds brought coldness into the tribe. Numerous tied up natives were grouped together, hoping to get some warmth from each other's trembling bodies. In contrast, a huge bonfire was burning in the centre of the plaza, the altar from before long since destroyed and replaced by a brand new idol.

On top of the gigantic obsidian base was a sinister-looking serpent, huge and with fleshy wings. It had sharp claws and a single horn, and its scales seemed to gleam. Large demonic wings spread wide apart, and vertical eyes revealed a ruthless bloodthirst.

This was the statue Leylin had chosen for himself. He still feared the other gods, so he couldn't show himself. The next best thing was the image of a Targaryen.

The natives were being sent to the statue batch by batch, ordered to swear allegiance to it. Before this, they even had to trample the flag of the flaming bird.

No matter how stupid they were, the natives knew this blasphemy meant subjugation. It caused waves of chaos, the influence of an ancestral spirit not fading so easily.

However, regardless of the disturbance, the hot-bloodedness of the natives died down in the face of the pirates' blades. Facing them, one of the natives was cowed into service. The rest soon followed suit.

Leylin could sense the faith of the numerous natives, and the

dear that accompanied it.

He looked around and sighed, “Is the reverence for gods by all lifeforms the source of faith? The essence of divine force is astuteness and dignity...”

Chapter 996 - Saintess

Under threat of imminent death, the natives succumbed to the devilish snake that had slain their ancestral spirit, giving it their faith. Although with some unknown contamination, massive and unbridled power of faith surged into Leylin's body through the Weave.

“Reverence turns into faith...” Reaping this new power, Leylin now understood the path of the gods better.

A contract between gods and mortals was just the base of divinity. Another important requirement was reverence. If reverence was lost, it was only a matter of time before the power of faith moved to someone else. And murder and death were the most efficient ways to command this reverence!

‘It’s just that these natives’ faith is incomplete...’ Detecting a huge amount of contamination that would erode his own divine powers and eventually destroy him, Leylin smirked, ‘But how can my quintessence be so easily tainted?’

Buzz! Dark red runes crawled over Leylin's body. The Nightmare Eye opened between his brows, beginning to absorb the contamination and refine it into pure dreamforce.

‘Dreamforce is definitely the most accommodating of different powers...’ Leylin nodded his head in satisfaction.

With his abilities as a Warlock in addition to the Nightmare

Absorption Physique, he could absorb the faith of these natives easily.

“However, I need some time to properly digest this much...” Leylin could feel the intertwined emotions of his worshippers through the Weave, and the instability of their faith. Still, this was only the beginning, and he’d gotten it through murder. Leylin was satisfied with the result.

‘What matters is the other tribes. I need to change my strategy next time...’ Leylin recalled the knowledge from his previous world. Blood and tears proved time and time again that war would always occur. No matter how much one drove for peace, someone would always strike at their enemy’s lowest point.

The only way to conquer them was a display of force, constantly killing off their forces until they finally assimilated. There were many unorthodox ways to go about it as well, but they were easily countered.

The theory was simple, it was just a dog eat dog world!

Had Leylin been a simple leader, he would have decided to kill off all the tribes. After all, he already had a disadvantage in numbers. No matter how much they were assimilated, even smaller groups caused problems to large communities, let alone in this situation where the numbers were reversed.

The glory of the bald eagle, of the United States of America, had come on the back of blood, sweat, and tears. However, from a god’s

standpoint, Leylin had to adopt a different approach.

Gods transcended humanity. Having stepped into such a realm, their vision was no longer limited to that of humans. With everlasting life, the conflict between tribes was trivial.

To put it bluntly, even if he had to use all of the incomplete power of faith that came from these natives to match the power of gods, Leylin would be willing to do it. He thus absolved himself of all conflicts between tribes, only focusing on the power of faith. The more a person worshipped him and provided power of faith, the more glory they would get.

Even a native would be able to become a cleric or even a bishop! As long as they were devout and prayed piously, of course.

Leylin recalled a famous proverb from his previous life, 'Everything between heaven and earth is but a stray dog!'

Although there were many interpretations of it, Leylin himself knew that everyone was treated equally by the divine, with no bias. That was the approach the gods of this world had adopted, at least.

However, the truest lack of bias could only be attributed to the various World Wills. Realistically speaking, as long as a majority of his faith came from the pirates and devil worshippers, Leylin would favour them. However, in the future he would have to rely on the power of faith from Debanks Island once he conquered it. The scales would be adjusted then.

It was only pragmatic and necessary to pick up natives and make them priests or saintesses, showing that everyone was equal and giving them hope. Leylin turned his attention to the field using his divine sense.

The battle continued, with not every native being cowed by the fear in their hearts. When a change of faith was forced, 'heroes' were wont to step up time and time again. Be it man or woman, youth or elderly, the only similarity was the unwavering resolution in their eyes, and the spirit of martyrdom.

The pirates simply beheaded them, the fresh blood pouring into the battlefield striking more fear into the natives' hearts. Beautiful woman who did not comply were a way for them to flaunt their manhood as they slayed the old and young.

Isabel did not stop these acts. A change of faith had to be ignited by fresh blood, and those who wouldn't comply even superficially would only have death awaiting them. If their faith could not be forced from their soul, they would disappear in the flesh.

Before humans grew civilised, killing eliminated problems without solving them. As culture progressed, this method was abandoned. However, the laws of the jungle still prevailed in the World of Gods, even on the mainland.

'There won't be thorns sticking out anymore, but there should be some who've only complied on the surface. They'll be scheming something else in the background...' Leylin mocked this train of

thought in his mind. Like the proverbs went, one would grow accustomed to kneeling. Once they swore loyalty to him, he could acquire their faith and strengthen it in the future.

The hidden problems were easy to solve. As a divine being, Leylin could tell deceit and true reverence apart. Those fellows would never climb up the hierarchy, and once they exhibited any signs of rebellion they would be executed immediately.

Using the method of the carrot and the stick, Leylin would convert them completely, making them unwavering in their devotion.

‘It’s just that I don’t have enough time...’ Leylin shook his head.

At this moment, many black-robed clerics flooded the battlefield, soothing the natives like they were lambs. “Forget the false gods you believed in, and put your faith in our Lord. Even your family will experience salvation for your choice.”

A threat to one’s life left them vulnerable in many ways. Tiff understood this himself, having sent the acolytes out to soothe the natives without instruction to. With the gentle words of these acolytes, even more of the natives pledged their faith to Leylin, which strengthened his connection over the Weave even more than before.

A native girl looked up at Tiff, her eyes betraying her apprehension. “If...If I choose to believe in your god, will father be saved?”

Tiff smiled gently, kneeling down. “Who is your father, and where is he?” he asked the girl who had pale yellow skin and dark hair. There were traces of mud and coal on her face.

“He... He was a brave warrior of the tribe. He died today on the shore...” the little girl said timidly.

“He will be,” Tiff stroked her hair, “Our Lord has mastered the massacre domain. All souls that perished under him can definitely be salvaged. If you pledge your faith...”

“Then, I choose to believe!” The girl knelt before the statue and kowtowed with utmost sincerity. It was so much so that her forehead began to bruise, and blood appeared.

“Almighty bishop, I know where a group of the tribe’s warriors have gone, including the chief. They are in a mountain-hole at Bakala.”

The natives stirred in unrest, shocked by the little girl’s betrayal. Her calmness surprised even Tiff.

“Very well, you shall be rewarded!” Tiff eyed an acolyte at the side, who relayed this important information to the other leaders. He looked at the little native girl fondly, trying to think of a reward.

Before he could do that, though, a golden light shone out of the

Targaryen statue. The power caused everyone to kneel unconsciously.

“Almighty Lord...”

A divine aura seemed to come to life under the holy light, and a beam of it entered the native girl’s body.

“You are kind yet resolute, you shall be blessed!” The golden light circled the girl’s body, leaving a mark on her forehead.

Once the light dimmed, Tiff looked solemnly at the girl. “Your name?”

“I am Barbara! Barbara Morui!” The girl repeated her name.

“You have received the blessings of the Winged Serpent God. From now, you are the saintess of our church!” Tiff hoisted the girl onto his shoulders, “May the winged serpent always be with you!”

“Kukulkan! Kukulkan!” The numerous acolytes cheered Leylin’s divine name in zealotry.

At the same time, this atmosphere, with Barbara hoisted up high, renewed the hope of the natives. Leylin felt the power from their faith surge again, and the web of their faith grew sturdier.

Chapter 997 - Blackmail

‘Congregations are indeed a good way to embellish the atmosphere... No wonder the churches of my past preferred to hold worship on selected days each week...’ Leylin who had withdrawn his vision shook his head.

It was just a matter of time before the tribes of the Chihuahua Islands would come to his side. He believed that Tiff understood his intentions, and could exploit the worth of a saintess.

After all these matters were settled, Leylin’s gaze turned to Debanks Island. He did not have time to conquer all the tribes of the Chihuahua Islands. He had to conquer the few largest ones first, producing his own divinity and ascending to become a demigod before he could challenge the Sakartes Kingdom.

Once the internal affairs were taken care of, a new round of battle preparations was underway.

‘It isn’t just subjugating the tribes and killing them. The quest to conquer the natives has to be filled with death and plagues.’ To truly win with his small numbers, he had to regard those last two aspects as well.

If he wasn’t limited by secrecy from the outside world, Leylin would even have sent people to ask for help from the Goddess of Plagues. With her belonging to the evil alignment, she would definitely be glad to do it.

‘Forget it, they’d find out I can absorb the natives’ faith. Might as well do it myself.’ Pride welled within Leylin. As a Magus, he wouldn’t find it difficult to create a new plague if he spent some time. Moreover, being a bloodline Warlock he could even come up with one that was very infectious and fatal, capable of eliminating entire tribes.

While he did not have to resort to such extremes, it was still necessary to give them a good scare. Any tribes going against him would contact the plague. With people dying all the time, the only way to save themselves would be to pledge their faith to him. How much power would that produce?

While some clerics could use magic to resist the plague, how sparse were they amongst the commoners? With their limited spell slots, it would be great even if they could just save the nobility.

Furthermore, their gods were just earth-bound spirits or demigods at best. Their divine spells were rank 5 at most, and the number of casts paled in comparison to those of a real god. This was one major limitation.

Having conquered the Chihuahua Islands, Leylin’s army could finally plant their feet down firmly close to Debanks Islands. With the support of their warships, Debanks Island’s counterattacks would not amount to much. Even if they discovered Leylin now and took the most efficient course of action, they wouldn’t be able to chase Leylin away.

In addition, Chihuahua Islands was now a constant source of war supplies, warriors, and most importantly power of faith. The

natives Leylin had brought on board were now released, acting as translators and mediators that aided his governance.

While high-ranking cleric spells like Language Proficiency did exist, the acolytes on the ground couldn't use so many spell scrolls. The likes of translators were of paramount importance.

Of course, this was only the first wave, very soon a new civilisation would be introduced with the common language spoken on the continent. This was in fact how colonialism worked, Leylin had merely borrowed a page from its books. However, instead of harvesting resources he was harvesting power of faith...

Another month passed with this set in stone. Two fifths of the pirates Leylin had brought were now either injured or running operations on the ground. He brought the remaining three thousand on deck and headed for Debanks Island, and the true native empire.

This was three thousand against a million! It sounded extremely absurd, but after past events the crew had placed their utmost trust in Leylin. This fervent worship was the necessity for zealotry. Leylin believed that once he took these pirates through the unimaginable war, the survivors would definitely turn into fanatics.

Getting close to Debanks Island, Leylin passed down the orders for all ships to stop sailing. It was as if he was waiting for something.

To him, each and every one of his troops was extremely precious, so venturing in the dark would be too dangerous. According to his plan, what came next would be an effortless victory.

Zoom! Five hourglasses trickled by, and a red figure approached from the horizon and landed on Leylin's deck.

"Here he is, just as planned." Isabel was now in her draconic form. Crimson scales littered her body, and a pair of giant red wings protruded from her back. Her pupils had become vertical slits, as typical of dragons'.

However, Isabel seemed to be in a miserable state. The scales on her back were somewhat twisted.

"What happened? Is something wrong?" Leylin raised his hand, and an arcane healing spell covered her body. Large amounts of the shattered scales quickly regrew.

"While we were plundering others, we were discovered by the totem spirit and pursued. But it was like you said. It automatically backed off a certain distance from the tribe..." Isabel now looked much better as she tossed an unconscious native to the deck.

The captured native was dressed in bright robes. His rosy cheeks and exquisite skin showed that he'd been brought up in a great environment, and had at least as much power as the chief of the Chihuahua Islands.

“Good! Lock him up at the bottom of the ship and ensure that he doesn’t die. We can then happily blackmail the tribe and ask for a ransom...” Leylin waved his arms, and two pirates immediately went forward to carry the unconscious native chief down.

“This is such a crude plan. Will they fall for it?” Isabel asked. Tiff had no intentions of questioning him, as if Leylin’s word was gospel, but in spite of Leylin’s imposing divine aura Isabel was still his cousin.

“Who knows? We can’t go wrong with trying it...” Leylin rolled his shoulders back, feeling like there was a large possibility of this working out.

The natives were foolish, ignorant and naive, just like in the Americas of his previous world. The western colonialists had used extortion to gain countless riches.

While the situation was different, the natives here had sacrificial ceremonies for totem spirits and higher-ups like high priests. There was even a system of divine and royal power. This chief would have some descendants and faithful officials, no? Anyway, Leylin had made up his mind. If this didn’t work out, he could just kill the captive and capture a high priest or something.

Fortunately, the tribe did not seem to be able to bear the death of the chief. After Leylin sent out an emissary, the other party’s people quickly arrived. In the stipulated coastal waters, a large wave of natives rowing tens of canoes arrived under the Scarlet Tigers’ ship.

The pirates on the deck watched the canoes under them disdainfully. In their eyes, just a slight splash from their large ship could drown the entire army, capsizing their boats and killing the people.

After that, though, they could not shift their eyes away. Any teasing or attempts at attacking these natives' canoes would result in a ruthless counterattack.

This was because they saw golden light! Golden light all over the canoes! Bright yellow gold household utensils and large chunks of gold nuggets were transported to the deck as a ransom for their chief! The dazzling colours immediately filled the pirates' sights, and greed appeared on their expressions.

Was this not why they'd become pirates, and struggled with their lives on the line in the perilous deep seas against military and merchant ships?

'While it doesn't amount to much, having them piled together is quite eye-catching...' Leylin knew that in reality Debanks Island didn't have plentiful amounts of gold.

Gold and silver was currency on the mainland, but here it would be items like cocoa beans or obsidian. Gold was just for decoration. If Leylin's emissary hadn't specifically requested this, they could even have brought a pile of obsidian over as ransom. The natives saw being able to get their chief back by handing over a pile of useless decorations as striking it rich.

Leylin stroked his chin, watching the emissaries from the natives' side crawling before him. From their point of view, this large ship was like a lofty mountain, no different from a miracle.

“Mighty beings with fair skin who traverse through the seas and possess tall and large ships, I have brought the items you wanted. Please let our chief go. From hereon, you will also have the friendship of our tribe...” a priest with status said while cowering, and Leylin had no trouble understanding him.

Regular divine beings couldn't compare to him in comprehension ability. The moment he became a demigod, he would be able to understand all languages by instinct.

The priest was now showing cowardice before Leylin.

“I see the ransom, but that isn't enough...” Leylin branded his meaning into the minds of the natives, “A king can only be redeemed by a king. You can meet your chief. After this, you are to declare war on the neighbouring Angodub. Bring their chief captive in exchange for your own!”

Chapter 998 - Plague

Making sure that the emissaries understood what he was saying, Leylin confiscated all the riches that they had brought. He then showed them their chief who was still alive, and chased them out of the warship.

“Do you see this? There are riches all over this island, and the natives managing all this wealth are so cowardly and ignorant...” Leylin stepped on the gold, watching the greedy eyes of his men. He grinned, “Half of this gold and everything we get in the future will be yours. Divide it amongst yourselves...”

The pirates erupted into cheers.

Although the gold seemed to be a lot when piled up, how much would one person get when it was divided amongst three thousand? Still, this display served to increase their greed, and gave them a deeper impression of Debanks Island’s wealth. It would motivate them to fight!

Many of the pirates were now zealous, eager to take over the entirety of Debanks Island and willfully plunder its wealth.

If he asked people to believe in him without any benefits, they would not advance wave after wave in the face of death, at least not now. Leylin needed to show them profits, and the sparkle of gold was the best of them all.

“Will they really do it?” Isabel ignored the clamouring crowd

behind her, standing on deck to watch the canoes leave. “Angodub is related to them by marriage, no? Their great relationship is what lets them govern this region together...”

“That depends. We aren’t natives, and don’t know how they think. Besides, how is it possible for two tribes to live so close to each other without friction?” Tiff brought up an opposing opinion.

“Mm. Besides, even if they don’t do it we can help. For example, we can spread news of them preparing to attack Angodub, or just pretend to be natives and attack a nearby village...” Leylin’s eyes glinted with intelligence. “Once seeds of doubt are planted, they’re not so easily removed. There will definitely be a war!”

Isabel now understood Leylin’s plan, and had to admit it’s feasibility. “Once both tribes are tired out, we can wipe them out with minimal cost, bridging our way into Debanks Island.”

Still, she frowned soon. She continued asking, “What happens if the Sakartes Empire finds out. This is a large operation after all. Considering our current strength, we’ll be chased away once they step in...”

Debanks Island was the size of several kingdoms, with the Sakartes Empire at its heart. A few tribes surrounded it. Although Leylin enacted his schemes in an isolated area, this was still a single island. There was no ocean to blockade it off, so news would spread quickly.

“Don’t worry. They’ll be too busy to bother with us soon...”

Leylin smiled and shook his head, the hidden meaning causing Isabel and Tiff to shiver in fear.

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Time passed quickly. Soon enough, the two tribes Leylin had chosen were immersed in war, without Leylin even needing to step in. After all, they were both occupying the same lands. How could there be true friendships between rivals for resources?

On top of that, the totem spirits of the tribes wanted to devour each other to strengthen themselves. With all sorts of factors favouring it, it was natural for war to break out.

To show his sincerity, Leylin's fleet did not stop by the continent and instead sent away many of the ships. Some of those that were left kept away from the warzone, as if this had nothing to do with them.

Leylin even bought slaves from both tribes. They were sturdy, courageous natives, great for regular slave work at the Chihuahua Islands or as soldiers. He wasn't stupid enough to pay in precious materials like gold or silver, instead providing weapons and ammunition.

These arms caused the natives to grow more powerful, and the selling of slaves continued. To avoid falling behind, the opponents had no choice but to do business with Leylin, which created a vicious cycle that caused both tribes to shed blood. Leylin's side had a great harvest.

Amidst the flurry of activity, Leylin stayed holed up inside his lab. The trade was taken care of by his men, who had prior experience in capturing slaves from piracy. His own task now was extremely important, and that was to prevent the Sakartes Empire from meddling in his affairs.

He looked at a petri dish under dim light, at a half-rotten piece of meat. His eyes flashed with light as the A.I. Chip performed a scan.

‘Has it been nurtured to this state already?’ The piece of flesh in the petri dish was from a native’s body. Continuous experiments allowed Leylin to roughly understand the structure of their DNA, and create a toxin that would be extremely lethal to them.

[Beep! Number 2’s infection is stable, beginning extraction of data...]

The A.I. Chip sent a large amount of information to Leylin, which left him nodding his head.

“Very well...” Using a pair of tiny tweezers, Leylin clipped the piece of flesh and placed it in a test tube with clear liquid.

[Beginning experiment 17642, recording data...]

the A.I. Chip's voice intoned. Leylin looked at the piece of flesh dissolve, shaping up like a tentacle before bubbling up.

‘Alright, the fission is stable. The chances of success this time are extremely large!’ Leylin nodded his head, and spells glowed forth from his hand on occasion, using the radioactive energy to catalyse the reaction.

Once the violent reaction ended, Leylin smiled at the test tube, which itself was now red as blood.

[Beep! The lethal virus has been completed. Name?]

“Pathogen 1,” Leylin named it nonchalantly.

[Beep! Name recorded, storing data...]

The A.I. Chip carried out Leylin's instructions, before displaying the data in front of his eyes.

[Pathogen 1: It is a genetic weapon that is extremely contagious. Can thrive in extreme weathers and lives for a

hundred hours. Spread through the respiratory tract, with 90% infection and 90% lethality. No cure available, capable of two degrees of transmission. Note: The pathogen is extremely effective against the specific specimen, namely the first set of natives stored in the database.]

This pathogen only infected natives, and was highly contagious and lethal. It was like smallpox combined with the flu, and Leylin did not doubt for a moment that once it was released it would strike more fear than even devils or demons could.

Even the 10% chance of survival was not Leylin's kindness. Were all the natives to die, there would just be nobody left to give him power of faith.

‘Although I can’t let all of them die, I don’t need a large population of worshippers either. The survivors will provide enough power for me to ascend to godhood...’ Leylin pondered as he stroked his chin.

Had the same pathogen been unleashed on the natives of his previous world, the people would have been wiped out completely. However, the rules of this world were different. Taking into consideration the existence of gods and extraordinary abilities, the 10% chance Leylin had given would leave a small number of survivors.

‘Once I release the plague, I need to make special medicine and vaccines...’ Although nobody was immune to this plague, Leylin had still left a backdoor open for external immunisation. Having

died wave after wave, how would they see the ‘cleansing’ of the disease by Kukulkan? The vaccines could grant them the ability to survive, and they would be none the wiser about it.

It would already be a blessing for those totems and demigods to protect the nobles. There simply weren’t enough spells to go around saving the commoners. Leylin was quite sure that this situation would be a great harvest of the power of faith.

‘The death of their worshippers will cause the power of the totem spirits to drop. Even demigods won’t be able to do a thing about it, much less the earth-bound spirits. The huge drop in strength will be checkmate!’ Brilliance flashed in Leylin’s eyes. With a simple wave of his hands, he could now determine the life and death of several million natives. The word evil could not begin to describe his current actions.

If he were to filter this power of faith, he could turn into a god of plagues or biological lives, immediately usurping the throne of the Goddess of Plagues. But he wasn’t interested in that at all.

‘Although I shouldn’t absorb faith in the domains of plague and disease, there is one domain I cannot miss... Death!’ Leylin’s plans were always multi-layered. On one hand, the plague and vaccine would allow him to conquer the entirety of Debanks Island quickly without expending much energy. On the other hand, the sheer amount of death would allow him to comprehend the death domain.

Massacre and death were two powerful domains that suited Leylin’s needs, and he coveted the latter now. With the millions of

lives lost, the power of death would definitely reach a frightening level. At that point, it wouldn't be impossible to comprehend the death domain.

Compared to this, the other trivial matters could be neglected. Leylin believed peace only followed chaos. After a period of suffering, the people of Debanks Island would choose his rule, welcoming the revolution he would bring about.

Chapter 999 - Dissemination

In Leylin's opinion, the famed big shots whether in his past life or the current one all had something in common. Once they determined their target, they would advance with fortitude, possessing absolute faith in their path. Since they'd long since marked their path, they feared nothing, and would be unscrupulous.

In his pursuit of eternity and freedom, Leylin cared not for the lives of the natives.

'All I pursue in this life is eternity. Even if I collapse halfway through and face the backlash from my actions, I'll have no regrets...' A tough glint flashed in Leylin's eyes, proof of his staunch resolution. With such motivation, killing humans, burning cities, and wiping out hundreds of people was a mere sacrifice on his higher path.

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The battle between the tribes grew increasingly intense. It had been a long time since anyone came to care for the chief that Leylin had captive. The two sides were blinded by battle, their primary goal to take out their opponent.

People who started battles did not normally know how to end them. During the war, they would slowly forget their initial goals, leading to tragedy.

The Sakartes Empire seemed to have found out about the situation, dispatching a ten thousand strong army to interfere alongside a large group of clerics. It was likely that mediating wasn't their only goal. Precautionary measures or wiping outsiders like Leylin out would be high on their list.

Sadly, the empire's interference ended quickly, having accomplished nothing much. There was no battle, but the grim reaper had descended on them.

En route to the warring tribes, a plague broke out without warning amongst their ranks. It was infectious, and the rate of death was terrifying. In a few days' time, it had spread across the whole army.

With how crowded their army was, and the lack of hygiene amongst the natives, it was difficult to survive the disease without divine healing. The members of the clergy were hard-pressed and overworked, only able to save some of the officers and elites. They had no choice but to watch the ordinary soldiers fester and die. With their limited number of divine spells, what they'd been able to do was already amazing.

In an era of cold weapons, a casualty rate of over 30% was terrifying. This time, the plague had brought an additional psychological pressure with it. Under the threat of death, the army soon forgot its goal. Some even tried to desert!

With more than half the soldiers dead, the army could do little about the runaways. The officers shouted themselves hoarse trying to bring the defectors back and behead them. Truth be told, even a

few officers themselves had fled in fear of the plague.

Soon enough, the army completely broke down. The soldiers spread everywhere, bringing the bacteria in their bodies to even further places and spreading the plague more. The natives died in batches, leaving fields overgrown with weeds. The fowl had wandered off.

The plague had reduced the entirety of Debanks Island to tears. It worried the upper class of the empire out of their minds. Still, there was nothing they could do to stop the spread of the plague. As for the intruders, they weren't a priority.

Taking care of the external interferences, Leylin began completely annihilating the two tribes that had fought each other. Many of them had been infected by the plague in the chaos of war. 60% of them had died out, including almost all of the healthy young men.

Small as the two tribes were, their totem spirits were merely divine beings. They were greatly weakened by the loss of worshippers, and weren't able to obstruct Leylin's attacks anymore. Absorbing their divine force, Leylin sensed the massacre divinity in his body greatly increasing in strength. He was getting ever closer to the threshold of being able to ignite his godfire.

After he got rid of what the two tribes believed in, it was natural for Leylin to take them over. The remaining members were gathered to establish a whole new town, complete with a large new Targaryen statue.

The natives abandoned their old faith. Being baptised by prayer and holy water in front of the statue— in actuality just potions and vaccines— they sensed their suffering and ailments vanish without a trace. It immediately triggered a zealous wave of faith.

The infectious power of faith generated by providing those who were on the verge of death help was something even Leylin hadn't expected. Many who had been at their last breaths, their bodies decaying, became fervent worshippers of the Winged Serpent God after being 'saved'. It allowed his strength to increase.

Soon enough, the surrounding tribes got word of a god's abilities to heal the disease. Getting blessed, they brought their entire families over with their wealth, requesting to join the town.

While the priests of the totem spirits could use divine spells to remove the sickness, they had a limited amount of divine force and spell slots. They could only save those of status, able to do nothing about the commoners who fled for their lives. Even if they couldn't get a single divine spell from the Winged Serpent God, it was already enough to wipe out faith in the rest.

Knowing this well, Leylin dispatched his own priests everywhere, bringing holy water and the like to surrounding tribes and displaying his abilities and achievements. It had a very favourable response.

In the face of death, the authorities could do little to stop them. Groups of natives came and prayed for blessings from Leylin, soon

enough filling the town up.

Leylin named the town that had been built upon the two tribes Hope Stronghold, denoting new hope. It was the beginning of his conquest of Debanks Island. Making use of his ability to heal the plague, Leylin had acquired the faith of the natives as well as an army. With the method of the carrot and stick, his organisation began to expand rapidly...

A year had passed, this winter especially chilly. Snow fell even on the southern seas, coating the islands in white.

This applied to Debanks Island as well. The gods seemed to be lamenting the loss of lives, showing their sorrow. The snow on the continent was extremely thick, the older generations unable to remember something so terrifying. Many of the natives that hadn't prepared for this froze to death.

Though the cold weather somewhat curbed the spread of the plague, it could not halt the footsteps of the reaper. Debanks Island had become a hell for the natives in the past year, the horrifying plague spreading unceasingly around the island.

Whole populations were wiped out. There was even a dead city now, one that was completely empty. The corpses of natives filled it, and many rats and crows roamed about the houses and the streets, gnawing at everything. The eyes of the wild dogs on the road had grown bloodshot from eating too much human flesh.

In this land swarming with starved people, Hope Stronghold and

the rumoured Winged Serpent God by the sea were their hopes, able to do anything.

Information had spread that this god possessed the powers of massacre and healing. All faith would be treated with kindness, and even if someone was infected by the plague they could still be healed.

Now that these ‘rumours’ had spread, huge batches of natives fled towards Hope Stronghold. No matter what the bigwigs did to stop them, it was pointless...

East of Hope Stronghold, near a mountain of the Sakartes Empire.

A surge of natives wearing thick fur coats trudged on in the snow with much difficulty. One of them was a young girl, who was encouraging her little brother. “Hah... push ahead. We’ll reach the area near Hope Stronghold soon...”

“Will we be saved once we get there, Sister Aya?” The young boy next to this Aya looked about fourteen or fifteen years of age, and he wore a thick fur coat as well. However, his face was almost purple from the cold, and he was cringing as he spoke.

“Yes... The totem spirit there is a huge serpent that governs all life. It can remove the sickness...” Aya kept encouraging her little brother and helped him along, afraid that he would slip in the midst of the crowd. However, as she mindlessly followed the procession up ahead, she sank deep into thought.

The events a year ago had been like a nightmare; a plague had appeared without any warning whatsoever. The infected first saw greenish-black spots on their bodies, like sesame seeds. They were followed by low fevers, and eventually devolved into comas where even divine spells could not help.

At the end, the flesh of the infected would rot and fall off bit by bit. Aya had seen this once, and it had left her unable to eat for quite a few days.

The plague had arrived fiercely. At the beginning, it had just been rumours at the borders of the empire, but in a few sunsets' time, it had spread to the larger cities. The high-ranking priests and nobles hid at the altars and prayed hard with blood sacrifices, but it seemed to have no effect.

The other shamans could do nothing, and soon enough the plague had affected their city. She lost all her relatives to them, the only one left alive her little brother. She followed the stream of people escaping the town to head south. Unsure of what to do, she rushed towards Hope Stronghold.

Although this rumour could be a lie, it was her last hope!

"I'll definitely bring my brother there safely..." Aya kept telling herself as she prayed, "Oh Winged Serpent God in Hope Stronghold. If you truly can cure the plague, then please descend and help us! I am willing to give up everything..."

Chapter 1000 - Begin

There were many people like Aya, all fleeing for their lives, but she was lucky in that they had enough food. With nearly half the empire dead, the stored up food was more than enough.

Many times, Aya had to muster up her courage and enter dead villages to clear up some land. She then could enter the homes and find food, one of the primary reasons for staying within this group. After all, making contact with bodies and going into the houses of dead people was very dangerous. Few were willing to do this.

However, once all the reserves of grain disappeared, the famine that would follow would be a huge issue. There were no longer any farmers planting crops, the plague this time had caused immense damage to Sakartes' societal order.

Of course, few of the natives considered this. They only hoped to live past the day.

“AH! Alosasner! Alosasner is here...” At this moment, there was an uproar at the front of the group. Aya could not help but grab her little brother's arm, the two of them freezing upon hearing the word.

These people did not worry about the pursuit of the imperial army or dangers from outside the city. What truly worried them were attacks of the plague!

In the natives' language, Alosasner meant 'the devil unable to be

fathomed and found everywhere.’ It also implied a bout of serious illness.

“Is there someone in front who’s gotten the plague?” Aya had seen quite a number of healthy people who’d just been walking suddenly cough out black blood and collapse by the road. It was the arrival of death.

The siblings passed the watching crowd and only vaguely saw a little figure falling into the snow. People avoided the figure like it was booby-trapped.

“It’s Adodole! I was just playing with him a few days ago...” Aya’s brother exclaimed with shock, and then lowered his head.

When sickness occurred, life seemed so very fragile. Aya could only hug her brother’s head and console him tenderly. These people were already numbed to death, and after moving away from the corpse the large group began to move along more slowly.

Aya recalled the figure that had fallen and sighed inside, ‘I hope we reach Hope Stronghold soon... It’s too much of a waste to fall here...

‘I definitely won’t let that happen to my brother. Once we’re past this mountain, we’ll have reached the territory of Hope Stronghold...’ she tried to encourage herself.

At this moment, another ruckus sounded from the back of the

group. Voices began to spread, resulting in even more confusion.

“Did someone collapse? No, it’s...” Aya’s pupils shrank.

“The imperial army! Those darned things... Turn around and run!” A burly native stood out, brandishing a fish fork as other strong natives grasped their weapons. While the men were hard at work, the old and weak quickly dispersed and fled. Aya took her brother and ran with all her might as well, getting away from the army’s pursuit.

None of the bigwigs could tolerate losing citizens, even with the plague. They ordered the troops of each military base to stop these refugees. Of course, they couldn’t be bothered to worry about how to save these people who were stuck.

Originally, even the troops of the native empire weren’t willing to carry out such orders. They, too, were afraid of the spread of the plague. However, a divine order sounded and all the guardian and totem spirits joined hands to stop the refugees from entering the region of Hope Stronghold.

“GO...” The sounds of fighting could be heard behind her, causing Aya’s heart to clench. She could only pull at her brother and try to escape.

However, she felt a tug on her arm at this moment, and the dull thud of a heavy object hitting the snow.

“What happened? Did you fall? Get up...

“AAH!” Aya had turned back to find her little brother in the snow. She immediately turned him over, but soon found that her brother had lost consciousness. The traces of black blood stung her eyes.

‘He’s been taken by the sickness too...’ The instant that that thought flashed across her mind, two unstoppable streams of tears began to fall from her eyes. Aya did not care for the possibility of infection as she took him into her arms. “Please save him... Someone, please save him...”

The sounds of battle drew closer, but what Aya saw was hope, “The army has a priest. He’ll definitely be able to use divine spells to save him...”

“Be careful, he’s infected!” Soon enough, the imperial army had reached them. They watched the siblings on the ground, and didn’t dare to draw close. The infection was obvious, and it caused fear to arise on their faces.

“Please, save my brother!” Aya unconsciously went forward, but was forced backwards by numerous lances.

“Don’t come over...” Countless soldiers circled her, as if defending against a monster.

“Get the priest and officer. There’s a source of infection here!”

This iciness and resolution in that voice immediately caused the girl's heart to sink.

Horses trotted along, and an officer and priest wearing bright feathers arrived quickly. Seeing the black bloodstains on the ground and Aya's unconscious brother, the two of them immediately frowned.

"Kill them quickly! Toss dried wood here and then burn it!" Aya's last hopes were dashed ruthlessly.

"Brother... I'm sorry..." The girl's tears fell on her brother's cheek and neck one by one, and she then closed her eyes.

Whoosh! Whoosh! The sounds of arrows being shot could be heard, but there was strangely no pain.

Aya quickly opened her eyes, and then saw that there was an arrow in the officer's neck. The tail of the arrow was still vibrating, like a little snake trying to dig into the ground.

"Enemy attack! Enemy attack!" Sounds of fighting could be heard again, and numerous figures emerged from the surrounding jungle.

"It's the army of that foreign god..." The priest's expression quickly changed, and he urged his horse along to leave. The rest of the natives quickly abandoned the lances in their hands, looking like they were about to fall apart.

‘It’s people from Hope Stronghold!’ Aya held her little brother and headed towards the group of priests that had just arrived, “Kind... and benevolent ones... please save...”

Thud! Having expended too much stamina, Aya who’d also been infected fell.

Right before everything went dark, she could hear distant voices, “It’s a pair of commoners! Saintess Barbara...”

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Warmth spread through Aya’s body, allowing her to feel some strength in her limbs. She slowly opened her eyes to see a warm bonfire, a huge tent blocking the cold air.

“What’s your name? How do you feel?” A native woman sat by her bed. She had long black hair and black pupils, with a golden mark on her forehead. She was radiating a sacred light.

“My name is Aya. Thank you for saving me!” Aya expressed her gratitude while blushing, but her expression quickly changed, “What about my brother? Where is he?”

“Don’t worry, he’s here as well. He was just infected for a longer time, so he’ll need more healing...” Saintess Barbara stopped Aya from struggling further, “This is Hope Stronghold... you are safe...”

Three days later, Aya, who had regained much of her strength, elatedly walked out of the tent her brother was in. Gazing at the large Targaryen sculpture in the town, she could not help but kneel down sincerely and begin to pray.

“O great god, thank you for saving my brother. I am your devout follower from now...”

Similar things like this happened in every corner of Hope Stronghold. Waves of resolute and zealous power of faith unceasingly entered Leylin’s grasp.

‘The number of worshippers has increased again! Looks like sending the army to the surrounding regions to rescue the refugees was a good choice!’ A divine will was extracted from the threads of faith, allowing Leylin to see the general situation.

Due to the hope to be cured as well as gains from various areas, the region with Hope Stronghold at the heart gathered a population of over 300 000 natives. And since he was their ‘saviour’, the faith these people provided, and their gratitude, were all true.

Tiff and his acolytes had put in a lot of work as well, to solidify these threads of faith and have them become devout worshippers who would pray to him regularly.

‘Seeing the situation, it won’t be a problem to ignite my godfire as long as we take care of all these people. It might even be enough

for me to ascend to godhood...' Leylin looked agitated.

With the expansion of Hope Stronghold, and especially with the tribes nearby dying away, Leylin had managed obtain the divinity of quite a few totem spirits. With their help, the power of massacres in his body had risen to its peak, to the point that he felt like he was on the verge of igniting his godfire.

Anyone could see the divine golden lustre on his body. This power of divinity had completely fused with his body and grown to the extreme.

That was not all. With the deaths of nearly a million natives, Leylin had now made contact with the domain of death. While he had only obtained some information about it, and the A.I. Chip could not analyse it yet, it was already quite fast.

'The phase of taking in refugees is done. Next is the war...'